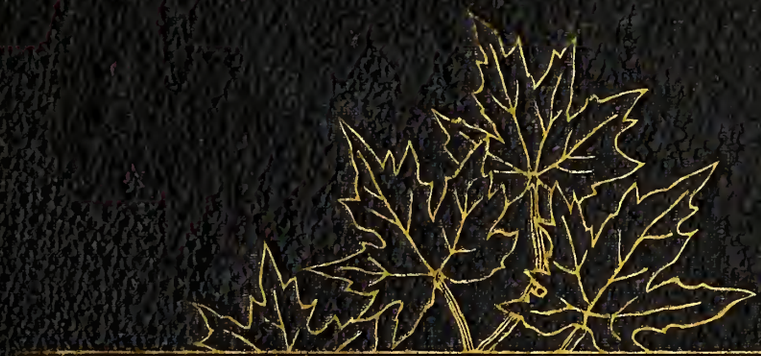


PICTURESQUE CANADA

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VIEW FROM THE DUNDAS MOUNTAIN

Picturesque Canada.



VOL. II.

PICTURESQUE CANADA;

THE COUNTRY AS IT WAS AND IS.

EDITED BY

GEORGE MONRO GRANT, D.D.,

OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, ONT.

ILLUSTRATED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF L. R. O'BRIEN, PRES. R.C.A.

WITH OVER FIVE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

VOLUME II.

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ON THE THAMES.



FROM TORONTO, WESTWARD.

LEAVING Toronto, and proceeding westward in search of the picturesque, we take the Credit Valley Railroad for the "Forks of the Credit." In little more than two hours from Toronto, and when within a half-hour of Orangeville, we find ourselves nestling in the bosom of the Caledon Hills. "The *Forks*" would be more correctly named "The *Prongs* of the Credit." The westerly prong pierces a deep and romantic ravine between vertical walls of red and gray sandstone. Parallel to the eastern prong, but receding from the stream, rise undulating hills of the same formation. The sandstone is compact, uniform and free from impurities; it yields to the chisel and the lathe beautiful architectural and decorative effects. Quarrymen are now merrily at work. Their ringing steel and powder-blasts are frequently heard; and with this mimicry of

war they affright the gentle echoes that sleep among those quiet and romantic glens. A little distance up the left branch of the Credit we are challanged by a high sentry-tower,—"the Devil's Pulpit," it is locally named. Ascending this we gain a commanding view of the Valley of the Credit; and away towards the east we range with our eyes the wooded height of land that separates the fountains of the Credit from those of the Humber. The sweet, cold, shadowy waters of the Credit have always been the very paradise of fish. The headwaters swarm with speckled trout. If we are ambitious of larger prey we must follow the river below the Fork through its long, quiet stretches, passing Brampton, the County seat, with its agricultural activities and industries. After leaving Streetsville with its humming looms, the fishing may become more serious and exciting:—four-pounder black bass, and nine-pounder pike. Still descending the river, we strike Governor Simcoe's old military highway, Dundas Street, and we see, hard by, the old Indian burying-place, where rest with their weapons of the chase beside them some of the keenest sportsmen the world has ever bred. The Indian village has now vanished, but here was once the focus of western Salmon-fishing. Here within the frame of the Credit woods the torches of the fire-fishers nightly lit up such pictures as Paul Kane came from Toronto to preserve on his canvas. But one day the Mississagas sold their heritage and departed; and curiously enough, with the disappearance of the Indians, disappeared also suddenly and forever the salmon which the Great Spirit had so bountifully provided for his poor, improvident children.

Leaving Port Credit, we coast along the shore, just glancing wistfully as we pass at Oakville and its luscious strawberry-meads. Were we to land and taste of "that enchanted stem" we should, like the lotus-eaters, abide there all summer. Many do so.

Bearing westward we reach the Head of the Lake, the "Fond du Lac," which it was long the dream and ambition of French explorers to reach. The discovery of Burlington Bay was reserved for La Salle in this wise. Champlain's inroad into the lair of the Iroquois tiger had forever closed to him the exploration of Lake Ontario, and thus Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay and Lake Huron had all been repeatedly visited long before Ontario had been explored. In 1669 the fearless spirit of La Salle overleaped all barriers, and dashing into this inland sea with a flotilla of seven canoes he explored it to the very head. Quoth the *Ancient Mariner*:

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

Coasting along the south shore of what he named "Lake Frontenac," La Salle discovered the mouth of the Niagara and, first of all Europeans, he heard the awful

voice of the cataract. Thence along the beautiful woodlands of Lincoln and Wentworth, with views disclosed, now of descending streams, and again of peaceful bayous fringed with cedars and inlaid with white and gold pond-lilies. At length a sylvan lake of enchanting beauty was reached. Without the aid of the Light House and Canal that now give the largest steamers easy entrance to Burlington Bay, La Salle led his flotilla within its sheltering arms. It was the 24th of September, 1669. The dense underwood up the hill-sides, and the stately forests covering the heights, formed an amphitheatre of the richest foliage, which was already kindling with the gold and crimson fires of the Canadian autumn. While resting here, La Salle was astonished to learn from the natives that another French explorer had just reached a village on the Grand River beyond. This proved to be no less a personage than Joliet—hereafter to become La Salle's victorious rival in the race for the finding of the Mississippi. Could a more picturesque incident be conceived than the meeting of these young men who were presently to become so famous? Joliet explained that he had been sent by the Intendant Talon to discover certain rumored copper-mines in the Northwest; the Jesuit missionaries Marquette and Dablon had volunteered to accompany him. Stopped by a *sault* in their upward progress, the missionaries had remained to found the Mission of St. Marie. Joliet returned, but with an absorbing passion for adventure, he selected for his return an unexplored route, which added to the maps of New France our western peninsula of Ontario. Joliet discovered the river and lake which have since been used to commemorate the mild military achievements of General St. Clair; he then explored a strait (Detroit) that gave the young explorer entry into a vast lake (Erie), hitherto unseen of white men. Coasting along the Canadian shore of Lake Erie, he discovered and ascended the Grand River, and he was now standing near the site of the future Mohawk Church, showing La Salle the first map of Peninsular Ontario!

A century and more passed over. New France had been cut adrift by Old France. Joliet's maps of the Lakes and of the Mississippi, which were designed to gratify the *Grand Monarque*, had supplied Edmund Burke with arguments on the question of the Pennsylvania boundary. Then came the disruption of the American Colonies and the influx of the Loyalists into Canada. In the vanguard of the refugees arrived Robert Land in 1778. His was a romantic story, but too long to tell. He selected the Head of the Lake rather for the game and the scenery than for the fertility of the soil. His first acre was ploughed with a hoe, sowed with a bushel of wheat, and harrowed with the leafy bough of a tree. For years he was his own miller, bruising the wheat into coarse meal. Good news came one day that a French Canadian had "enterprised" a mill at Ancaster. So, when Land's next grain was threshed out with the flail, he strapped a sack of wheat to his back and toiled up the mountain footpath seven miles, awaited his turn at the log grist-mill of Jean Jacques Rousseaux and then joyously



THE CREDIT RIVER.

descended the mountain carrying a sack of flour lighter by the miller's tithe. Land's homestead stood on the south-east corner of William and Barton Streets and his farm covered three hundred acres of the eastern part of Hamilton. Other hardy yeomen took up farms beside him. The surnames of the pioneers are preserved in Hughson Street, Jackson Street, Ferguson Avenue, etc., and their Christian names survive in James Street, John Street, Robert Street, and the rest. The quiet fields where these yeomen so proudly took a straight furrow with their new Ancaster ploughs, have since yielded a harvest of commercial activities and mechanical industries. The gentle sounds of the country are succeeded by the shrieks of rushing locomotives and steamboats; by the thud of the steam-hammer, the roar of foundries and glass-furnaces; the whir of the countless pulleys that minister to the workers in wood, iron, brass, copper, zinc, tin and silver.

Parallel to the present beach, but away at the farther end of Burlington Bay, is an historic terrace of "conglomerate," or natural concrete. It represents the ancient lake-floor, though now lifted a hundred feet above the water. In 1813 the tide of invasion swept over the western Province up to the very foot of Burlington Heights. It was in those anxious days that Hamilton was born. The Heights were not then deeply excavated to receive a railroad, nor were they pierced by a canal. The only access was over an isthmus defended by field-works. On one side, a stone might have been dropped a hundred feet sheer into Burlington Bay; on the other side, into the deep marsh which had already acquired the nickname of "Coote's Paradise." The fortune of Upper Canada turned on the possession of this hill. Here General Vincent found a safe retreat when forced to withdraw from the Niagara frontier. It was from this eyry that Harvey swooped down upon the American camp at Stony Creek, and Fitzgibbon dashed upon the retreating invaders at Beaver Dam. A dangerous naval demonstration was made against the Heights, but it ignominiously failed. So the summer of 1813 passed hopefully away. But the October winds brought from Moravian town the low moaning of a grave disaster, and then Proctor found in Burlington Heights a welcome refuge.

The massing of men and military stores during the war no doubt prompted the formation of a permanent settlement. In 1813, George Hamilton laid out his farm in village lots, but the peace of Ghent came, and the stir and bustle on Burlington Bay expired with the watch-fires on its Heights. Hamilton had a future, but she must bide her time. Ancaster had taken an early and vigorous start; then Dundas had sprung up, a still more dangerous rival. The cutting of Burlington Canal in 1824–5 opened communication with Lake Ontario and secured to Hamilton invaluable geographical advantages. The year 1832 was to test whether Hamilton was simply "ambitious," or possessed the qualities that justify ambition. One awful night in the summer, a gaunt Asiatic stalked into the gaol, without undoing bolt or bar, and served writs of *Habeas*



BY THE LAKE SHORE.

Corpus that would brook no delay. When morning broke, it was clear to the townsmen that cholera was within their borders. The gaoler was himself hurried away: then the magistrates set free the surviving prisoners, except one who was already within the shadow of the gibbet. All summer long this dreadful presence stalked up and down the streets, entering the houses or peering in at the windows; but with the coming of the blessed frost, he disappeared. The pestilence barely gone, the midnight sky, one night in November, was suddenly lit up as bright as noontide, and Burlington Bay seen from afar gleamed like burnished gold. Before the fire could be subdued, many of Hamilton's best buildings were shapeless ruins. These calamities of 1832 might well have disheartened a young town, but within a few months Hamilton had not only recovered lost ground, but had planned a system of markets, and had provided for wider streets and a police patrol. Fire-engines were procured and great public wells were sunk. As in the towns of Old England and of New England, the town-pumps were long the centre of gossip and became the bill-boards for official notices. The Fountain in the Gore marks the site of the last survivor of those garrulous old town-pumps, from which Hawthorne has drawn so delightful a "Rill" in his "Twice-told Tales."

In the early days, Allan McNab was the leading spirit in every stirring incident. He was the foremost representative of the Gore District in Parliament. When cholera

invaded the gaol, it was Mr. McNab who released the surviving prisoners and assumed the responsibility. When the conflagration of November broke out, it must needs begin in Mr. McNab's building. At the outbreak of our domestic "unpleasantness" in 1837, Colonel the Hon. Allan McNab was Speaker of the House of Assembly, and Colonel Fitzgibbon (whom we met at Beaver Dam) was Clerk. Within thirty minutes after receiving a despatch from Sir Francis Head's courier, McNab was mustering the militia, and within three hours he was steaming away for Toronto in command of "The Men of Gore." On the morning following his arrival, he led the charge up Yonge Street that dispersed the "rebels." He organized the flotilla on the Niagara River which, under Captain Drew's dashing command, cut out the *Caroline*, and sent her blazing over the Falls.

One of the great thoroughfares of Hamilton commemorates Sir Allan's long services to his adopted city; and numerous minor streets serve by their names to indicate how closely the fortunes of Hamilton have been identified with his romantic career. McNab Street runs the whole depth of the city from the Mountain to the Bay, and midway it passes the Market. Less than a century ago the Market Square



MARKET DAY, HAMILTON.

was densely overgrown with shrubs and was a noted covert for wolves, so that even then there was an active market for venison. Here are now assembled, under the vigilant eye of the City Hall, the tempting products of the famous Gore and Niagara Districts. Returning into McNab Street and sauntering towards the Bay, if we glance in upon the streets which branch off from the busy thoroughfare, by the time we reach the water we have in the names of the streets read Sir Allan's autobiography in brief—the names of the friends, military and political, by whose aid he had risen.

Then Lochearne Street, branching off Dundurn Street, reminds us that Sir Allan had in memory his grandfather's seat on Lochearne in Perthshire when he named *Dundurn Castle*. From this baronial eyry on the Heights the old eagle in his later days would come out into the sun, and, looking down upon the young city, would plume himself upon its growth and prosperity. Certainly the Great Western Railway which thundered by and shook the cliff beneath his feet was won for Hamilton chiefly by Sir Allan's diplomacy and persistence. Hamilton has since, under the advice of sagacious journalists, stretched out her arms to Lake Erie, and Lake Huron, and Georgian Bay, and has grappled those commercial allies to her with "hooks of steel"; but the foundation of this far-seeing railroad policy was laid in the Great Western Railway, which first gave Hamilton her commercial preëminence over Dundas and other rivals.

Hamilton is nobly endowed, not alone for commerce, but for grand scenic effects. The high escarpment of the Niagara formation, over which the great cataract takes its plunge, closely follows the shore of Lake Ontario from the Falls to the edge of Burlington Bay. Here it suddenly sweeps back from the lake in a deep curve, forming a magnificent amphitheatre, and leaving at its base a broad stage gently sloping towards Burlington Bay. A finer natural site for a great city could scarcely be imagined. Then the irregular plan of the early village has been most happily turned to the best artistic effect. George Hamilton opened a straight thoroughfare east and west, called it Main Street, and attempted to make his village crystallize in regular blocks along this thread. An older nucleus, however, existed in the Gore, or *trivium*, towards which converged King Street, James Street, and the York (Toronto) Road, now York Street. Fortunately the crystallizing forces of the village were stronger than its founder and first lawgiver: an air-space was secured to the future city. The Gore is one of the most striking and delightful features in Hamilton: it is a truly refreshing surprise to find a beautiful public garden in the very heart of the business part of the city. This triangular inclosure is laid out in parterres of rich flowers and foliage plants; a noble fountain diffuses a grateful coolness, and restores to this changed landscape the old music of the running brooks that once used here to sing merrily on their course to the Bay. A graceful drinking-fountain invites the thirsty wayfarer; and when the city is *en fête* and the lamps of the Gore are all lit up, one given to musing recalls his



BURLINGTON CANAL.



PIER END LIGHT.

early readings of Baghdad and the Gardens of the Khalifs. It was surely a happy inspiration to thus soften the austerity of business, to mellow the dryness of finance, by the gentle, refreshing influence of fountains and flowers! Those merchants and manufacturers and bankers and lawyers that look out on such scenes must consciously or unconsciously be elevated in their tastes. Such influences were deeply considered and carefully provided in the old Greek cities, but our minds are only just beginning to recognize these powerful, if silent, forces. Now mark the buildings,—especially the

newer buildings,—surrounding or neighbouring on the Gore. Every citizen in this neighbourhood seems to feel the sentiment *noblesse oblige*: our buildings *must* be worthy of the place. This artistic sentiment is clearly seen in such buildings as the new offices of the Hamilton Provident and Loan Society and those of the Canada Life Assurance Company. And the feeling has inoculated the County Council, who have joined hands with the city and erected in Prince's Square a Court House, which does signal honour to both corporations. The Educational Institutions of Hamilton have always been among its chief glories. The Public system of schools commences with numerous, well-equipped Ward Schools, and is crowned by a Collegiate Institute, which is the largest organization of the kind in the Province. There is a Young Ladies' College, conducted under the auspices of the Wesleyan Church, and an extensive system of Roman Catholic Separate Schools.

Hamilton is the seat of two Bishops' Sees,—the Anglican Bishop of Niagara, and the Catholic Bishop of Hamilton. The lofty cathedrals and churches lead up the eye as well as the mind above the smoking steeples of industry. The merchants have built for themselves princely homes on the terraces of the Mountain. Then, looking down upon all from the mountain-brow, and piteously gazing out on a landscape of unsurpassed beauty, is a vast Asylum for the Insane—that mysterious, inseparable shadow of modern civilization!

In 1858, when starting off on his story of "Count or Counterfeit," the Rev. R. J. MacGeorge described Hamilton as "the ambitious and stirring little city." The sobriquet of "the ambitious little city" was thenceforward fastened upon Hamilton, the middle term being craftily omitted. A quarter-century has elapsed since "Solomon of Streetsville" wrote his burlesque, and time, which cures all things, has removed all reproach as to the city's size, but as to the rest, Hamilton is more stirring and more ambitious than ever. Ambitious? Why not? For ambition is

"——the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

Dundas was the most dangerous rival of Hamilton in the race for commercial preëminence. But Ancaster was still earlier in the field, and at one time was the centre of commerce, manufactures, and postal communication for the whole district. In his pedestrian tours through the Western Peninsula, Governor Simcoe would extend his already prolonged march in order to enjoy the cheer and the bright ingle-side of his Ancaster inn. As the fruit of Simcoe's tours, we have the great military highway which he drew and intended to open from Pointe au Baudet on the St. Lawrence, through Kingston, York (Toronto), the Head of the Lake (Dundas), Oxford (Woodstock), London, and so to the River Detroit. This great road he named "Dundas

Street," after Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, who during Simcoe's governorship was Secretary-at-War in the Duke of Portland's cabinet. From this Street, which still at Dundas is called "The Governor's Road," the town took its name. The vast marsh which occupies the lower part of the picturesque Dundas Valley was a noted resort for water-fowl, and the military officers stationed at York (Toronto) revelled in the sport that it afforded. Early in the century, Captain Coote, of the Eighth or King's Regiment, devoted himself to this sport with so much enthusiasm that, by a well-aimed double-barrelled pun, which brought down at once both the water-fowl and the sportsman, the marsh was nicknamed "Coote's Paradise." By extension, the name was applied to a village that clustered around the upper end of the marsh, and thus in our earliest Parliamentary records we encounter "petitions" from "Coote's Paradise," and legislation based thereon.

Recent geologists tell us that some æons ago the water of the upper lakes discharged, not over the precipice at Niagara, but swept in a majestic tide down the strath of Dundas; and that the great marsh and Burlington Bay are but the survivals of this ancient epoch. Among the early burgesses of Dundas was one Pierre Desjardins, who, like the mighty canal-digger, Lesseps, did a good deal of original thinking for himself and for others. He saw the trade of the Western Peninsula falling in a thin cascade over the mountain at Ancaster and Grimsby and the rest; "*eh bien, mes amis*, why not turn the whole current of that trade down this ancient waterway of the Dundas Valley?" So Peter went to work, dug his canal the whole length of the marsh, and wound it around Burlington Heights, which was easier than carrying it through. The Great Western Railway presently began its embankments, and, by arrangement with that great mound-builder, the Desjardins Canal pierced the Heights. The remains of a mammoth were disinterred, startling the Irish navvies with the consideration, "What game-bags the sportsmen in the ould times must have had!"

With the opening of the Desjardins and Burlington Canals the keenest rivalry began between Dundas and Hamilton, old Ancaster looking down amusedly at this race from her seat on the Mountain. The odds seemed in favour of Dundas until the opening of the Great Western Railway,—headquarters at Hamilton. The race was then over! Soon the water-weeds began to encroach on the Desjardins Canal, and the very name was beginning to get unfamiliar when the frightful accident of the 12th of March, 1857, gave the place a renewed and a most tragic interest. The afternoon passenger train from Toronto, after entering on the drawbridge that spanned the canal at Burlington Heights, was heard to give a piercing shriek, and a moment afterwards was seen to crush through the bridge and plunge into the canal forty feet below. The evening was bitterly cold. All through the night, and through the next day, and next night, the doleful task proceeded of breaking up the sunken cars and removing the now heedless passengers. What spectral vision of death the engineer Burnfield saw before him on

the bridge when he sounded that piercing cry will never be known, for, with a heroism worthy of Curtius and old Rome, he plunged with his iron steed into the abyss.

When it became apparent that railroad enterprise had altered the "manifest destiny" of Dundas, the town wisely devoted itself to manufactures rather than to navigation, selecting those manufactures which form the great staples of commerce and the prime movers of industry,—cotton manufacture, paper manufacture, the building of engines and boilers, the making of wood-working machinery, of carding machines, and of steel and iron tools, from the axe to the giant lathe. A fraternal relation has been established with its old commercial antagonist, Hamilton, by the laying of a steam tramway. No vicissitude of fortune can deprive Dundas of the greatest of her ancient glories, and that is her glorious scenery, which involuntarily brings every tourist to his feet as the train sweeps along the mountain terrace. Since the day, more than two centuries ago, when La Salle, first of Europeans, gazed upon this scenery,—the ravine, the neighbouring cascades, the whole valley,—there has been but one verdict, and against that verdict Dundas need fear no appeal!

Leaving the Dundas Valley, we cannot do better than strike across the country for the Grand River. We take the ancient Indian trail, by which the first white



GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY STATION, HAMILTON.



DRINKING FOUNTAIN IN THE GORE.

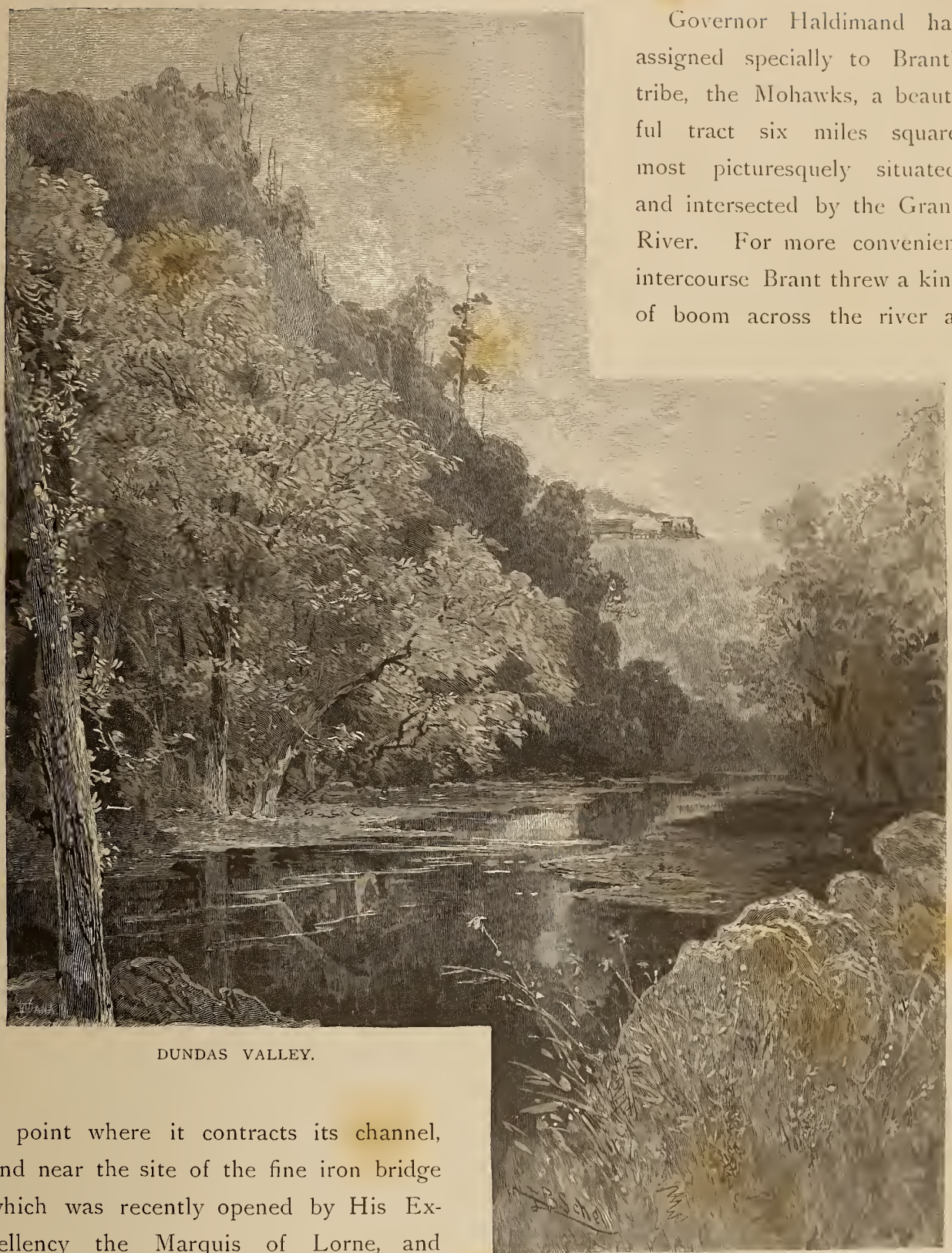
wayfarer through these solitudes, Joliet, made his way homewards to Quebec from the newly-discovered Sault Ste. Marie. It was through these glens, and through the archways of some of these very trees, that the young explorer joyously strode along with the first rough map of our Western Peninsula in his pocket. Following this old Indian trail through a series of picturesque landscapes, we strike the charming river which the French, from the size of the embouchure, named the "Grand," and which Governor Simcoe vainly attempted, by solemn statute, to re-christen the "Ouse." This district fell within the western riding of his County of York. The English County of York is traversed by the Ouse; *ergo* this river ought to be, not the "Grand," but the "Ouse." By a similar logical process, "Toronto" should be York, and became York accordingly.



HAMILTON AND BURLINGTON BAY, FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

Happily in neither case did the new label adhere. We have struck the Grand River, where the old Mohawk Church stands sentry over the tomb that incloses the mortal remains of Brant, the greatest of Indian chieftains. This church is all that now remains of Brant's ambitious and once famous Indian village, which for a half-century contributed so many picturesque pages to the narratives of tourists. Musing over Brant's tomb in the deepening shadow of the Mohawk Church, one's thoughts are borne with the murmuring river to the lake shores that often witnessed the prowess of those terrible warriors; and thence onwards to those shores beyond the seas where French and English statesmen often anxiously awaited the decisions of Indian council-fires. While cultivating the alliance of the Hurons around Georgian Bay, Champlain was betrayed into the fatal error of making an inroad into the lair of the Iroquois south of Lake Ontario. The British Government, on the other hand, has always shown a marked and humane consideration for all the aborigines of the Colonies, without reference to tribal divisions. Brant is affirmed to have been the son of one of the four Indian chiefs who visited England in 1710. Queen Anne had these novel visitors comfortably cared for in London, and attended by two interpreters. Students of Addison's *Spectator* will remember the amusing paper in which are given alleged extracts from the journal of one of these "Indian Kings":—the Indian's mythical account of the building of St. Paul's Cathedral, and his philosophical remarks on English politics and fashions. Queen Anne became so interested in the evangelization of the Red Men that she presented to the aborigines of the Mohawk Valley a communion service of solid silver, which went through all the turmoils of the Revolutionary War uninjured, and was brought over by Brant on his emigrating from the Mohawk to the Grand River. The service is still carefully preserved and is used at Communion. It is regarded by the Indians with great veneration; for, by historical as well as religious associations, it visibly links them to the great past of their race. Is it wonderful that the more thoughtful of this ancient race should now spend their lives in sad day-dreams on the epoch when the Iroquois were undisputed masters of all the Great Lakes, and of all the noble rivers and of the rich woodlands and their sunny glades from the Ottawa and the Hudson to the Mississippi? Lahontan, writing in 1684, estimated each of the five cantons of the Iroquois Confederacy at fourteen thousand souls, of whom fifteen hundred bore arms. A sixth "nation," the Tuscaroras, was admitted in 1714, bringing with it another warlike contingent. By their sagacity and eloquence at the council-fire, as well as by their matchless bravery in the field, the Mohawks long held the Hegemony in this unique Confederation. Is it wonderful to find this taciturn but emotional race living in the past rather than in the present? Talk of "reserves" to a race whose hunting-ground was half a Continent; you might as well have allocated Lake Windermere to the Danish vikings that roamed at will over the wild North Sea!

The Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 declared the Iroquois Confederacy,—then comprising Five Nations,—to be under the protection of Great Britain. The trust thus undertaken has ever since influenced the policy of the Canadian as well as of the Imperial Government. When the Civil contest broke out between England and the American Colonies, the Indians generally remained faithful to the "Great Father," and Brant's influence far more than outweighed the opposition of the Seneca chief, "Red Jacket." When the Revolutionary War closed, the U. E. Loyalists were at first forgotten, and among them the Indian allies, whose interests in the United States were obviously imperilled by the change of Government. Brant so strenuously represented the matter, that General Haldimand, the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, assigned to the Indian Loyalists a large reservation on the Grand River. This comprised originally a belt twelve miles wide, interesected by the river from the mouth to the source. Various contingents of the Six Nations arrived and formed cantons along the river front. For his own tribe, the Mohawks, Brant selected the picturesque and fertile valley in which Brantford was half a century later to be founded. It was Brant's early ambition to win over his people to civilized life, and to establish a prosperous and influential Mohawk Canton. He had been already engaged on this scheme in the Mohawk Valley. His tribe were not only fierce warriors and lithe huntsmen, but fairly good farmers. They, as well as their friends, the Senecas, had not only wide grain fields, but rich fruit orchards. For seventy years after the fire and sword of Sullivan's expedition had swept over their valleys, the traces of Indian industry were still discernible. Brant emigrated to the Grand River, having present to his memory the waving grain-fields and the hill-sides, white with orchard blossoms, which Indian husbandry had added to the landscapes of the Mohawk and Wyoming Valleys. He hoped to reproduce such scenes among the rich woodlands of the Grand River. But it was no light task to bring back to peaceful thoughts and pursuits his wild warriors after six years of savage warfare. Even without this recent frenzy in their blood, there was in the Indian race a passionate yearning after wild woodland life that *would* break out afresh after many years of civilized routine. On Brant's death, in 1807, his widow promptly abandoned the comfortable homestead, with its train of servants, at Wellington Square, and, after twenty-seven years of civilized life, set up a wigwam on the Grand River. Augustus Jones, the Deputy Provincial Surveyor,—remembered for his survey of Yonge Street and of very many of our early townships,—married an Indian bride at the Grand River, but their son, Peter Jones ("Sacred Waving Feathers,") the famous missionary, tells us that, owing to his father's frequent absence, the household reverted to Indian life and habits; that he himself lived and wandered for fourteen years with the Indians in the Grand River woods, blackening his face with charcoal to conciliate the Munedoos (Goblins), and behaving generally like a young pagan.



DUNDAS VALLEY.

Governor Haldimand had assigned specially to Brant's tribe, the Mohawks, a beautiful tract six miles square, most picturesquely situated, and intersected by the Grand River. For more convenient intercourse Brant threw a kind of boom across the river at a point where it contracts its channel, and near the site of the fine iron bridge which was recently opened by His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, and which bears his name. This crossing came to be known as "Brant's Ford"; and afterwards "Brantford"; just as Chaucer's gentle cadence "Oxenford" became sharpened and shrilled into "Oxford." The chieftain's plan of civilization set out with the Evangelization of his tribe. In 1785 he visited England, where he was received with distinction, and on his return he built with the

funds he had collected the Mohawk Church, as we still find it. Resuming the studies of his earlier and his happiest days, he translated into the Mohawk dialect the Service of the Anglican Church and the Gospel of St. Matthew. In this translation of the Gospel it is very interesting to note that he renders "town" or "village" by "*Canada*," thus supplying an undesigned but striking elucidation of our National name. This Mohawk Church was the first temple dedicated to Christianity in Upper Canada, and the "sound of a church-going bell" was here first heard. Though the church is left the lonely survivor of Brant's village, service is still regularly conducted there in the Mohawk dialect, which is now generally understood by all of the Six Nations. Towards the end of his life Brant changed his residence to Wellington Square (Burlington), where he occupied a house and estate bestowed upon him by the Government. On May-Day of every year the banks of the Grand River above and below the Ford exhibited unusual stir and animation; for this was the great annual festival of the Six Nations. As we look out from the Lorne Bridge on the charming landscape that has in places survived the change of race, let us conjure away the busy streets and mills and factories, the church spires and educational institutes of the present city; let us take the "town-plot" of 1830 away back to its primeval, park-like beauty. These river-banks are once more clothed to the verge with rich woods, that are now putting forth their young foliage. Here and there are natural meadows already joyous with bright spring flowers. The Grand River dances merrily in the sun this May-morning, as great canoes sweep up and down, bearing warriors gay with waving feathers and brilliant with vermillion. Their tomahawks have been polished to the brightness of silver, and flash out from their belts like meteors as the warriors bow to the sweep of their paddles. The smoke of wigwams ascends the still morning air in slumberous columns. Presently, all the canoes converge towards the Mohawk Village. The state coach of Brant, the great Tekarihogea of the Six Nations,—"the chief of chieftains and warriors,"—approaches, drawn by four horses and attended by a numerous retinue of liveried servants. He is received with a barbaric pomp, that to those earnest men is no unmeaning parade. As we scan their faces, we remember with a shudder they are the very men who swept with the whirlwind of their revenge the valleys of the Susquehanna! Unhappily for poor *Gertrude of Wyoming*, Brant was *not* there to restrain them, as he elsewhere did, and as he alone of mortals could. Happier days and peaceful scenes have now befallen the Iroquois; to-day they are met near the Grand River Ford for festivity. The war-dances begin, and they are given with an earnestness suggestive of recent and terrible rehearsals. We are glad when the younger warriors introduce their games of activity, notably the graceful Lacrosse, in which the "Brants" of another race and a future generation will perhaps by their achievements obscure the remembrance of this May-Day. Now the daylight fails; the camp-

fires light up into wild relief the wigwams, those dusky, athletic forms, and the foliage of the woodlands. The assembled warriors form a circle around their renowned Tekarihogea and listen to his every word with profound attention; for Brant has lately returned from his second visit to the Court of the "Great Father," where he has been received like a "King of Men," as he is. He is full of bright anticipation. He has brought over money to erect a church, and he has had a church-bell specially cast, which will soon arrive. As to that anxious question, the fee-simple of the Indian Reserves, the Prince of Wales assured him on his honour all would be well. We are in the midst of the chieftain's bright anticipations for the Six Nations and their Mohawk metropolis, when our reverie is broken by a railway train thundering athwart the river. We find ourselves still on the Lorne Bridge, the dark current is swirling past the abutment, and the gas-lights are glancing on the water. What of Brant's Mohawk metropolis and of his bright hopes for the Six Nations?

Half-civilized communities have at any time but little cohesion, and, even during Brant's life, disruptive forces were actively at work. A faction of his tribe split off and went away to the Bay of Quinté. His eldest son, a morose and implacable savage, was deeply concerned in these domestic broils: he led a continuous and determined opposition to the chieftain's sagacious plans, and suggested unworthy motives. Following up his unnatural hate, he made a murderous assault upon his father in his own house at Wellington Square, but the old warrior smote him such a blow that he died of the effects. Under the cloud of this awful tragedy,—the gruesome evidence of which is still discernible at Brant House,—the chieftain rapidly failed. The last words caught from his dying lips were a gasping entreaty to care for the interests of the poor Red Men. His youngest son by the third wife succeeded him in his chieftainship and dignity. The son was manfully struggling with the difficult task that had been left to him when the unfortunate War of 1812 broke out, with its demoralizing influences. At the first scent of blood the Mohawk warriors returned with a tremendous rebound towards savage habits of life. Their gallant young chieftain led them in person at the battles of Queenston Heights, Lundy's Lane, and the Beaver Dam; but during the war he had great difficulty in keeping them under restraint, and it was still more difficult, when the war was over, to win them back to peaceful industry. The scheme of the great Iroquois Colony with the Mohawk metropolis was a most interesting political experiment, but its failure was a foregone conclusion. In 1830 Captain John Brant recognized the issue by granting a "town-plot" to a more organizable race. On this site arose successively the village, town, city of Brantford, which happily perpetuates the English name of the great Thayendanegea. Scarcely had the younger chieftain seen the foundation laid for this more promising enterprise when, after six hours' illness, he fell a victim to cholera during the dreadful visitation of



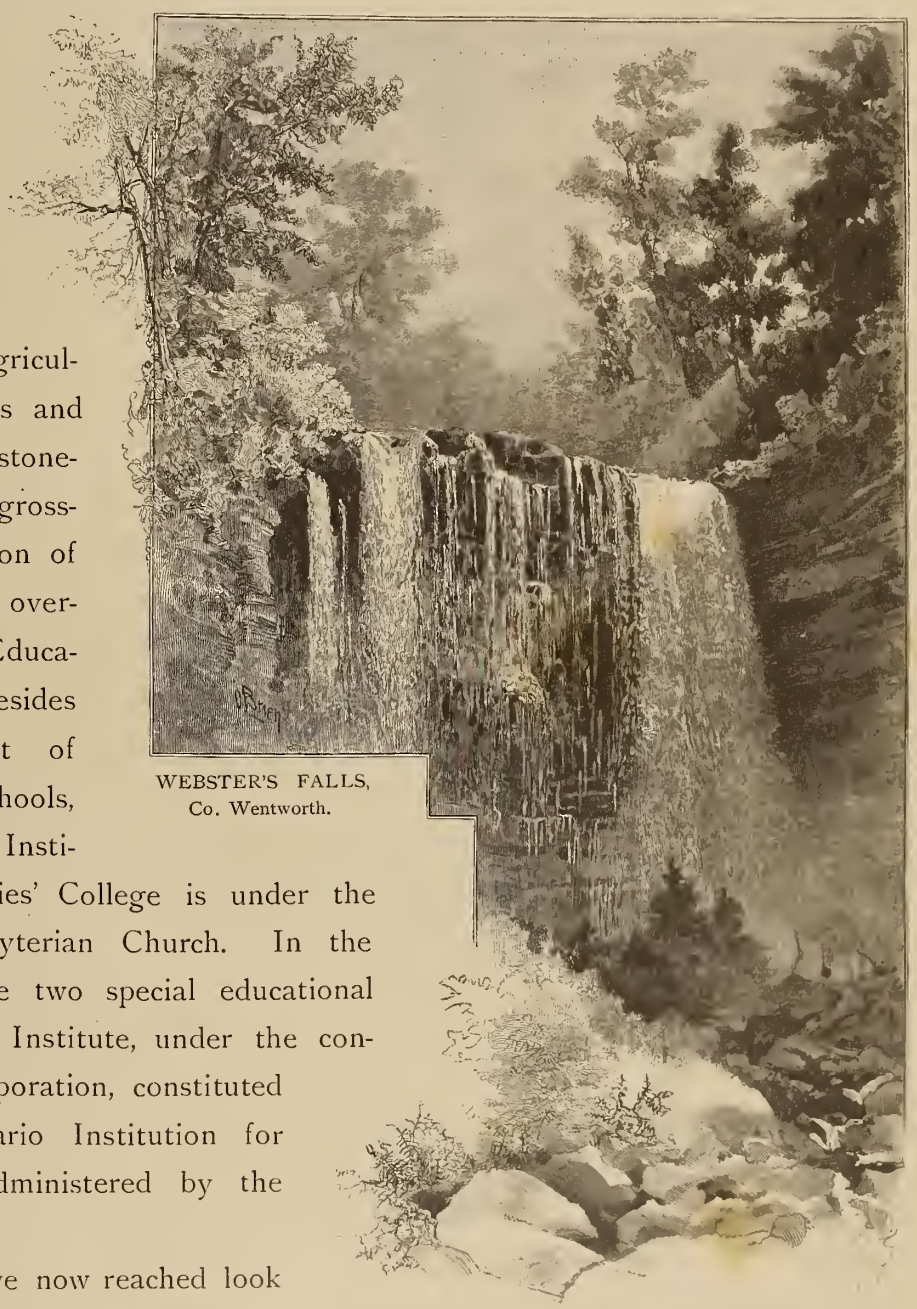
THE OLD MOHAWK CHURCH.

1832. His ashes were laid beside those of his famous sire Their tomb brings annually many pilgrims to Brantford, and thence to the Mohawk Church.

The Council House of the Six Nations is now in the Township of Tuscarora, about eleven miles from Brantford. The views along the river in this delightful drive are remarkably fine, especially where we look down upon the "ox-bow" bend: there, on the rich alluvium of Bow Park, the Honourable George Brown established his famous herds of short-horn cattle, which are still one of the sights of this neighbourhood. The Earl of Dufferin was entertained in 1874 by the Six Nations at their Council House. With these assembled chiefs and warriors the main concern was, not their own welfare, but the memory of their great chief! They entrusted the Governor-General with an address to H. R. H. Prince Arthur, who, on his visit to

Canada in 1860, had been enrolled a chief of the Iroquois Confederation. The outcome of this address was a public movement for a Brant Memorial, which it is intended shall occupy the centre of the Victoria Park, Brantford, opposite the Court House.

Along the Grand River Valley from Brantford to Fergus we have a long series of picturesque seats of industry. The chief are Brantford, Paris, Galt, Preston and Elora on the main river; Ayr on the Nith, which joins the Grand River at Paris; and Guelph on the Speed, which joins the Grand River at Preston.



WEBSTER'S FALLS, Co. Wentworth.

Among the leading industries of Brantford are manufactures of engines and boilers; portable saw-mills; grist-mill machinery; agricultural implements; stoves and ploughs; cotton and stoneware. Amidst these engrossing interests the education of the young has not been overlooked. The Public Educational System includes, besides the ordinary equipment of Central and Ward Schools, an extensive Collegiate Institute. The young Ladies' College is under the oversight of the Presbyterian Church. In the vicinity of Brantford are two special educational institutions; the Indian Institute, under the control of a benevolent corporation, constituted in 1649; and the Ontario Institution for the Blind, which is administered by the Provincial Government.

From the hill we have now reached look away south across the broad valley to the wooded heights. Nestling among those distant trees lies a cosy homestead which, in the days of its late owner, suggested, not hard-handed husbandry, but literary leisure and scientific research. The house lay back from the highway with a hospitable vine-clad porch; and, if you strolled to the edge of the grounds, you looked down from a

lofty arbour upon a river vista of exceeding loveliness. Amid the inspiring scenery of Tutelo Heights was conceived and brought forth that most surprising of articulate creatures, the Speaking Telephone. It was in the long summer days of 1874,—just when the golden wheat-fields on the Heights were waving a welcome to the harvesters,—that the germinal idea occurred to Professor Graham Bell. Then followed two years of intense thought and constant experiment. Among Canadians there were a few men "visionary" enough to realize the vast possibilities of the instrument,—notably neighbour Brown of Bow Park, and his brother. Mr. W. H. Griffin, the Brantford agent of the Dominion Telegraph Company, generously gave his nights and the use of his wires to the cause, and thus the new invention came first to be tested on an actual telephonic circuit between Brantford and Tutelo Heights. It was a balmy August night of 1876, tranquil and starlight—a night which none of us who were present in the porch on the Heights are likely to forget. A prefatory "Hoy, hoy!" spoken into the Telephone was swiftly answered back by "Hoy, hoy!" Some weird, ghostly echo? No: a cheery human voice replying from Brantford,—yonder where the distant lights are glimmering in the valley. Hearty congratulations were exchanged. Then a paragraph was read from the news of the day,—by an auspicious coincidence, some project of high hope and expectation. The sentences distilled from an aerial wire, and from the earth beneath our feet into the little receiver, word by word, clear and bright as amber. There was something inexpressibly solemn in that first human voice flowing in out of boundless space and welling up from the foundations of the world. A pause. Then a slender runlet of sweet, plaintive music trickled into the ear; other voices swelled the refrain, and now a very fountain of melody gushed forth. The Telephone has since become one of the most familiar of scientific instruments; but, on that memorable occasion, when its powers were first unfolded, the scene might well be thought a *levée* of King Oberon,—an enchanted Dream of the Mid-summer Night.

Between Brantford and Paris river-views of great beauty reward the adventurous canoeist. Paris, like Quebec, has an upper and lower town: the dividing line here is the Nith, or "Smith's Creek," which, after winding through deep, romantic glens, joins the Grand River. The settlement was originally called "The Forks of the Grand River" until Hiram Capron, locally dignified as "King" Capron, raised the standard of revolt. He called a public meeting (about 1836) and protested against having to head all his letters with "The Forks of the Grand River." He recommended the word "Paris" both for shortness, and because there was so much crude plaster of Paris in the neighbourhood. Thus the settlement got the name Paris, and the shrewd Vermonter gained a perpetual advertisement for his gypsum beds and plaster mill! The gypsum deposit on the Grand River extends from Cayuga to Paris, a distance of about thirty-five miles. Geologically it belongs to the "Onondaga" formation, and, at



LORNE BRIDGE, BRANTFORD.



COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, BRANTFORD.

Paris, the deposit is divided into two veins of four or five feet in thickness by a four-foot stratum of shale. The veins are mined back to considerable distances from the river-banks, leaving a series of dark catacombs, and thus giving to the Canadian Paris at least a subterranean resemblance to the French metropolis. Among the characteristic industries of this picturesque town, its knitting factories should not be overlooked.

The novelist, John Galt, is responsible for many of the geographical names that are found within or near the old domain of the Canada Company. Many puzzling names of townships become abundantly clear by reference to a list of the Company's directors during the years when Galt was their Superintendent. Many names were bestowed by him as a compliment to others, or by others as a compliment to him. Among the latter was "Galt," first designating a postal station, and afterwards successively the village and town. In 1816 the Honourable William Dickson purchased the township, which he named Dumfries after his native town in Scotland. He committed the practi-

cal details of colonizing this unbroken forest to Absalom Shade, a young Buffalonian, by trade a carpenter, and by natural capabilities anything else that may be needed. Shade's sagacity is sufficiently evinced in the site that he chose for the future town. The material advantages in water-power were obvious; let us hope that he was not uninfluenced by the glorious scenery which Mr. Young, the Historian of Galt, restores for us in a few vivid sentences: "As Mr. Shade surveyed the scene stretched out before him during that July afternoon in 1816, it must have appeared infinitely grander than at the present time. The gently sloping oval-shaped valley at his feet, the waters of the Grand River passing—like a broad band of silver—straight through its centre, the graceful hills encircling around, and the luxuriant profusion of summer foliage rising from the centre, tier above tier, until the highest peaks of the sombre pines were reached—these peculiarities of the landscape, so suggestive of a vast natural amphi-theatre, must have made up a striking and beautiful picture. It must have looked like an immense Coliseum in leaves!" At Mr. Dickson's request the Post Office of the new settlement was named "Galt" after his early friend and his school-mate in Edinburgh; but for eleven years the settlers called their village "Shade's Mills." The genial novelist visited the place in 1827, and henceforward village as well as Post Office bore his name. On the occasion of this very visit, was not Galt making thumb-nail sketches of Shade and others to be afterwards developed in his novel "Lawrie Todd"? We throw out the suggestion for the benefit of *Galtonians*,—readers of Galt as well as residents of Galt.

The town is now a prosperous centre of industry. There are large flouring mills driven by the fall of the river, and numerous machine-shops, factories and foundries driven by steam. The raw materials that feed these busy hives are wood, iron, wool and leather. Galt has won its way through some severe ordeals. In July, 1834, the cholera, introduced by a travelling menagerie, swept away in four days nearly a fifth of the population, and followed out to their farms in the vicinity many of the rural sight-seers. The violence of the plague was so great that robust men died in some cases within an hour of seizure. In 1851 and again in 1856 the town suffered appalling losses from fire; but indomitable courage "out of this nettle danger plucked this flower safety." The fires found Galt built of wood, and left it built of limestone and granite. The most recent architectural triumph is the Presbyterian Church that morning and evening casts upon the Grand River the shadow of its lofty and graceful spire.

Guelph enjoys the triple honour of having a Royal name, a literary parentage, and a distinguished historian. Mr. Galt tells us how, after mapping out a block of more than 40,000 acres of the choicest land in the Company's broad domain, he had the rich woodlands and river banks explored, and that by a gratifying consensus of reports the present site of Guelph was selected. In order to give the

occasion due importance and solemnity, St. George's Day (April 23rd,) 1827, was selected for the inauguration. We cannot do better than let the founder himself describe it:—

"About sunset, dripping wet, we arrived near the spot we were in quest of, a shanty, which an Indian, who had committed murder, had raised as a refuge for himself.

"We found the men, under the orders of Mr. Prior, whom I had employed for the Company, kindling a roaring fire, and after endeavouring to dry ourselves, and having recourse to the store basket, I proposed to go to the spot chosen for the town. By this time the sun was set, and Dr. Dunlop, with his characteristic drollery, having doffed his wet garb, and dressed himself Indian fashion in blankets, we proceeded with Mr. Prior, attended by two woodsmen with their axes.

"It was consistent with my plan to invest our ceremony with a little mystery, the better to make it remembered. So intimating that the main body of the men were not to come, we walked to the brow of the neighbouring rising ground, and Mr. Prior having shown the site selected for the town, a large maple tree was chosen; on which, taking an axe from one of the woodmen I struck the first stroke. To me at least the moment was impressive,—and the silence of the wood that echoed to the sound, was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing for ever.

"The doctor followed me—then, if I recollect rightly, Mr. Prior—and the woodmen finished the work. The tree fell with a crash of accumulating thunder, as if ancient nature were alarmed at the entrance of man into her innocent solitudes with his sorrows, his follies, and his crimes.

"I do not suppose that the sublimity of the occasion was unfelt by the others, for I noticed that after the tree fell there was a funereal pause, as when the coffin is lowered into the grave; it was, however, of short duration, for the doctor pulled a flask of whiskey from his bosom, and we drank prosperity to the City of Guelph.

"The name was chosen in compliment to the Royal Family, both because I thought it auspicious in itself, and because I could not recollect that it had ever before been used in all the King's dominions."

The success predicted for the new settlement by its founder was already more than half won by the very site he had chosen. From its throne on the hills the "Royal City" would command one of the choicest of agricultural realms—a succession of alluvial bottoms, pastoral streams, and fruitful hill-sides. Water-power came rushing and bounding down the heights, neighing for its master like a high-mettled charger, eager to champ the forest trees into lumber and the golden grain into foamy flour. The rolling landscape early suggested pastoral farming. The way thither was well led more

than half a century ago by Rowland Wingfield, a young gentleman from Gloucestershire, who stocked his hill-sides with Southdown and Leicester sheep, besides importing short-horn cattle and Berkshire hogs. Mr. A. D. Ferrier, in his "Reminiscences," recalls the landing of this choice stock at Quebec, and the sensation there produced. It was an "object lesson," not only for the *habitans*, but for the best of our Western farmers. The first Guelph fairs exhibited not the glossy fat beeves and the grunting pork-barrels of to-day, but often the most shadowy of kine and the most saurian of "alligators." Experimental farming took early and deep root in this district, enriching by its results not alone the district, but the entire Province.

These valuable experiments received official recognition in 1873, when the Provincial College of Agriculture and Experimental Farm was located about a mile south of Guelph, on a tract of 550 acres, which had previously formed the stock farm of Mr. F. W. Stone. The old farm-house has rapidly grown into an extensive pile of buildings, including, besides quarters for a hundred and forty students, a good library, a museum, lecture-rooms, laboratories and conservatories. The design of this admirable institution is to apply to agriculture the principles, the methods, and the discoveries of modern scientific research.



RAILROAD BRIDGE, PARIS.



NEW PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, GALT.

Galt's historical tree became the radiant point for the future city. On the massive stump was forthwith planted a compass-staff, and the Surveyor, James McDonald, proclaimed *that* to be the centre of the new settlement. After, however, this solemn word had passed, some scoffing by-stander spoke up and said, that now, for once, the centre of a circle would lie on its circumference, because the surveyor was then on the very edge of the town-plot! Dr. Dunlop, the witty and eccentric surgeon of the Canada Company, was early afield when any project was started that implied either bone-setting or the spilling of wine. Dunlop promptly reduced the surveyor's *dislocation* by explaining that the streets were to be disposed like the ribs of a lady's fan, and were to radiate from Galt's tree as their centre. The scoffer was mute; like the web of an ungeometrical spider, the plan of Guelph was woven; and so it remains. The scene of these eventful sayings and doings may be visited by the curious traveller who is waiting for his train at the Grand Trunk Station. Walking beyond the east end of the platform to the threshold of the iron viaduct, he will see in the massive stone abutment on

the edge of the Speed an undesigned memorial occupying the site where Galt's maple lifted its majestic dome of leaves. The deep-rooted base of the tree long remained undisturbed and was revered as a kind of literary bequest. It bore a large sun-dial, which for many years served Guelph as its town clock, and in the fleeting shadows cast by the gaunt finger the rustic moralist found many a similitude of human life.

A memorial of the convivial days of John Galt and Dr. Dunlop still survives in the "Priory,"—an elm-log structure, not dedicated to religious uses, but named in punning commemoration of Mr. Prior, the Canada Company's agent. In a letter dated "The Priory, Guelph, U. Canada, 5th October, 1828," Galt tells his friend "Delta," "Our house, it is true, is but a log one, the first that was erected in the town; but it is not without some pretensions to elegance. It has a rustic portico formed with the trunks of trees, in which the constituent parts of the Ionic Order are really somewhat intelligibly displayed. In the interior we have a handsome suite of rooms, a library, etc." The Priory, though framed of logs is said to have cost between £1,000 and £2,000 sterling, such was the cost of imported materials, and such at first were the extreme difficulties of transport. An ambitious market-house formed the *focus* or hearth of the young city, and in approved antique style the Civic Penates were honored with a public feast and libations. A great dinner was had, and the attendance secured of all magnates Galt could lay hands on. Some glimpses of the occasion, as through a door ajar, are afforded by Agnes Strickland in the volumes of her father's recollections. Of the guests, Captain John Brant, the son and successor of the great Thayendanegea, made the greatest impression on Colonel Strickland. He notes with admiration the grand physique, the dignified bearing, and the pithy eloquence of the Mohawk Chieftain.

For the "long, quiet, winter nights" at the Priory, Galt had plotted out much literary work. D. A. Moir,—the gentle "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*,—was his own brother in literature; and ten years later would become his biographer and literary executor. Writing from Guelph, in 1828, he tells Delta that his mind is then engaged on a *brochure* descriptive of Canada, and on "another volume for Blackwood." The Guelph settlement was filling up with unexampled rapidity, for the Superintendent's energy provided roads and bridges through what had been an unbroken wilderness. The settlers elsewhere began to contrast in most pointed comparisons the apathy of the Provincial Government in not opening up for them proper means of transit. As Galt sat in his library, gazing dreamily into the great back-log fire, and building out of the glowing embers towering projects, commercial as well as literary, he was roused with a shudder from his reverie by the dismal baying of a wolf-pack that swept past through the winter forest in close pursuit of a deer; could he but hear them, there were already afoot and in loud cry after him enmities and jealousies to the full as ravenous and remorseless. Almost since his arrival in Canada, Galt had been pursued by a politico-



GUELPH.



ON THE RIVER SPEED.

social cabal, which under the personal government of Sir Peregrine Maitland, influenced the Company's Directors through Downing Street. From the dusty despatches in the Colonial Office, may be gleaned that Galt had accepted from Lyon MacKenzie a file of the

Colonial Advocate; it was even publicly stated, and without any pretence of contradiction, that he had shaken hands with MacKenzie! The *litterateur* was apt to spend his evenings in communion with books: so he was "exclusive," and "playing *Captain Grand.*" Bishop Macdonell was sometimes at the Priory: Galt must be helping his Catholic friend in some design on the Clergy Reserves. Galt will have to be kept under observation,—shadowed by some parasite of some personal enemy; after due distortion, his sayings and doings must be secretly journalized and then carried to private accounts kept with certain notabilities. This scheme of "financial control" developed itself prematurely. At a hint of authorized espionage from the *umbra* itself, and the use of the phrase "coördinate jurisdiction," Galt broke out vehemently. He had conceived and created the Canada Company; he would go to England and ask the Court of Directors what all this meant? "Coming events cast their shadows before": the *umbra*, with its diary and ledger, reached England before him. Even at the drum-head investigation which ensued, the Superintendent triumphantly vindicated his management; but what of that? He found that his grave had been dug before the court-martial had begun! His connection with the Canada Company was ended; but he lived to set up in the pillory of everlasting scorn and derision all concerned in this intrigue. While taking his last look at Guelph, for which he had toiled and suffered much, there was a pathetic farewell in front of the Priory. A hundred and forty-four families had within eighteen months set up houses on the town-plot, and now with tears starting in their eyes they came to his door to tell Galt how deeply they felt his efforts to raise them from dependent circumstances to comparative independence. They added an earnest hope that he would speedily return to them. But his work here was done, and he had amply earned the gratitude of Canadians. In creating the towns of Guelph and Goderich and the intervening seventy-five miles of broad highway he left to Upper Canada an enduring memorial of his three years' residence. And in "Lawrie Todd," where he uses his exploration of the Grand River as well as other scenes from his Canadian portfolio, he has left us a charming literary souvenir. In these latter days of vast land corporations it is well to recall the history of our first great land company; to learn how much a humane manager was able to accomplish for his shareholders, while actively promoting the comfort and welfare of the settlers.

The knoll that Galt bestowed upon the Anglican Church had already disappeared before his death. The site is now occupied by St. George's Square and the Post Office. The Presbyterian knoll was levelled down to form a site for the present Market House. The "Catholic Hill" still survives to illustrate Galt's *Autobiography*, and as we approach the hill through "Macdonell" Street, we are reminded of one of the novelist's friends who remained constant while so many others proved faithless and treacherous. Where Galt admiringly described Gothic aisles of overarching elms, now stand broad streets—"Wyndham" Street and the rest,—flanked by solid structures of the

creamy-white magnesian limestone for which Guelph is famous. This admirable material is found abundantly on Waterloo Avenue, without even leaving the city's limits. One of the older hotels is pointed out as having been built of the stone quarried from its own cellar. When first taken out this dolomite is soft, and in color inclines to buff; but on exposure to the air it hardens and whitens.



ISLET ROCK, FALLS OF ELORA

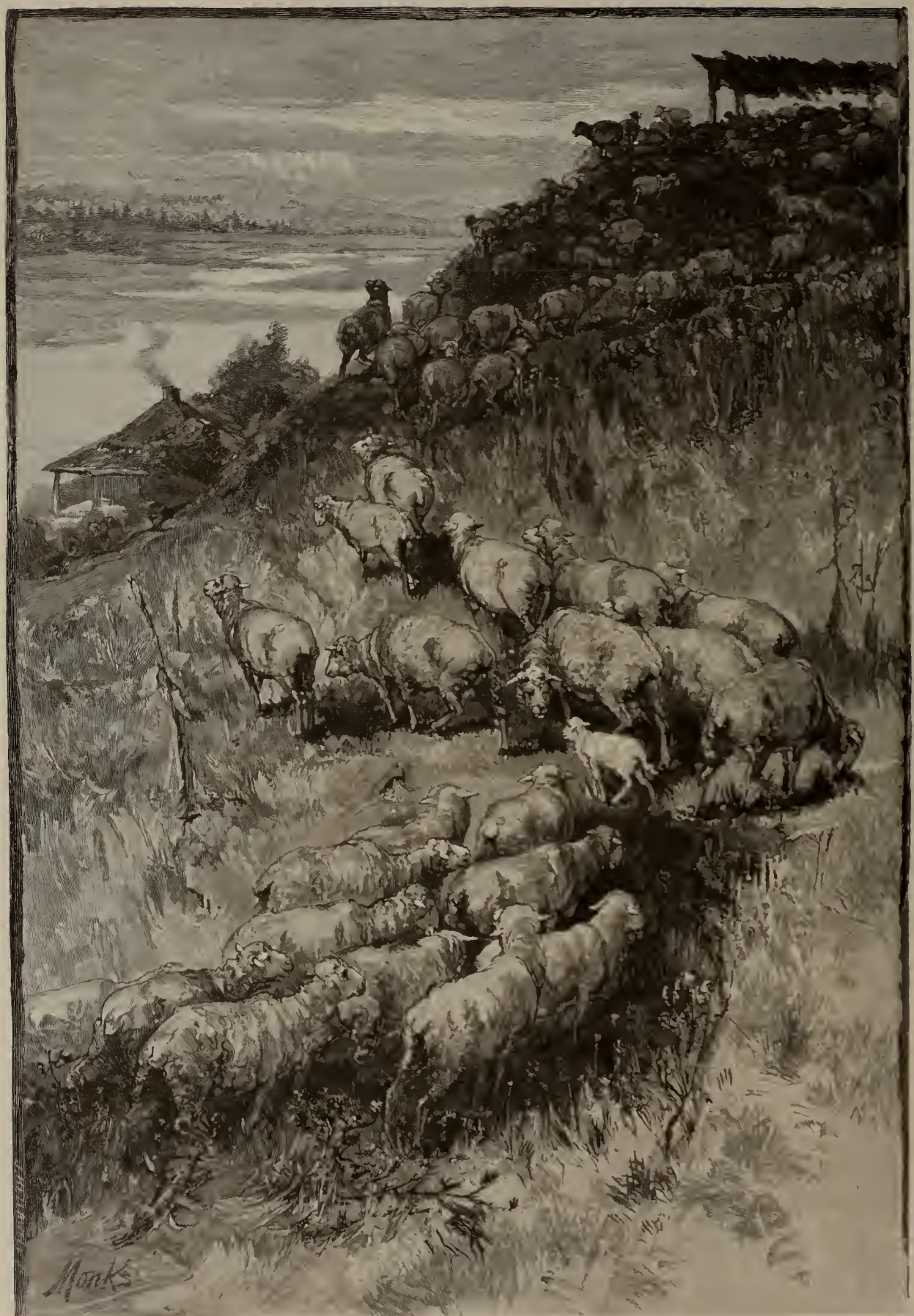
The geological character of this district is interesting, all the more because apparently no example of the formation occurs elsewhere. Reposing on the Niagara Formation are a group

of stratified rocks, which make altogether a thickness of about a hundred and sixty feet. They form a lenticular mass reaching in extreme breadth about thirty-five miles, thinning out in one direction towards the Niagara River, and resting the other edge on the Great Manitoulin. The strata are strongly developed at Galt and Guelph, and a number of characteristic fossils take their specific names from this circumstance. Sir William Logan bestowed on this special Ontario series the name of the "Guelph Formation." The Geology and Natural History of the District may be be very conveniently studied in the Museum at Elora, and reference books can be consulted at the Library. The Museum was formed by the disinterested labours of Mr. David Boyle, and has contributed to Palæontology fifteen new species of fossils, which have since been named, described, and figured by Professor Nicholson in his Report to the Provincial Government on the Palæontology of Ontario. Of these new species two of the most graceful were named after enthusiastic local antiquaries:—*Murchisonia Boylei*, after Mr. Boyle; and *Murchisonia Clarkei*, after the Honourable Mr. Speaker Clarke, who has done so much to preserve the pioneer annals of the District, and to interest the public in its scenery,

The Guelph Formation makes many notable contributions to the scenery of Western Ontario—the glens, gorges, cascades of the Grand River basin, the picturesque disorder of the Saugeen Valley, the romantic windings of the Aux Sables,—but there is nowhere produced an effect more charming than the Meeting of the Waters at Elora. Here, walls of dolomite,—in some places eighty feet high,—rise sheer from the water, or so overhang, that, looking up from below, we recall, with a shudder, Shelley's vivid picture in *The Cenci*:—

"There is a mighty rock
Which has from unimaginable years
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down;
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life, yet clinging, leans,
And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall."

The village at the romantic Falls of the Grand River is no more than fifty years old; but Indian tribes, time out of mind, made this place their favourite encampment. To endless fishing and deer-stalking was added that natural beauty, that delightful landscape which, as his legends prove, the Indian enjoyed with the keenest zest. All through the rudest legends of the wigwam, there are woven enchanting pictures of the Happy Hunting Grounds,—their delicious verdure, and their brilliant flowers; the song



A PASTORAL HILL-SIDE—GRAND RIVER VALLEY.

of birds; the deer bounding through the rich woodlands; the sunny forest glades; the cool river overshadowed by lofty trees, and rippled by countless fish; the merry laughter of the waterfall. As Elora now bears the name of the vestibule that led to the Paradise of the far distant India, so our hither Indians regarded this lovely spot as no unworthy portal to the Elysium of their dreams and hopes. Just such a summer landscape as we have here must have deeply impressed Milton in his younger days, and kindled his fancy when afterwards out of the darkness he pictured one of the scenes in Eden:—

> Umbrageous grots and caves
> Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
> Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
> Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
> Down the slope hills, disperst; or in a lake,—
> That to the fringèd bank with myrtle crowned
> Her crystal mirror holds,—unite their streams.

At Elora, we are in the very heart and stronghold of the old Attiwandaronk Land—the realm of that powerful Neutral Nation, which glimmers through Champlain's narrative of 1615-6, flashes out, ten years later, in the letter of the friar Daillon, steadily glares with a baleful light through the Jesuit *Relations*, and then, with appalling suddenness, is for ever extinguished by the Iroquois invasions of 1650-1. The Neutrals formed the earliest historical inhabitants of the district we are now illustrating. At the dawn of our annals they were in possession of the whole central and southern portions of the great Peninsula of Western Ontario; and thus lay interposed between their dialectic cousins—the Hurons of Georgian Bay—and another related race, the Iroquois, of New York State. Though of kindred race, the Hurons and the Iroquois had long been at deadly feud; by a remarkable compact, however, as long as they were within the bounds of the Neutrals, they were to meet—and for very many years did meet—on terms of apparent amity, often sharing not only the same wigwams, but the same meals. The Neutrals thus held the balance of power, and they were strong enough to enforce this singular armistice throughout the whole of their wide domain. They controlled both sides of the Niagara River, Lake Ontario as far as Burlington Bay, and the whole Canadian shore of Lake Erie; while their inland jurisdiction, as already said, covered the central and southern tracts of the Peninsula. In 1626, this wide realm was governed by the great chief Souharissen, whose authority was unchallenged throughout the twenty-eight considerable villages and towns that then picturesquely dotted the land. Such a unity of command among the Indians was almost without precedent; but so was this chieftain's prowess. He had made successful war on seventeen hostile tribes, and had always returned with droves of captives, or heaps of ghastly trophies. In one of these forays he led his fierce warriors from the banks of the Grand River and the Thames to the farther shore of

Lake Michigan, stormed a large fortified town of Fire Indians, exterminated the defenders, and drove the rest of the Nation beyond the Lake, and into the very heart of Wisconsin. Souharissen could at a day's notice put on the war-path several thousand men-at-arms.

Their weapons were the war-club, the javelin, and the bow-and-arrow; but the warriors that bore them were of extraordinary size, strength, and activity. Champlain, during his three months' stay among the Hurons, in the winter of 1615–6, gazed wistfully towards this realm of the Neutrals, which was still, as regarded European possession, No-man's Land. But the Hurons urged the great danger of the exploration, and though accompanied by a French force armed to the teeth, Champlain's stout heart here failed him. The honours of the enterprise were reserved for Daillon, a Récollet or Franciscan Friar.

In 1626 Daillon, with two other Frenchmen, boldly entered the realm of the terrible Souharissen. The friar's sole armament was the pack on his back, and a staff in his hand. This perilous enterprise, in the land of giants, recalls the adventure of Christian and Hopeful in the Demesne of Giant Despair. But our Ontario pilgrim was rudely disciplined two years before John Bunyan was born, and fifty years before the vision of Doubting Castle was written. After the first reception,—which was friendly beyond his hopes,—Daillon sent back his two companions; and now, all alone, this intrepid friar traversed the Peninsula from one end to the other. Courage was the quality above all others that those wild warriors admired; the daring of a man who, unarmed and unattended, strode fearlessly through their villages and into their wigwams, astounded and overawed them. Then came a dangerous reaction!—"This pale-face must be a sorcerer! In fact, our cousins, the Hurons, say so, and the Hurons are rather knowing fellows."—Aye, more knowing than disinterested! The Hurons were just then driving a profitable fur trade with the French; many of the peltries came from the beaver-meadows on the Grand River and the Thames, the Neutrals getting all the toil of the chase, the Hurons getting all the advantages of the direct commerce with the French.

The Huron emissaries told their credulous neighbours that this great magician "had in their country breathed a pestilence into the air; that many had died from his poisonous arts; that presently the Neutrals would see all their children dead and all their villages in flames; that these French folk were unnatural in their diet, which consisted of poison, serpents, aye, and lightning,—for these Frenchmen munch even the thunder-griffon." When, by these delirious stories, the imagination of the Neutrals had been fevered, the crafty Hurons threw in some advice. They anticipated the gentle counsel of Giant Despair's wife, Diffidence,—"club the pilgrim." But no "grievous crab-tree cudgel" was needed to reinforce the brawn of these Indian athletes; by a single blow of the fist the unfortunate Récollet was felled to the earth, and altogether he es-

caped instant death by a mere miracle. Continuous ill-usage followed; but, quoth the friar, "all this is just what we look for in these lands." Remark in those few quiet words the simple, sublime philosophy of the man! Whatever our creed, we instinctively admire such heroic self-sacrifice. A rumor of the friar's death having reached the Huron Mission, Brébeuf sent



WATCH-TOWER ROCK, IRVINE RIVER.



LOVER'S LEAP, ELORA.

to the scene one of Daillon's former guides, who led him back from this fruitless embassy.

Fourteen years later another effort was made from the Huron Mission to Christianize the Neutrals. This time came Chaumonot, the Jesuit Missionary, and the daring Brébeuf himself,—"the Ajax of the Mission." But once more the treacherous and mercenary Hurons excited against the pilgrims the wildest fancies that ever ran riot in these primeval forests; they even tried to bribe the superstitious Neutrals into assassinating their benefactors. But, undeterred by insult and ill-usage, defying fatigue

and cold and the greatest personal dangers, the heroic Brébeuf strode on for four months through the winter forest, unto one village after another. That winter was severe and prolonged beyond what was then usual, and far beyond what we experience, but, in the Grand River forest, as in the Forest of Arden, it might well be, that the sharpest pain did not arise from "the icy fang and churlish chiding of the winter's wind." What caused Brébeuf real and bitter anguish was the failure of his embassy, the impenitence of this people, their repeated and ungrateful rejection of the Message. To him mere physical suffering was a spiritual ecstasy; the deadliest cold was but "the seasons' difference."

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind;
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.
* * * * * * *
Freeze, freeze, thou winter sky;
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot."

As the Jesuits were retracing their steps northwards through the woods a snow-storm closed in around them. The drifts were impassable and the scowl of the fierce aborigines was even more forbidding than the face of nature. But in the hardest of winters, while wandering through these glens, you often come upon sweet tinkling rills that refuse to be frozen, and hard by, you may find, perhaps, a mat of verdure,—the brook-cress, the frond of the walking-fern or even the blossoms of some lingering wild-flower. When all human pity was to outward seeming congealed, a woman's heart was overflowing with compassion for these ill-used men, and the story of her kindness forms a delightful oasis in a narrative of continued suffering. This noble daughter of the forest and flower of womanhood spurned the fears, the reproaches, the insults of her clan; welcomed the pilgrims to her lodge, set before them the best of her store, obtained fish from the river to enable them to keep their fast-days, and with this gentle, thoughtful care, entertained them until they could re-sume their journey. During this precious interval the linguist Brébeuf had mastered the vocabulary of the Neutrals, and constructed a grammar and dictionary of their dia-lect, which latter, like their geographical position, bridged over the interval between the Hurons and the Iroquois.

It is from the faded manuscripts and the archaic French of these first explorers that we must glean the first word-pictures of the romantic district we are now illus-trating. Daillon, as we have said, was here more than two centuries and a half ago. He saw the landscape kindle into the crimson and gold of autumn and then melt away into the delicious languor and reverie of the Indian Summer. After traversing the heart of the Peninsula, and what would two hundred and fifty years afterwards

become the richest agricultural district of Ontario, the worthy friar glows with enthusiasm.—"Incomparably beautiful," he exclaims, "incomparably the most extensive, the most beautiful, and the most fruitful land I have yet explored." Through his few artless lines of description we can see it all: the corn-fields waving their tassels in the wind; the golden *citrouilles* gleaming from their leafy covert; the beavers casting up earth-works; the streams quivering with their shoals of fish; the squirrels scuffling among the boughs to escape the swooping buzzard; the wild turkey fluttering in the copse; the countless deer and elks glancing through the glades;—altogether, thought the poor weary friar, such a land as might be restful and enjoyable to linger in.

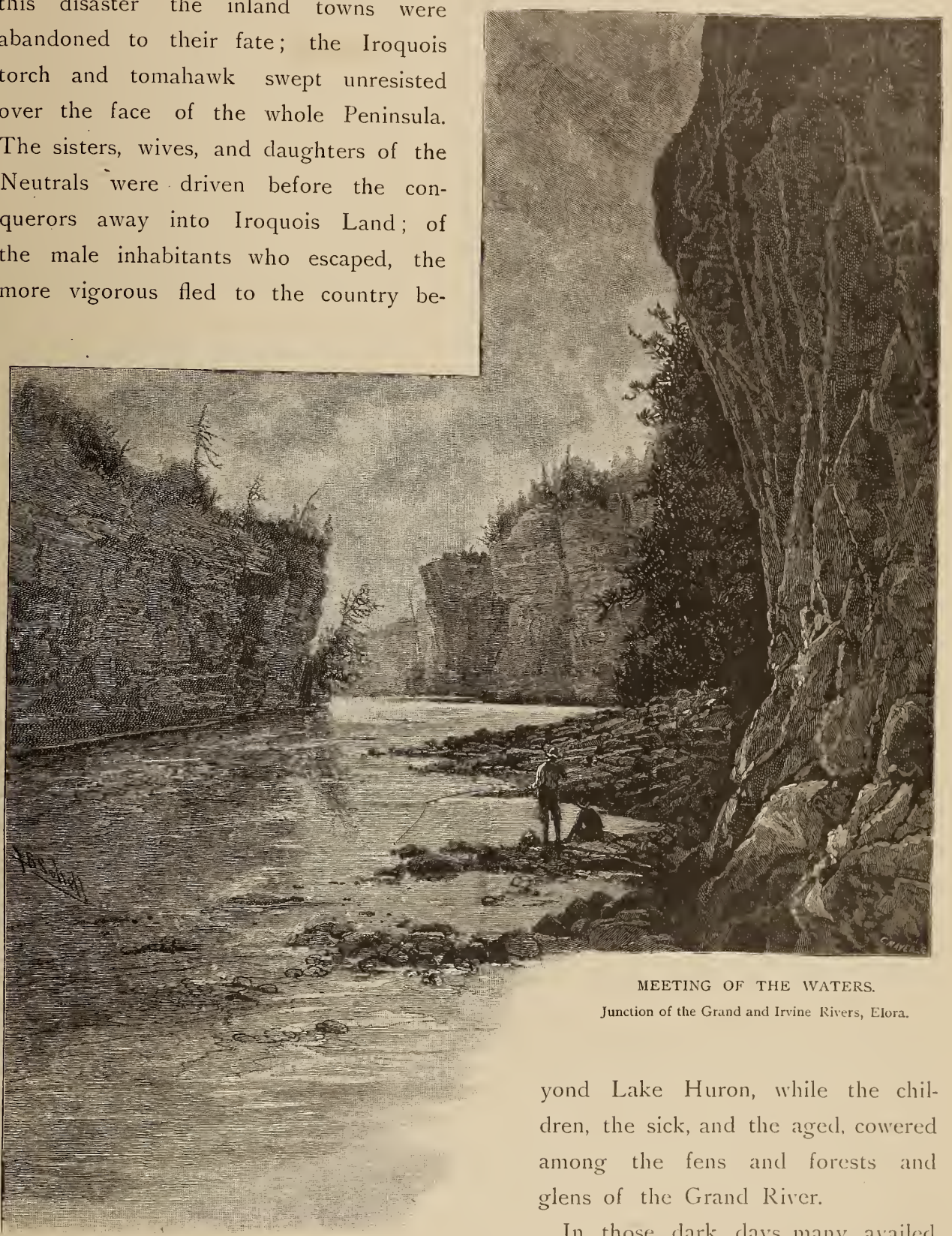
Brébeuf visited the Neutrals when their country was under a wintry pall, which perhaps best accorded with the sombre earnestness of his character. It was his habit, wherever possible, to withdraw for his devotions to some wild and lonely glen, where the awful solitude was rendered even still more impressive by the solemn organ-voice of the forest. As Brébeuf traversed the Neutral Land through its length and breadth, and twice sojourned in its very heart, he must have been familiar with these wild ravines. They might supply to a recluse many a natural cloister and oratory. If we would attune our minds to the mood of this over-wrought, heroic Jesuit,—who was now being fast hurried on towards a most appalling martyrdom,—let us visit the gorge with him in the eerie twilight of a midwinter evening. The cloud-rack drifting across the sky betokens a wild night. The shadows are fast closing in around us, and the imagination peoples these rocky solitudes with the scenes of boyhood. We are no longer in New France, but far away in Old France, and in Bayeux, that most ancient of Norman cities, where Brébeuf, nigh three centuries ago, spent his dreamy boyhood. As we skirt this frozen moat, observe those massive fortress walls all battered with war, wrinkled with watchfulness, and hoary with the rime of ages. We enter by the open barbican. Overhanging the path is a Norman watch-tower, with loop-hole, and parapet, and the cresset-stock for the bale-fire. We look aloft, and start back. Was it fancy, or did the warder on the tower wave us away with a wild gesture? Did a cross-bow rustle at the loop-hole? It was but the night wind swaying the shrubs on the crumbling ramparts, and creaking the wild grasses and sedges against the embrasure. We advance through the deep winding street, which presently widens out and discloses in the dim perspective the flanking towers of the old ducal palace. The lights are long out, and the revellers are long silent. But let us leave behind those distracting thoughts of the world and turn our steps towards the ancient cathedral. Observe those flying buttresses; how they loom up against the night. We enter by the nave. What a noble vista fading away into the darkness! Those graceful elm-like shafts rise nearly eighty feet from the floor before they lose themselves in the groined roof. Through the aisles we get glimpses of the great mullioned and foliated windows. The light has now all but failed us. That human form lying out in relief on the great

tomb is a mailed crusader, with arms crossed, awaiting the last *réveillé* and the Great *Rendezvous*. This black archway leads down to the ancient crypt. Let us descend. The stone steps are frayed by the feet of ages. The gloom down here is awful. Feel your way by those mighty pillars; they carry the choir. The massive ruins that jostle you are fallen tombs—the Tombs of the Centuries. They have witnessed the trials, the sorrows, the anguish of untold generations. This crypt is as old as Bishop Odo, the brother of the Conqueror; but there was a forest sanctuary here in the days of the Druids; Druids?—aye, ages before the Druids! Did you hear soft music?—"It sounded like the sighing of the winter wind in the forest."—It came from the great organ loft far above our heads. Now for the second time you can hear the music pealing along the vaulted roof; those closing notes are the supplicating tones of the *Miserere*. It has ceased. But again the organ begins to breathe, and now a very tempest is sweeping the keys. The reeds fairly shriek with terror, and the great pipes sway to and fro in their distress. Billow after billow of sound rolls over our heads; these massive archways quiver like aspens. It is the pealing thunder of the *Dies Iræ*.

In good truth the Day of Wrath was nigh. The fearful desolation that within nine years swept the Land of the Neutrals might well appear to the Church, whose mission had been twice rejected, a swift and terrible judgment. At this coming, the visitants bore in their hands no gentle Evangel.

Armed with the match-locks they had lately got from the Dutch at Fort Orange (Albany), the Iroquois, in 1648, stole through the winter forests towards their old foes, the Hurons. When spring opened they stormed the Huron towns, and exterminated, enslaved, or dispersed the inhabitants. Some of the Hurons who escaped the tomahawk fled for refuge into the Neutral Land; but the Iroquois no longer respected the neutrality, or the Cities of Refuge. The turn of the Neutrals themselves came next; and what could the superb physique, or the wild charge of these muscular giants, avail against fire-arms, which the Huron refugees aptly named "irons with indwelling devils"? Nevertheless the Neutrals made a most desperate struggle for life. Many memorials of their last agony have been turned up by the settler's plough. The campaign of 1650 was indecisive. Though the Iroquois had stormed a large town, they had afterwards been defeated with a loss of two hundred warriors. In the spring of the following year the invaders returned with reinforcements, and effected a landing at the foot of what is now Emerald Street, on the eastern edge of Hamilton. This spot was really the key of the Neutral Land from the side of Lake Ontario; for it commanded the portage that led through the Dundas Valley and across to the Grand River. At the very landing place a tremendous battle was fought, in which the Neutrals suffered overwhelming defeat. Their dead filled a mound which, after the rains and snows of a hundred and fifty years had beaten against it, measured fifteen feet in height and

fifty feet in diameter; and which even yet, after eighty years of cultivation, is not wholly obliterated. At the news of this disaster the inland towns were abandoned to their fate; the Iroquois torch and tomahawk swept unresisted over the face of the whole Peninsula. The sisters, wives, and daughters of the Neutrals were driven before the conquerors away into Iroquois Land; of the male inhabitants who escaped, the more vigorous fled to the country beyond Lake Huron, while the children, the sick, and the aged, cowered among the fens and forests and glens of the Grand River.



MEETING OF THE WATERS.
Junction of the Grand and Irvine Rivers, Elora.

In those dark days many availed themselves of the shelter of the Elora ravines, which seem designed by Nature for a covert. The Grand River rising 1600

feet above the sea wanders moodily through the fens and dark forests of the northern townships and then at Fergus suddenly plunges into a deep gorge, from which it emerges about two miles below the Falls of Elora, the whole descent of the river within the ravine being about sixty feet. A little below Elora the Grand River is joined by the Irvine, which bursts through a gorge similar in depth and rivalling the other in beauty. The lofty rock-walls of these ravines are of magnesian limestone, which, through the solvent action of springs and the disruptive force of frost, has been burrowed and chiselled into endless caverns and recesses. These romantic retreats have lately been made accessible and inviting by stairways and walks and seats; but in primeval times they could only have been reached by some secret pathway. The chasm was then wooded to its very verge, and the doorways of the caves were securely screened from view. It is probably to those days of the Iroquois Terror that we should refer some of the most interesting of the Indian antiquities that have been brought together in the Museum at Elora. In the large cavern in the north bank and a little below the Falls, after clearing away earth and *débris*, Mr. Boyle found among the remains of a wood fire bones of small quadrupeds, which had evidently been split for the mere sake of the marrow they contained,—implying a scarcity of food not ordinarily occurring in this famous hunting-ground, but probably due to the risk of encountering enemies in the woods. A lad wandering one day, in 1880, through the Grand River ravine, and peering into every opening in the cliff in search of the treasures which Elora boys believe are somewhere stored up in these rock-walls, found at a spring a few beads belonging, as he supposed, to a lady's necklace. They proved to be violet, or precious wampum. The search having been followed back into the cliff, a recess was reached large enough to admit the hand, and filled with earth. The earth when washed yielded between three and four hundred shell-beads of the same violet or purple colour. Did some Indian beauty, flying for protection to these natural cloisters, and taking off her now useless and dangerous jewelry, confide to this secure casket the necklaces that had set off her charms at many a moonlight or firelight dance? Or, was it some antique miser?—perhaps some Huron refugee, for, unlike the Neutrals, the Hurons had a strong financial turn and a keen instinct for wampum,—did some miser, carrying his money with him in his flight, lock it up in this *bank vault* beyond the reach of the Iroquois? A stream trickling through the strata carried out before it a few of the beads, and so betrayed the secret which had lain fast hidden in the heart of the rock for more than two centuries.

The solitude which followed this "Harrying of the North" was, if possible, more complete than the desolation carried through the North English shires by William the Norman. As the Conqueror's path of havoc through Yorkshire could, seventeen years afterwards, be traced, page after page of Doomsday Book, by the entry *omnia wasta*,—"a total waste,"—so for a century after the Iroquois invasion, the French

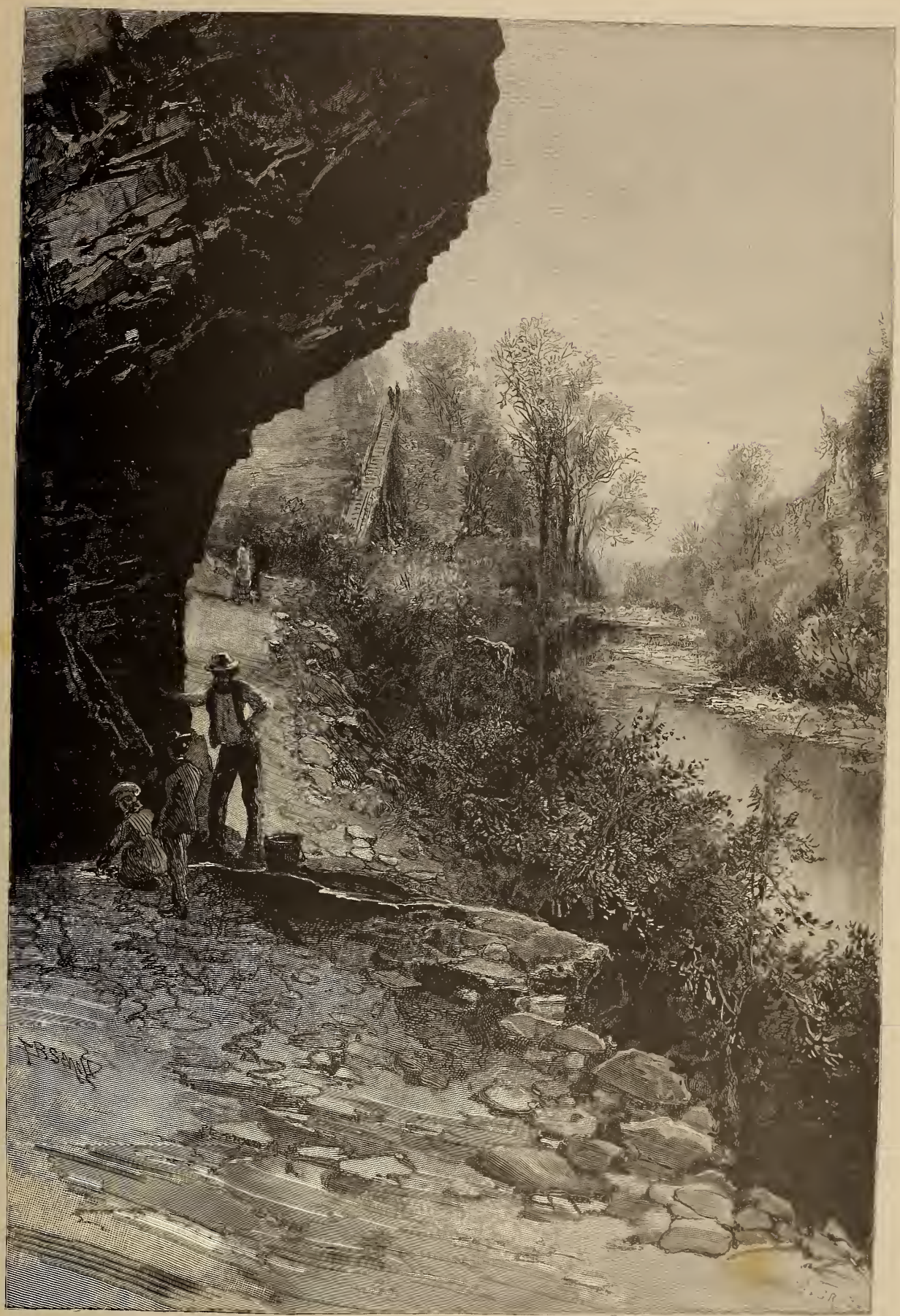
maps have nothing to tell us of the Western Peninsula but *nation détruite, nation détruite,*—"tribes exterminated." The ceaseless wars of the Iroquois left them no leisure for colonization. During the period of the Conqueror's occupation we have been able, after diligent research, to find but a single Iroquois hamlet in the whole Peninsula, and that a group of eighteen or twenty hunting lodges. This hamlet was called Tinawatwa; it commanded the fishing and hunting of the upper Grand River, and stood near the western end of the portage that led over from Burlington Bay. The husbandry of the previous Indian epoch had made numerous openings in the forest, some of which survived to puzzle the U. E. Loyalists; but in most cases the ancient corn-fields and pumpkin-gardens were speedily overgrown by lofty trees and dense undergrowth. In this New Forest the very sites of the populous Indian towns and villages that witnessed the preaching of the Jesuit Missionaries were lost and forgotten, and have only in our time been partially recovered after patient and laborious research. Game, small and large, now rapidly multiplied: in 1669—that is within twenty years after the extermination of the Hurons and Neutrals—the Sulpician Missionary Galinée describes the Peninsula as merely the stalking-ground for deer, and the special bear-garden of the Iroquois sportsmen from Eastern New York. The black bear established himself here so strongly that, as lately as thirty years ago, sportsmen of another race were occasionally rewarded with a bear in the neighbourhood of Elora; and their adventures supplied exciting "locals" for the columns of *The Backwoodsman.*

The outbreak of hostilities between France and England presently left the Iroquois no leisure for hunting excursions to the west, even if they had not been dispossessed of their conquest by the nomads of the "Wild North Land." Wandering Ojebway tribes, particularly the Mississagas, streamed in from the north, and, by the time of the Revolutionary War, had overflowed the whole tract from the Detroit frontier to the Ottawa. In the deeds for the extinction of the Indian title, from 1781 onwards, the Canadian Governors recognized these tribes as the sole aboriginal races of the Western Peninsula; but we now know that their title rested on a brief occupation, and that the historical aborigines were exterminated. To the era of the Ojebway occupation is referred the local myth of Chief Kee-chim-a-Tik. The *Canadian Monthly* for 1880 gives a metrical version, telling how a fair Indian captive, devoted to the Manitou of the Falls, lay bound on an altar in front of the cave that now bears the name of the Ojebway chief; how, under circumstances of special awe, the chief rescued her from the Manitou by declaring her his wife; but that afterwards, proving faithless, he was shot by an arrow aimed from the wife's ambush in the islet-rock of the Falls, and was carried into the cave to die. Of softer mould was that despairing Indian maiden who, Sappho-like, ended her sorrows by a plunge from the "Lover's Leap" at the Meeting of the Waters.

The romantic glens of Elora have been brought by the rail within three or four hours of Toronto. But fifty years ago Elora was practically farther off than Killarney or Loch Lomond. An adventurous fisherman sometimes made his way to the Falls, and then related by the winter-fire what visions of loveliness he had seen in the wilderness.

The earliest white settler, Roswell Matthews, arrived here on the first day of winter, 1817. His experiences have been recorded, and they afford an interesting picture of Canadian pioneer life in Western Ontario sixty years ago. Accompanied by his wife and nine children,—the eldest no more than eighteen,—Matthews hewed his way through the jungle and around fallen trees, arriving, after days of incessant toil, on the present site of Elora. Night was then closing in. A log-fire was lighted, a rude tent of hemlock boughs was set up, and, under its shelter, beds of hemlock branches were spread. During the night a heavy snow-storm set in, bearing down the woods, and strewing the ground with the branches of lordly trees. The morning broke grey and dismal on the shivering and benumbed settlers. The cattle were turned loose to browse, and in an hour Matthews went to find them, but in his search became lost in the cedar woods. After continued shouting he was cheered by the answering voice of his son, and so found his way back to his anxious family. With the aid of his brave lads, Matthews built a log shanty, filling the chinks with moss, and forming the roof of logs chiselled into rude gargoyles to carry off the rain. By May a clearing had been made, and sowed, and planted; the rich, marrowy soil soon responded with good crops of wheat, corn, and potatoes. A few seasons onward, and then there was a surplus for market. But how to get there? Matthews and his sons improved on their recollection of Robinson Crusoe by hollowing out a pine log thirty feet long. Eagerly launching this dug-out a mile and a half below the Falls, they embarked with sixteen bags of wheat, and paddling down to Galt they found a purchaser in Absalom Shade, who paid them fifty cents a bushel in cash. The dug-out was sold for two dollars and a half, and they returned home afoot, blithe as any birds of the forest.

The traces of a mill near the scene of the canoe-launch remind us that Matthews did better as a river-pilot than as a millwright. Two of his mill-dams were in quick succession devoured by ice-packs which, with the opening of spring, rushed down from the gorge. Enterprise then languished. With 1832 arrived William Gilkison, the founder of Elora, who had already, in 1811, founded Prescott. On Galt's advice he purchased at the Grand River Falls a tract of fourteen thousand acres. As the novelist informs us, Gilkison's manuscripts proved him to be a man of literary talent; and there is no doubt the scenery influenced him in his choice almost as much as the mill-privileges and the fertility of the soil. His political opinions he proclaimed aloud in the streets. In a *memorandum* attached to his will he makes it imperative on settlers to choose between "Hume Street, Reform Street, Cobbett Street, and Mackenzie Street." He adds: "I will have but one street to the river, viz., Radical



ECHO CAVE, IRVINE RIVER.

Street." All these names have disappeared, and, by a cruel irony of fate, Radical Street, or its extension, is now "Metcalfe Street." The Irvine River was named at the same time, probably with a double reference to the town in Ayrshire and its picturesque river,—the town where Galt was born in 1779, and where, two years later, Robert Burns set up his unhappy enterprise of flax-dressing. Elora, the name of the now large and prosperous village that stands a little above the confluence of the rivers, was borrowed from Hindostan, being an early



THE BRIDGE, IRVINE RIVER, ELORA.



ELM VISTA, GRAND RIVER, ELORA.

English transcription of *Elura*. Gilkison was entertaining some friends in the river-cave over against the scene of the Ojebway tragedy, when the inspiration of the name Elora was breathed on him by the Manitou of the river. Looking down the glen he saw the lofty rock-walls hewn and chiselled by countless winters into pedestal, column, and entablature: he was reminded of the

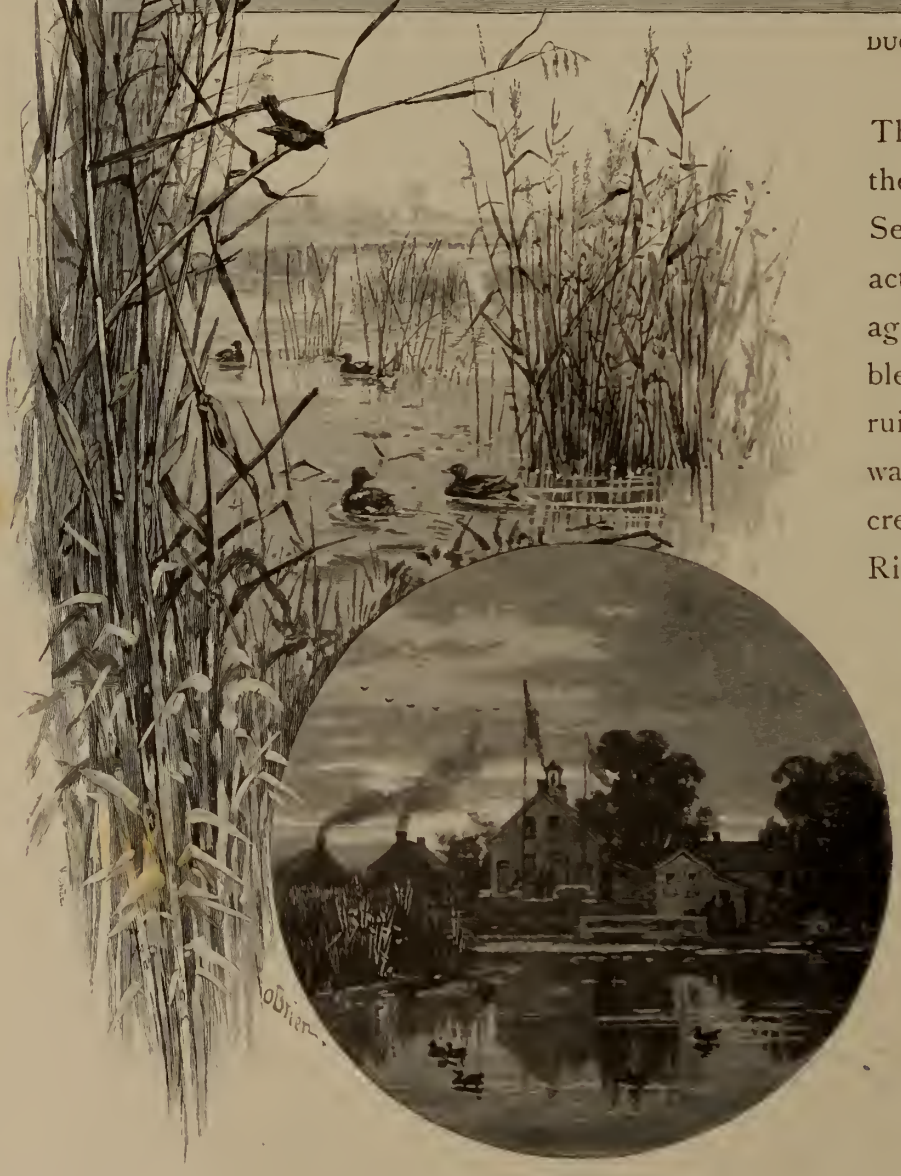
rock-temples of the Indian Elora, with their long colonnades of sculptured pillars. And then, looking towards the Falls, he saw the cascade and the delicious verdure that the spring rains bring to those famous caves of the Deccan.

In those days there was scarcely a trace of man's presence in these solitudes. The only bridge across this upper Grand River was formed by a gigantic pine which, growing on the bank above the whirl of the Devil's Punch Bowl, had been felled by the Indians so as to bridge the contracted throat of the ravine. The Indian Bridge continued long a curiosity; it was at length hewn away by a mother, whose boys were airing themselves too freely over the chasm. The first visitors to the New Elora saw the forest in all its impressive grandeur. The Hon. Adam Fergusson was in those days looking for a village site. He arrived here on the 7th of October, 1833; and he records in his journal his morning ride through the autumnal woods to the site of the future Fergus.—"The day was fine, and the prodigious height of the maples, elms, and other trees gave a solemn character to the stillness of the forest."—The "mill-privileges" of the Grand River were a perilous temptation to shear it completely of its glorious woods. In many places the banks have been shamefully denuded. Kind Nature is, however, now trying to heal over those wounds, and if Municipal Councils would but realize that a manifold source of wealth is wasted when they permit attractive scenery to be injured, they would carefully guard these natural resources.

In its course from Elora to Lake Erie the Grand River falls six hundred feet; this headlong descent suggested to Galinée, in 1669, the earliest European name, *La Rivière Rapide.* At high water we may even yet make a canoe voyage—though through more than two hundred miles of windings—to the open lake. In our descent we are borne swiftly past the busy seats of industry already visited in Wellington, Waterloo, and Brant. Below Brantford the river lingers so long over the mirror that reflects its own loveliness, that, in winding through the Eagle's Nest and the Oxbow Bend, the channel wanders fourteen miles while advancing three. This was too much for impatient forwarders: a canal was cut across by the Grand River Navigation Company. Then we glide peacefully through natural meadows or romantic glens,—the past or the present domain of the Six Nation Indians. The Mission Churches and the Indian Institute have done much to elevate the Indians; but, in spite of missions, some of the redskins remain sturdy pagans, still offering the White Dog in solemn sacrifice, and still keeping the Feast of Green Corn according to the ancient rite. As we approach the village of Caledonia the river suddenly descends seven or eight feet, and, passing under the bridge of the Northern and North-western Railway, expands to a width of two hundred yards. The broad channel is spanned by a fine iron bridge, which connects the two halves of the village. A mile down the river on the left we observe a ruined canal-lock and a row of decayed houses on the bank.



DUCK SHOOTING, LONG POINT.



CLUB HOUSE.

This is all that is left of the ambitious village of Seneca, whose stir and activity were, thirty years ago, cited as an unanswerable rebuke to "the cry of ruin and decay!" Seneca was one of the villages created by the Grand River Navigation Company. Their tugs and steamboats used to give much animation to the landscape: they plied from Brantford to Lake Erie and Buffalo; or, turning aside at Dunnville, they steamed through the Canal-feeder to the ports on Lake Ontario. There were giants in the forest in those days. Passing through the township of Dumfries, Galt ran against an oak, whose girth at a man's height from the ground was thirty-three feet, while

the shaft rose without a branch for eighty feet. The mutilated trunks of these Titans passed the Grand River locks in ceaseless procession. At Seneca the two sides of the river were joined by a substantial bridge, and were fringed with mills and factories,—all of which the Nemesis of the Forest has swept away even to their very foundations. On that grassy mound yonder, around which the stream is still searching for the lost mill-wheel, stood a great saw-mill specially equipped for the gigantic timber that came down the river. But the finest lumber brought a mere pittance, for the whole forest was thrown upon the market. There was no husbandry of the woods, no care for the future, no renewal of trees: "After us, the deluge!" As the woodlands were stripped, there came spring freshets of terrific violence; for the winter's snow that formerly melted at leisure was now instantly released by the first warm sun. These floods rose high, overflowed the banks, and turned the woods into veritable parks of artillery: fallen trees were drawn into the swift current, and launched against the Navigation Company's works, demolishing lock-gates, dams, bridges. The retribution was complete: the forest was exhausted, the river-fountains were drained,—and so also were the Company's finances. The opening, in 1856, of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway from Fort Erie to Stratford completed the Company's disaster. At only a few points on the river, and only for manufacturing purposes, are the constructions maintained. This ruined lock at Seneca is a very picture of desolation. The canal-bed is so silted up as to be used for a kitchen-garden,—a garden of cucumbers. The great oaken arm that swung a welcome to the arriving vessel, or waved a *bon voyage* to the lake raftsmen, has fallen down in helplessness and sheer despair. Once the lock-gate braced its massive shoulder against the mound of water; now, withered and shrunken, the mud drivelling from its parted lips, it stands there the image of weakness and imbecility. Let us away. Some miles down the bank the eye rests with enjoyment upon three noble trees, which may



UNLICENSED SPORTSMEN.

be taken as examples of the lofty elms that once dipped their fringes in this river. We are now in the district which, immediately after the Peace of 1783, was settled by the officers of Butler's Rangers. During the Revolutionary War, Colonel John Butler raised in the Mohawk Valley a Royalist force, made up of cavalry and infantry, of settlers and Indians. The Indians were under Brant's immediate command. The cavalry were named after their commander, Butler's Rangers. Half-man, half-horse, these Centaurs swept with amazing rapidity from point to point, carrying terror and desolation in their scabbards. Having laid no light hand upon the "Whigs," they could hope for no forbearance in the conquerors. Ruined by the war, and, like the other Loyalists, shamefully forgotten in the treaty, Butler and his officers looked to Canada for shelter. While their colonel followed Governor Simcoe to Niagara, Major Nelles and some of the other officers accepted an invitation from their old comrade, Captain Brant, and settled on the Indian Reserve. To Nelles Brant made the princely gift of a beautiful plot of nine square miles. After the usual preliminary log-house, a substantial homestead was erected, which, in all essential features, still survives, and forms an interesting example of a U. E. Loyalist home of the best class, though perhaps unique in size. The floors are carried on heavy squared timbers, some of which ride on piers massive enough for bridge abutments. The great cellar was quarried out of the solid rock, and was famous all through the Grand River Valley, not only for its capacity, but for its generous cheer. Surveyor Welsh, while exploring the Grand River in the cold, wet summer and Fall of 1796, describes in his field-notes his extreme hardships. In carrying the Government survey through the dense jungle that then overgrew this valley, he and his party were left without covering for their feet or supplies for the camp-kettle; and they were finally compelled to retreat for the purpose of revictualling. In their destitution they eagerly availed themselves of the hospitable roof-tree of William Nelles, who then occupied the homestead.

After we float past the villages of York and Indiana an express train of the Canada Southern Railway thunders overhead. We rest for a few minutes at Cayuga, the county seat of Haldimand. Here the Loop or Air-line of the Great Western suddenly converges to the Canada Southern, and for more than a score of miles eastward the two lines run side by side. Passing under the Loop-Line Bridge we take a look at the County Buildings, which were erected from a design of the late F. W. Cumberland on a plot running out to the river-bank. Then we sweep past pretty river-islands, and underneath the bridge that carries Talbot Street across the Grand River. This old military and colonization road ranked in importance with Yonge Street and Dundas Street; it ran from the Niagara Frontier to the Talbot settlement, a hundred and twenty miles westward, with extensions to Leamington and Sandwich, and a northern branch from Port Talbot to London. The "Street" still bears the name of the eccentric recluse,—military, not religious,—whose Christian name has been both canonized

and enshrined in "St. Thomas." Below Talbot Street Bridge the Grand River makes a sharp elbow: a few strokes of the paddle and we pass the fine church of St. Stephen's, with its tower and spire shadowed in the water. Then past the gypsum catacombs tunnelled far back into the Onondaga Formation. The river now widens to a lake. Before an inland sea became the great mill-pond for the Welland Canal, the Grand River was banked up at Dunnville: and though now rarely used for purposes of navigation, the great dam continues to furnish valuable water-power to the mills and factories below.

Port Maitland is at length reached, on the broad estuary of the Grand River, and we are now in full view of the Lake. To-day it is a scene of wild uproar, for a furious October gale is blowing from the south-west. Under the lash of the tempest, the great waves rear and plunge; then, tossing their grey manes, they are off like race-horses for the shore. They are now nearing the land, their heaving flanks white with foam, and the earth quivers beneath the thunder of their coming. Just like the October day of '33, that rent the rope of sand which had until then anchored Long Point to the mainland. A sou'wester banked up the lake into a great water-wall to leeward; then, the wind suddenly falling, the water returned westward with a tremendous recoil, breaching the isthmus, and ploughing out a channel nine feet deep and a thousand feet wide. And just like that October day of 1669, when Galinée saw Lake Erie in its wrath, and wrote the earliest notice of these stormy waters. Jolliet had discovered and explored the lake but a week or so before. He had also found out and explored the Grand River,—which was to be but the prelude to his finding a grander and a mightier river—the Mississippi itself. We have already witnessed the interview of Jolliet with La Salle and his Sulpician Missionaries Galinée and Dollier. From Jolliet's own rough chart of his discoveries, Galinée made a more scientific route-map, and subsequently corrected this by his own explorations. Galinée's manuscript, bearing the date of 1670, was a few years ago discovered by M. Margry among the Paris Archives, and it supplies the earliest existing map of Peninsular Ontario; for Champlain's map and others that followed were only conjectural, except as to the tract covered by the Huron Mission. Galinée's narrative has been made accessible in the able monograph of the Abbé Verreau. Well, leaving Jolliet and La Salle, and descending the Grand River with a convoy of ten *voyageurs* and three canoes, the Sulpicians worked along the Erie shore westward, looking for winter quarters. They selected for their encampment one of the streams entering the lake to the south or south-east of Jarvis,—doubtless the stream marked *R. d'Ollier* in Bellin's *Carte des Lacs*, of 1744. Here in the woods, about half a mile back from the shore, they spent five months and eleven days; and during three months of this sojourn they encountered not a human being, not even an Iroquois hunter. So unbroken was the solitude still, though a score of years had passed since the extermination of the Neutrals.



SIMCOE.

The Long Point country still maintains, through Fishery Laws and Club-House regulations, something of its ancient celebrity for fishing and for fowling; but two centuries ago there was no necessity for "open" seasons or close preserves. The waterways were thronged by black bass, speckled trout, and sturgeon. The salmon,—the "King of fresh-water fish," as old Izaac Walton calls him,—was unable to storm Niagara Falls, and so was unavoidably absent. But the pike,—Walton's "tyrant of fresh water,"—was there in the form both of the "Mighty Luce," and of the far mightier *Masque-allongé*. To entertain his company on mallard ducks, or canvas-backs, or "red-heads," or "pin-tails," or "blue-winged teal," a fowler of Galinée's party needed not to be punted out into the marshes; nor, anchoring wooden decoy-ducks, to lie *perdu* among the wild rice until the birds left home at early morn, or came in from the lake at twilight. In those days there was no need of ambuscade, or breech-loading "choke-bores," or patent ammunition; the feathered game flew in such clouds into the Frenchmen's

faces, that they had only to blaze away as fast as they could load their clumsy snaphances; they might even knock down the ducks with their wooden ramrods. After the water-fowl had taken their southward flight, the winter of 1669–70 set in so mild that the purveyors for the camp would only have to go through the forest and knock Christmas turkeys off the branches. Nor was the fruity sauce wanting, for Galinée enumerates cranberries (*les aticas*) among the stores in the larder. Then there was venison of three sorts, and in marvellous abundance; it was served both smoked and fresh. By way of *entrée* there could be had for the taking, that tidbit of Indian chiefs,—the tail of a plump beaver. But the bears,—ah, we had forgotten the bears! These most of all arouse the worthy Sulpician's enthusiasm, for "they were fatter and better-flavoured than the most savoury roast-pig of France." Everything called up memories of the old home. The encampment was in a land of vines and walnut trees. After the choice *menu* of the woodlands had been discussed, these guests of fair New France doubtless often lingered around the rustic table to remember the dear Old Land

"In after-dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the wine."

Galinée describes the wild grape of the district as red and sweet, and as equalling in size and flavour the best French grapes. It yielded a full-bodied wine of rich



RIDING OUT A SOU'WESTER UNDER LEE OF LONG POINT.

colour, reminding him of the wine of the Graves District (near Bordeaux), and quite as good. On some bits of sandy loam near Lake Erie, this grape grew in such pro-

fusion that twenty or thirty hogsheads (*bariques*) of good wine might have been made upon the spot. Altogether, quoth Father Galinée, "this country I call the earthly Paradise of Canada (*le paradis terrestre du Canada*)."

On Passion Sunday (March 23), 1670, the Sulpicians with their *voyageurs* went down to the lake-shore, and there set up a cross, bearing the arms of Louis XIV. They thus in solemn form took possession of the country for France, while commemorating their own sojourn in these solitudes. The wooden cross must have soon disappeared; but they left a more enduring memorial of their toilsome march in the fragments of European pottery that startled the first English settlers on the lake-front. In their eagerness to enter on their missionary labours, the Sulpicians imprudently broke up the encampment, and withdrew from the woods before spring had opened. Immediately afterwards, they suffered the direst extremities of cold and hunger. Easter Sunday was spent on the isthmus that then connected the present Long Point Island to the shore. The foragers had become so reduced by want of food that they could scarcely crawl into the woods to look for game; but the missionaries gave up part of their own scanty allowance to lend strength to the others, and a half-starved deer was soon brought into the camp. So this forlorn party spent Easter Day. Through Easter week they subsisted on a little maize softened in hot water. The lake seemed to them to find a malicious joy in thwarting their progress. Once a tremendous surf, rising suddenly, carried off a canoe, and left them to cross half-frozen streams as best they might. Then one night, as they were slumbering heavily on Point Pelée after a march of nearly twenty leagues, a violent north-east wind sprang up, and the lake swept across the strand, up the bank, and within six feet of where they slept, bearing away with the returning wave the greater part of the baggage and provisions. The missionaries lost, what was to them of infinitely greater moment, the Communion service, without which they could not now establish their intended mission on the Ohio. It is plain that Lake Erie was of as stormy and dangerous a temper two hundred years ago as it is to-day, when a whole fleet of vessels, like wild swans among the lagoons, cower for shelter under the Point. From the days of Jolliet and the Sulpicians until now this wild lake has been the rough nurse of bold adventure, and of heroic self-sacrifice. Every one is familiar with the story of brave John Maynard, the Erie lake-pilot, whose fiery death at the helm Gough has so powerfully described. But nearer home, and too little known to Canadians, is the inspiring story of the Heroine of Long Point.

The November of 1854 closed with the storms and bitter cold of mid-winter. Among the vessels belated on the Lake, was the three-masted schooner, *Conductor*, of Amherstburg, laden with grain to the water's edge, and striving to make the Welland Canal. Driven before a furious south-west gale, while attempting to round Long Point and reach the Bay within, she struck heavily on the outer bar, and then plunged

headlong into the deep water beyond. The rigging still stood above water, and afforded a temporary retreat to Captain Hackett and his six sailors. But even lashed to the rigging they could scarcely keep their foothold. All through that long night of horrors the freezing gale kept up its weird shrieking in the shrouds, deadening the men's limbs and striking despair to their hearts. Showers of sharp sleet threshed them as with a flail. Balked of their prey, the waves seemed infuriated: those lake-wolves would leap up at the sailors, and clutch at them, leaving the white foam of their lips on the stiffening garments. Truly the men were in the very jaws of death.

The long sandy island that the first dawn disclosed had for its sole inhabitants the light-house keeper at the Point, and then, fifteen miles off, a trapper named Becker with his wife, Abigail, and their young children. The trapper was just then absent on the mainland, trading his little store of mink-skins and muskrats, not one of which could be spared to get his wife and children even shoes or stockings. Mrs. Becker's rest had been broken by the storm, and looking out at day-break she saw the fragments of one of the *Conductor's* boats thrown up almost at her very door. Instantly she was abroad, pacing the strand, and searching, with anxious eyes, the breakers out beyond the roadstead. At length the masts of a schooner were made out, and dark objects against the sky! Back to her poor board shanty for matches and the tea-kettle; and then, with naked feet, two miles along the shore in the pitiless freezing storm. Soon a great fire of drift-wood was blazing high. To and fro she paced before the fire all day long,—for, perhaps, cheered by this human presence, those mariners, if still alive, might make the venture. To and fro all day long, but still no sign! And now another night of horrors was fast closing in,—assuredly for them the last night. She was a giant in stature, and she had a brave heart to match! With her naked, benumbed feet she strode down the shore, across the frozen weeds, across the rough shingle, across the spiny drift-wood, to the water's edge. She might get a few feet nearer to those unhappy men. Not a moment's hesitation, but right into the freezing surf up to her arms! By gestures she flings them wild entreaties to make the effort. All this had been seen from the mast-head, and it was now clear that there was no boat coming to their relief. They were strong swimmers every one; but could the strongest swimmer live in such a sea?—"Men," said the captain, "our choice is between certain death here and possible safety shorewards."—The captain himself would make the venture, and, as he fared, the others could decide to follow or,—to stay. Commending his soul to God, he plunged into the seething water. How anxiously he was watched! A few powerful strokes bear him far beyond the rescue of his crew, who entreated him not to make this useless sacrifice of his life. So far he bears himself well: he is gaining fast. But he disappears; he is gone under that tremendous roller. Courage, lads, there he is again, still swimming, though not so strong. Ah! he is plainly weakening; will his strength hold out in that freezing shoal-water? Bravo! he is now

on his feet. But what has happened? Oh, that terrible under-tow has caught him and flung him down, and is hurrying him back to the open lake. After all, he is lost? No, that noble woman dashes into the surf, grasps him, and brings him safely to land! Then one of the crew makes the venture. When he approaches the shore the captain will not allow his preserver to endanger her life again: he plunges into the breakers to aid the failing swimmer. But the under-tow clutches both, and the brave Abigail has this time to make a double rescue. Five times more, till the last man is landed. Then for the fire and the tea-kettle to restore life to these half-frozen sailors. When they were able to use their benumbed limbs, she led the way to a place of shelter; and, taking from her little store of food, she gave unto them. So they were tenderly cared for, day after day, until a passing vessel took them off, and restored them to their homes.



A STORM ON LAKE ERIE.

As soon as the castaways reached Amherstburg, where the vessel had been owned and manned, they did not fail to enlist public interest in behalf of the heroine. The owner of the vessel, Mr. John McLeod,—then a member of the Canadian Parliament,—led the movement, and besides raising a substantial purse by private subscription, induced the Government to allot to Mrs. Becker, from the Crown Lands, a hundred acres near Port Rowan, and looking out upon the scene of the rescue. Then Captain Dorr so interested the merchants and ship-owners of Buffalo, that Mrs. Becker was invited over, and, after being fêted, was presented with a purse of $1,000 to stock the farm granted by the Canadian Parliament. Presently the tale of heroism reached New York, and the Life-Saving Association decorated Mrs. Becker with their gold medal, taking, in lieu of the usual written acknowledgment,—which the heroine could not write,—a photograph showing the medal in her hand. Abigail Becker now became the theme of American newspapers and magazines. All this to the unspeakable wonderment of the simple-minded, blue-eyed woman her-

self, who, in her sterling, if rude-coined, English, maintained to the last, "she did no more'n she'd ought to, no more'n she'd do again."



A ROADSIDE SKETCH.

For the present, leaving the lake-shore, we strike inland by that branch of the Grand Trunk which, starting from Port Dover, passes through the county towns of Norfolk, Oxford, and Perth, then through Listowel, Palmerston, Harriston, and so on to Wiarton on Georgian Bay. At the outset we keep the Lynn close on our right, but presently the river becomes so entangled in the railroad that we cross four bridges in two and a half miles. Cutting across the corner of the Norfolk Agricultural Society's grounds, we enter Simcoe. As the train rolls through the town we obtain passing views of the River Lynn, with its broad mill-ponds, of the County Buildings, and



THRESHING BY HORSE-POWER.

of the Union School. The town owes its origin as well as its name to the visit of Governor Simcoe in 1795. There is a local tradition that Aaron Colver, one of the Norfolk pioneers, offered for his Excellency's acceptance a basket of water-melons; and that Simcoe marked his high official approval of the fruit by bestowing on the donor the best mill-site on the Lynn. We are now in the land of high farming. The Agricultural and Arts Association of Ontario has of late years been offering a gold medal for the farm which will stand highest on fifteen critical tests of excellence. In 1880, in a competition of nine Electoral Divisions, the gold medal was awarded to a farm near Simcoe; in 1881 the competition covered six large Electoral Divisions, and the gold medal was won by a farm near Woodstock. The network of railways now covering the County of Norfolk has created excellent markets for its farmers at Simcoe, Port Dover, and Waterford.

We enter Oxford County through the "Orchard Township" of Norwich. As we approach Norwichville in this time of fruit harvest, and see those fair daughters of the West among the golden apples and yellowing pears, we seem to have found the long-sought Gardens of the Hesperides. But the Golden Russets and the Flemish Beauties are guarded by no dragon; here all are Friends. The orchard-harvest is now in full career. The demands of Canada and the United States are to be supplied; then some of the choicest fruit will grace the winter sideboards in the stately homes of England; the rest will go to the canning factory at Otterville, or to the evaporators at Norwichville, Tilsonburg, and Woodstock. The numerous milk-stands by the roadside remind us that, in 1864, under the guidance of Harvey Farrington, this township led the way to Canadian cheese-factories, which have become a special industry of Oxford, with Ingersoll as the great cheese market.

Almost before we are aware, the train bowls into Woodstock. We notice on the right a stately pile of buildings devoted to the Woodstock College. Here, many years ago, an interesting venture in the higher co-education of the sexes was made, under the auspices of the Baptist Church, by the late Dr. Fyfe; and, with their satisfactory experience of the system, the college authorities are now more confident than ever in its soundness. By the gift of McMaster Hall, Toronto, the Theological Faculty has been enabled to assume a distinct existence, and,—as was anticipated by the generous donor himself,—this separation of functions has thrown fresh vigour into the Literary Faculty at Woodstock, as well as into the Theological Faculty at Toronto. Alighting at the railway station, and sauntering a block northwards, we are gratified to meet our old military friend, Dundas Street, which, after leaving Toronto, we found at the Credit River, and then under the *alias* of the "Governor's Road" we saw at Dundas, and soon after at the Agricultural College, Guelph. The street will yet reappear as the main artery of London, just as it is here the main artery of Woodstock. The old homesteads at the east end of the town call up mingled associations:

the house and grounds of De Blacquières, shaded by trees of the ancient forest, the rectory of Canon Betteridge, and, near by, Old St. Paul's, that long listened to his eloquent and scholarly discourses; then, farther back, the home of Admiral Drew, once the dare-devil Captain Drew of the *Caroline* enterprise. In the central portion of Dundas Street the eye is caught by the graceful architecture of New St. Paul's. The interior is in pleasing harmony. Organ practice is proceeding, and we linger to hear

> "The storm their high-built organs make,
> And thunder-music rolling shake
> The prophets blazoned on the panes."

On the streets to the rear, we have a succession of solid structures:—the County Buildings, the large church of the Methodists, the Central and High Schools. Looking askance at New St. Paul's from the opposite side of the street is a fine temple to the goddess Moneta, whose worship has somehow everywhere survived the general crash of ancient mythology. And beside the Imperial Bank is the Market, which to-day tempts us with the rich products of Oxford fields, gardens, orchards, and dairies; while over against the market are crowded stores,—altogether a field day for Oxford farmers and Woodstock merchants. The street traffic is swelled by heavy wains of home-build, bearing away to the various railway stations the manufactures of the town;—reed organs; furniture in cane as well as in beautiful native woods; and then a miscellaneous catalogue of products which require some classification, or we are apt to fall into such incongruities as tweeds and barbed wire, soap and flour, leather and cheese.

A few paces westward of the market we reach a fine avenue 132 feet broad, shaded on both sides with double rows of trees. It is named after the eccentric old Admiral whose forest *Château* lay a few miles east of Woodstock, and yielded Mrs. Jameson, in 1837, one of the liveliest sketches in "*Winter Studies and Summer Rambles.*" Mrs. Jameson was staying with a family in Blandford, near Woodstock, which was then, she tells us, "fast rising into an important town." "One day we drove over to the settlement of one of these magnificos, Admiral V———, who has already expended upwards of twenty thousand pounds in purchases and improvements. His house is really a curiosity, and at the first glance reminded me of an African village—a sort of Timbuctoo set down in the woods: it is two or three miles from the high road, in the midst of the forest, and looked as if a number of log-huts had jostled against each other by accident, and there stuck fast. The Admiral had begun, I imagine, by erecting as is usual a log-house while the woods were clearing; then, being in want of space, he added another, then another and another, and so on, all of different shapes and sizes, and full of a seaman's contrivances—odd galleries, passages, porticos, corridors, saloons, cabins, and cupboards; so that if the



NEW ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, WOODSTOCK.

outside reminded me of an African village, the interior was no less like that of a man-of-war. The drawing-room, which occupies an entire building, is really a noble room, with a chimney



A FARM ON THE OXFORD SLOPE.

in which they pile twenty oak logs at once. Around this room runs a gallery, well lighted with windows from without, through which there is a constant circulation of air, keeping the room warm in winter and cool in summer. The Admiral has besides so many ingenious and inexplicable contrivances for warming and airing his house, that no insurance office will insure him on any terms. Altogether it was the most strangely picturesque sort of dwelling I ever beheld, and could boast not only of luxuries and comforts, such as are seldom found inland, but '*cosa altra più carà*,' or at least '*più rara*.' The Admiral's sister, an accomplished woman of independent fortune, has lately arrived from Europe, to take up her residence in the wilds. Having recently spent some years in Italy, she has brought out with her all those pretty objects of *virtù* with which English travellers load themselves in that country. Here, ranged round the room, I found views of Rome and Naples; *tazzi* and marbles, and sculpture in lava or alabaster; miniature copies of the eternal Sibyl and Cenci, Raffaelle's Vatican, &c.,—things not wonderful nor rare in themselves,—the wonder was to see them here." The lady referred to was Mrs. East, in whose honour Eastwood village was afterwards named.

Woodstock is now one of the towns most favoured with railways. With these manifold temptations to luxurious travel contrast the roads over which Mrs. Jameson toiled less than half a century ago. "The roads were throughout so execrably bad, that no words can give you an idea of them. We often sank into mud-holes above the axle-tree; then over trunks of trees laid across swamps, called here corduroy roads, were my poor bones dislocated. A wheel here and there, or broken shaft lying by the way-side, told of former wrecks and disasters. In some places they had, in desperation, flung large boughs of oak into the mud abyss, and covered them with clay and sod, the rich green foliage projecting on either side. This sort of illusive contrivance would sometimes give way, and we were nearly precipitated in the midst. By the time we arrived at Blandford, my hands were swelled and blistered by continually grasping with all my strength an iron bar in front of my vehicle, to prevent myself from being flung out, and my limbs ached dreadfully. I never beheld or imagined such roads."

But after all, the scenery amply consoled this literary artist. The forest, "lit up with a changeful, magical beauty," the birds, the way-side flowers, were continually detaining her, and retarding the already slow wagon. Her American landlord at Brantford had kindly volunteered to see her safely to Woodstock. "I observed some birds of a species new to me; there was the lovely blue-bird, with its brilliant violet plumage; and a most gorgeous species of woodpecker, with a black head, white breast, and back and wings of the brightest scarlet; hence it is called by some the *field-officer*, and, more generally, the *cock of the woods*. I should have called it the *coxcomb of the woods*, for it came flitting across our road, clinging to the trees before

us, and remaining pertinaciously in sight, as if conscious of its own splendid array, and pleased to be admired. There was also the Canadian robin, a bird as large as a thrush, but in plumage and shape resembling the sweet bird at home 'that wears the scarlet stomacher.' There were great numbers of small birds of a bright yellow, like canaries, and I believe of the same genus. Sometimes, when I looked up from the depth of foliage to the blue firmament above, I saw the eagle sailing through the air on apparently motionless wings. Nor let me forget the splendour of the flowers which carpeted the woods on either side. I might have exclaimed with Eichendorff:

'O Welt! Du schöne Welt, Du!
Mann sieht Dich vor Blümen kaum!'—

for thus in some places did a rich embroidered pall of flowers literally *hide* the earth. There those beautiful plants which we cultivate with such care in our gardens,—azalias, rhododendrons, all the gorgeous family of the lobelia,—were flourishing in wild luxuriance. Festoons of creeping and parasitic plants hung from branch to branch. The purple and scarlet iris; the blue larkspur, and the elegant Canadian columbine with its bright pink flowers; the scarlet lychnis, a species of orchis of the most dazzling geranium-colour; and the white and yellow and purple cypripedium bordered the path, and a thousand others of most resplendent hues for which I knew no names. I could not pass them with forbearance, and my driver, alighting, gathered for me a superb bouquet from the swampy margin of the forest. I contrived to fasten my flowers in a wreath along the front of the wagon, that I might enjoy at leisure their novelty and beauty."



THE WATERING PLACE.

Such, fifty years ago, was the vestibule of the Thames Valley. But, like the venerable cathedrals of Flanders, the finest of our old forest-minsters were swept by the axe of the iconoclast. The Flemish image-breakers at St. Omer's and Antwerp slashed the pictures, but spared the buildings. Our iconoclasts slashed the pictures, and razed to the earth the noblest of our forest sanctuaries. Nave, aisles, and spire fell before the axe of the pioneer and the lumberman. And to the axe was often added the torch: so that even the beautiful mosaic floors were destroyed; for the mould itself and the exquisite native flora that it held were burnt up. The grandsons of our iconoclasts are now anxiously bethinking themselves how to recover those majestic woods, and reafforest the river-banks and hill-sides; it would surely also be well to try whether those sweet wild-flowers cannot be charmed back. A few braids of barbed wire carried around bits of wild wood might, by excluding cattle, restore the lost flora.



WOODLAND FLOWERS.

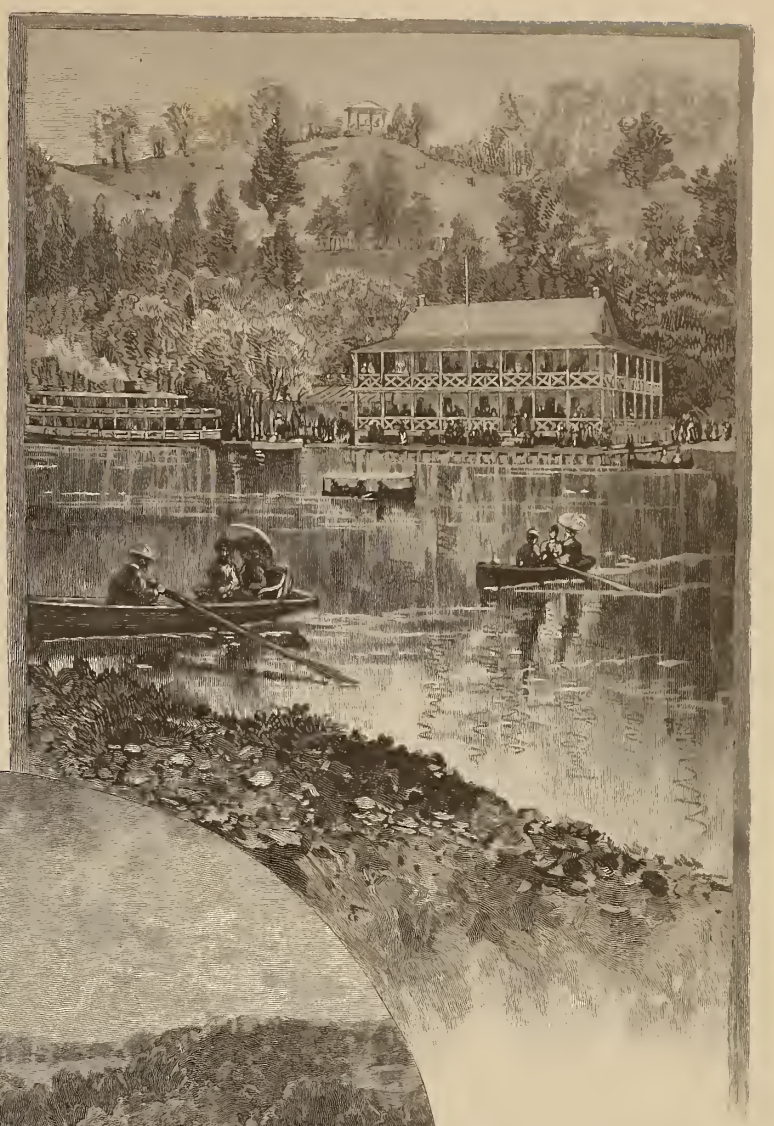
To the impressive forest scenery of the elder time have succeeded sunny pastoral landscapes. The labyrinthine *Château* of Vansittart would now be as difficult to find as would the bower of Fair Rosamond by the older Woodstock; the Admiral's demesne is now a famous breeder of race-horses. On the uplands of Blandford we stand on the narrow brim that divides the basin of the Grand River from the basin of the Thames. Eastward, the streams course swiftly towards Lake Erie. Westward is a gentle slope extending far beyond eye-shot, and finally losing itself in the champaign country that is watered by the Lower Thames and the Sydenham. Yon favoured land is the Thessaly of Older Canada; a land covered with a net-work of rivers and rivulets, which traverse a rich, deep soil; a land well dowered with sleek kine and swift steeds. "Nurse of heroes?" Yes; if in the prehistoric times the leaders at the council-fire or on the war-path

were of the same mettle as the chiefs that fought either against us or for us. Within this western tract of Ontario we shall find the home of Pontiac. We shall find also the field where Tecumseh stood at bay when an English general ran like a fawn. Spear for spear, either of those Indian chiefs would have proved no mean antagonist for the greatest of ancient Thessalians,—the mighty Achilles himself,—and they had the merit of fighting in a worthier cause.

In its upper course the Thames hums its way over the pebbles as it winds through the Oxford glens. It crosses Dundas Street a little to the west of Woodstock; then amidst some sweet scenery it passes Beachville and enters Ingersoll. The channel passes through the very heart of the town between hill terraces which are crowned with pretty villas. The slumberous stillness of the river contrasts with bustle of the cheese-fairs and with the clangour of the great implement-factory that skirts the water. Onward to London, where it receives an affluent from the north, forming the "Upper Forks" of pioneer times. The Thames Valley above London affords river views of great beauty. Three miles below the city, Springbank forms a favourite holiday resort, with most picturesque approach, whether we reach it by the road or the river. Here the high bank takes its name from an exhaustless fountain of pure cold water, which is raised to the reservoir on the hills, and supplies the distant city. The Thames presently enters the reserves of the Delawares and the Muncey Indians, then glides softly past the battle-ground of old Moravian-Town and thence onwards to Chatham, where it is joined by McGregor's Creek, forming the "Lower Forks." Even at London the river creeps with a drowsy motion, but below Chatham, Father Thames has fallen into a deep sleep, his bosom scarcely heaving with an undulation. In this state of euthanasia he passes gently away and joins the cerulean "Sainte Claire." But for the discoloration of the blue lake, it would be difficult to detect the entry of the river. Jolliet sailed down the lake in 1669, and Galinée ascended it in the following year, but neither suspected the existence of a large river. In 1744, N. Bellin, the map-maker to Louis XV.'s Department of Marine, informs us that the river had been explored for eighty leagues without the obstacle of a rapid. The Thames had not then obtained a name, but soon afterwards the still water seems to have suggested the name of "The Moat,"—*La Tranchée*, which presently became *La Tranche*, under the same process that converted *Sainte Claire* into "Saint Clair," and *Lac Erié* into "Lake Erie." Governor Simcoe's Proclamation of July 16, 1792, which would fain have converted *La Grande Rivière* into "The Ouse," permanently transformed *La Tranche* into "The Thames."

In this topographical edict the Governor parcelled out his new Province into nineteen counties, and as the heart of the Western Peninsula was still to Englishmen an almost unknown land, he would walk over the ground, and see it for himself. Setting out from Navy Hall, Niagara, in the dead of winter, 1793, he drove with

six military officers to the Forty-mile Creek. Among his companions were Major Littlehales and Lieutenant Talbot, both in the flush of manhood and eager for adventure in the western wilds. These young officers were soon to be separated, and their paths in life thenceforward widely diverged. Major Littlehales was now Simcoe's Military Secretary, and indeed his Secretary of State; after obtaining his



SPRINGBANK.

army promotion, he received a baronetcy, and for nigh a score of years was Under Secretary for Ireland. Of Talbot we shall hear more anon; for the present let it suffice to say that he was now Simcoe's Private Secretary and most



THE THAMES VALLEY, BELOW LONDON.

confidential envoy; that after service in Flanders, where he won his colonelcy, he sold his commission and returned to the Canadian forest,—there to become the builder of the great Talbot highway, an eccentric recluse, the patriarch of some twenty-eight townships, and the tutelary saint of St. Thomas. The Governor's expedition to the western frontier was to prove of the first consequence to the Province; and fortunately a brief *Journal* in Littlehales' writing has survived. It was printed in the *Canadian Literary Magazine* of May, 1834; and it was reprinted in 1861 in the columns of some newspapers; but has again become scarce and inaccessible. On reaching the Forty-mile Creek, Simcoe's party climbed the Mountain and then struck across the country for the Grand River, where the wayfarers were entertained at the Nelles' homestead. Then ascending the river, the Governor was received at the Mohawk Village with a *feu de joie*. Resting at the village for three days, Simcoe and his suite attended service in the old church that we saw at the river-side, and were much pleased with the soft, melodious voices of the young squaws. Reinforced by Brant and a dozen Indians, the expedition now crossed the water-shed and descended the Thames Valley. Winter though it was, Simcoe was profoundly impressed by the magnificent landscape of river, and plain, and woodland, that opened out before him.

No surveyor's chain had yet clinked in these solitudes. The remains of beaver-dams, recently despoiled, were to be seen on the streams. The occasional visitants were Indian sportsmen, who could doubtless have explained the painted hieroglyphs on the trees that so interested Simcoe's officers; then there were the half-Indian, half-satyr kindred who trapped the fur-coated animals, and clothed themselves with some of the spoils; and there was the winter courier bearing despatches from Kingston to Fort Detroit; and last and rarest of all, you might happen on the extinct camp-fire of some young explorer like Lord Edward Fitzgerald, already heart-sore with disappointment, and pining for woodland life and adventure. That romantic young nobleman,—the fifth son of the first Duke of Leinster and of ancient Norman-Irish lineage,—had served with distinction as Lord Rawdon's aide-de-camp towards the close of the Revolutionary War, and was severely wounded at the battle of Eutaw Springs. He was found on the field, insensible, by a poor negro who bore him away on his back to his hut, and there with the most tender care nursed him until he could with safety be removed to Charleston. The "faithful Tony" was thereafter his inseparable companion, on sea and on land, through trackless Canadian forests and whithersoever else a fearless spirit might lead, until an awful tragedy closed his master's career. After some experience of the Irish Commons and of European travel, Lord Edward met with a cruel disappointment in love, and though "Uncle Richmond,"—who was also the uncle of our Duke of Richmond,—pleaded his cause, the father of his *inamorata* continued obdurate. Truth to say, the lady herself proved heartless; and the whole story reads like the original of *Locksley Hall*. He was off,

without even his mother's knowledge, to join his regiment at St. John's, New Brunswick. He held a major's commission in the 54th, as William Cobbett, then serving in Nova Scotia as sergeant-major, ever gratefully remembered, for Major Fitzgerald obtained the future agitator's discharge. Lord Dorchester, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, had been an old admirer of the Duchess of Leinster, and naturally indulged her son in his passion for adventure. The first excursion was a tramp on snow-shoes of a hundred and seventy-five miles from Fredericton to Quebec through a trackless wilderness. Then westward. Under the guidance of Brant,—for whom he had conceived the warmest admiration and friendship,—Lord Edward traversed the Western Peninsula, visiting the Mohawk Village, and exploring the Thames Valley by the same Indian trail over which Brant was now leading Governor Simcoe. After leaving at Fort Detroit the relief party of which he was in charge, Major Fitzgerald would proceed to Fort Michilimackinac and then strike away for the Mississippi, descending which to New Orleans he would hurry home to see the fair one on whom he so often and fondly mused while far away in these Canadian forests. But on reaching the Duke of Leinster's residence he would find a grand entertainment in full career, and among the guests whom etiquette required to be invited he would find the fair G——— *and her husband!*

On the 12th February, 1793, Simcoe came upon one of poor Lord Edward's encampments near the Thames. Three years ago this ill-fated nobleman had returned to Ireland, there to dash into the political maelstrom, to quicken the dizzy movement in the Irish Commons, to become President of the United Irishmen, and, while desperately resisting arrest, to fall mortally wounded, and to die a prisoner in Dublin Castle. He was so fortunate as to have Thomas Moore for his biographer. Probably his hero's adventures in Canada suggested to the poet his own Canadian tour in 1804, and so indirectly yielded us the *Canadian Boat Song*, *The Woodpecker*, and the poems written on the St. Lawrence.

Before the year 1793 was out, the eastern end of the Thames Valley had been plotted with townships, and substantial pioneers had been imported from New Jersey. Thomas Horner, of Bordentown, led the way into this fair wilderness, and arrived in Blenheim while Augustus Jones and his Indians were still surveying it. Major Ingersoll also arrived in 1793, and occupied the tract on which has since arisen the town bearing his name.

The main purpose of Governor Simcoe in his fatiguing winter march, was to find an appropriate site for the capital of Upper Canada. Newark (Niagara) was too exposed to assault; the Toronto portage was not yet thought of, and when, later in 1793, it was accepted as the site, the Lieutenant-Governor seems to have considered the transaction no more than a temporary compromise between his proposed Georgina-upon-Thames and the claims of Kingston as supported by the Governor-

General Lord Dorchester. On the afternoon of Wednesday the thirteenth of February, 1793, the exploring party reached the fertile delta that lay at the confluence of the north and east branches of the Thames. Here they "halted to observe the beautiful situation. We passed some deep ravines and made our wigwams by a stream on the brow of a hill, near a spot where Indians were interred; the burying-ground was of earth, neatly covered with leaves, and wickered over. Adjoining it was a large pole with painted hieroglyphics on it, denoting the nation, tribe, and achievements of the deceased, either as chiefs, warriors, or hunters." From the eminence where they lay encamped, they could see the extended arms of the Thames with their numerous tributaries. To the imaginative Indian this river-view suggested a gigantic elk's head and antlers with their branches and tines; and from this fancy the river, long before the entry of the European into the valley, was known by the name of *As-kun-e-See-be*—The Antlered River.

The situation greatly impressed the Governor. After completing his march to Detroit, he hurriedly returned to make a more particular survey, so that he was here again within seventeen days of his first visit. The following is the entry in Major Littlehales' *Journal:* "2d [March, 1793]. Struck the Thames on one end of a low flat island. The rapidity of the current is so great as to have formed a channel through the mainland (being a peninsula), and formed this island. We walked over a rich meadow, and at its extremity reached the forks of the river. The Governor wished to examine this situation and its environs and we therefore stopped here a day. He judged it to be a situation eminently calculated for the Metropolis of all Canada; among many other essentials it possesses the following advantages:—command of territory, internal situation, central position, facility of water communication up and down the Thames, superior navigation for boats to near its source, and for small craft probably to the Moravian Settlement; to the northward by a small portage to the water flowing into Lake Huron, to the south-east by a carrying place into Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence; the soil luxuriously fertile and the land capable of being easily cleared and soon put into a state of agriculture, a pinery upon an adjacent high knoll and others on the height, well calculated for the erection of public buildings, and a climate not inferior to any part of Canada."

During the first two years of Simcoe's administration the continuance of peace with the United States seemed very uncertain, and while preparing a temporary refuge for the Provincial Legislature, the Governor steadfastly worked out his scheme of the Metropolis on the Thames. The river was frozen at the time of his visit and formed a capital roadway for the dozen carrioles that were sent from Detroit to meet him and his suite. As soon as spring opened, Surveyor McNiff was detailed to take soundings and ascertain whether navigation could be extended to the Upper Forks; he reported the river "quite practicable with the erection of one or two locks." To

guard the approach from the western frontier and command the navigation of the Upper and Middle Lakes, Simcoe projected a dockyard and naval arsenal at the Lower Forks, which he had particularly surveyed both on his march to Detroit and upon his return. In 1795 he had a town plot surveyed at the Lower Forks, which thenceforward received the name of Chatham, but such was Simcoe's energy, that in 1794,



VICTORIA PARK, LONDON.

and in advance of the survey, he had a Government shipyard established and gunboats already on the stocks. The communication of Georgina with Lake Ontario was to be maintained by a great military road—Dundas Street—with which by anticipation we have already become familiar. This road would run direct to the naval station provided by nature at the head of Lake Ontario,—the noble sheet of water which Simcoe had only recently named Burlington Bay. One approach to his forest city remained still to be covered:—the approach from the lake frontier on the south. At the suggestion of Lieutenant Talbot, over whom woodland life was already gaining a fascination, the Governor explored, in the autumn of 1793, the north shore of Lake Erie, and selected the site of a garrison town near the headland which had previously been known as *Pointe à la Biche*, but which was now named Turkey Point.

The headland commanded the bay and roadstead of Long Point, which latter Simcoe, in his fondness for transplanting English names, called North Foreland. This garrison town was to have communication with the eastern frontier by a military road, and the whole north shore of Lake Erie was to be colonized with United Empire Loyalists of the most uncompromising kind. In short, Simcoe's design for Georgina (London) was to make it, not only the seat of government, but the military centre of the Province, and the centre of material resources.

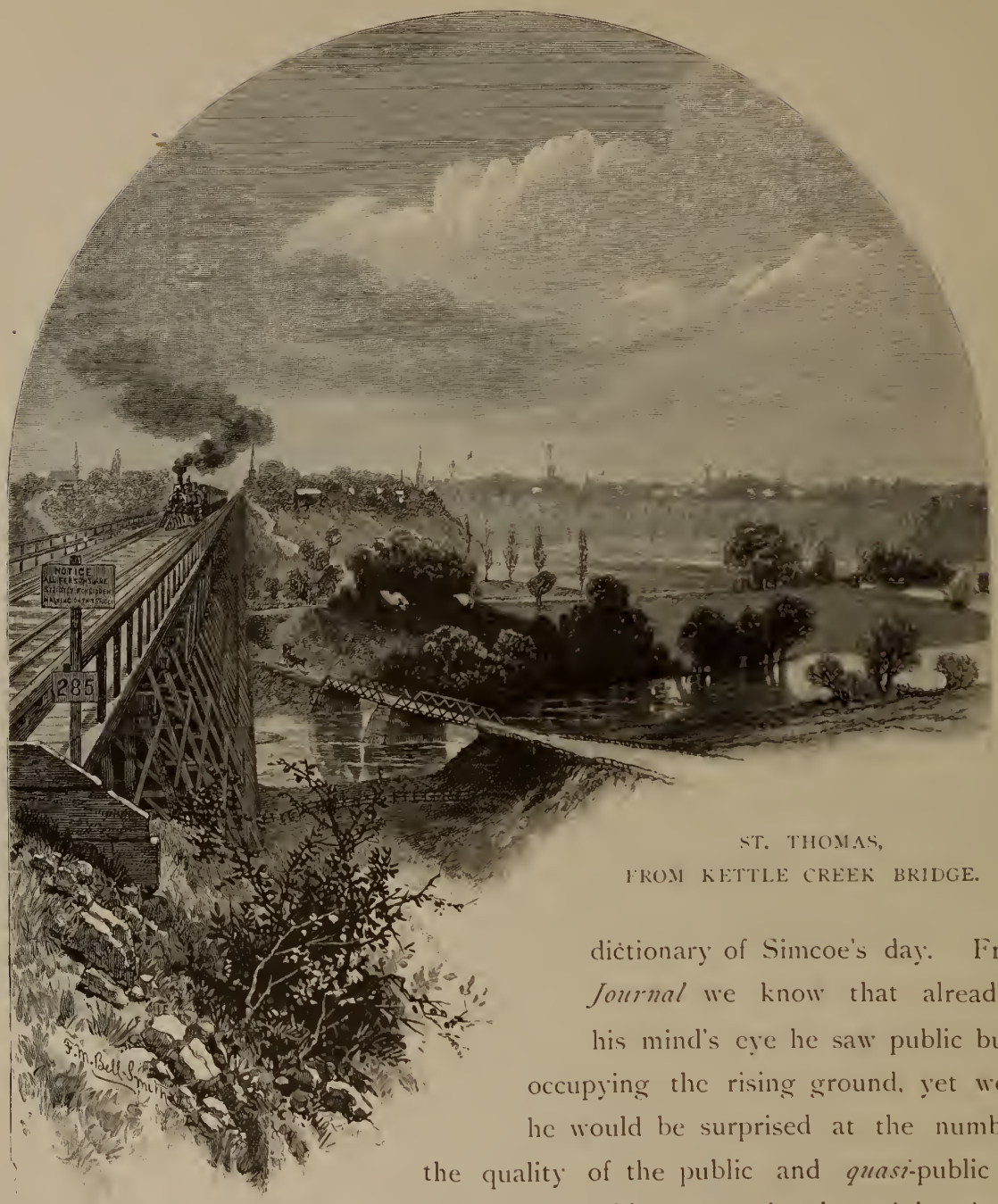
All the Governor's preparations were actively proceeding, when in 1796 he was unexpectedly transferred from Upper Canada to the West Indies; and on his departure his plans fell into complete disorder. The development of London, Chatham, and indeed of the whole Thames Valley was arrested for an entire generation. Robert Gourlay's *Statistical Account*—commenced in 1817, and published in 1822—gives a deplorable picture of the stagnation of the Province, and of the maladministration of its public affairs. Gourlay was himself a large landowner near the Thames, and beyond the information supplied by township meetings he had ample personal reasons for understanding the subject.

We have seen that Simcoe's first thought in naming his capital, was to offer a compliment to George III. and call the city Georgina,—a name still preserved in a township on Lake Simcoe. But this western river had been named the Thames, and it seemed an obvious corollary that the metropolis on the Thames must be London. Then this sagacious Governor felt how the old names pull on one's heart-strings, and it was doubtless part of his plan to charm Englishmen to his Province by the mere magic of those historic words. Were he now to revisit this spot after ninety years of absence, he would be rejoiced to find that his feelings had been so well understood, and that his Londoners had even "bettered the instruction." After he had got over the astonishment caused by the steel roadways, and by the "fire-wagons,"—as his Indians would have promptly called the locomotives, while Simcoe was fumbling about for a word,—he would try to discover in all this marvellous transformation the old natural features of the "Upper Forks." He would find that the rich alluvial meadows which he paced with his young officers have yielded an abundant harvest of suburban villas, and now bear the familiar names of Westminster and Kensington. To the north he would miss the billowy sea of dark green forest which formed so marked a feature in the landscape of his day; he would find that the shadowy aisles through the "Pineries" have been succeeded by a net-work of highways whose names would startle Simcoe by their very familiarity,—Bond Street, and Oxford Street; Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and Cheapside. Indeed, with the street names before his mind, and the sweet chimes of St. Paul's lingering in his ears, he would often dream of the ancient city beside the older Thames. The illusion would be assisted by the great warehouses, breweries, foundries, and factories. As he last knew this place, there was



RICHMOND STREET, LONDON.

not a sign of human presence here, except the Indian phantasms executed on the trees in charcoal and vermilion,—men with deers' heads, and the rest. In his stroll up Richmond Street he would find much to detain him. He would naturally think the street named after the statesman who was his own contemporary, and he would have to be informed that the name commemorates that duke's nephew, the ill-fated Governor-General of Canada, who died of hydrophobia on the Ottawa. When last at this Canadian London, Simcoe rested in a wigwam under an elm-bark roof, which Brant's Mohawks had improvised. Now, without wandering many yards from the railway station, one may find comforts and luxuries such as the Royal Palaces of the last century could not have supplied, and such as our old-fashioned Governor might possibly denounce as enervating. The maze of wires converging to various offices would have to be explained, and barbarous words used that were not in "Johnson," the standard



ST. THOMAS,
FROM KETTLE CREEK BRIDGE.

dictionary of Simcoe's day. From his *Journal* we know that already with his mind's eye he saw public buildings occupying the rising ground, yet we fancy he would be surprised at the number and the quality of the public and *quasi*-public buildings that in this young city he might view without leaving Richmond Street,—the City Hall, the Opera House, the Post Office, the Custom House, half-a-dozen noble Bank Buildings, the stately Protestant Churches and the great Catholic Cathedral. Farther north he would find the Orphanages,—Protestant and Catholic,—Hellmuth College, and the Western University. And just beyond the city limits a vast pile of Provincial buildings would rise into view,—a village, nay, a whole town of poor insane folk. Diverging into some of the parallel thoroughfares, Simcoe would be much puzzled by the names Wellington and Waterloo; he would have to learn all of Wellesley's career, except his Indian campaigns; and then he would understand how a drowsy Belgian hamlet came to lend its name to bridge and street in Old and New London. At the name Talbot Street he

would certainly inquire as to the subsequent career of the young major, who had been his private secretary, and whom by his letter to Lord Hobart, Simcoe helped to his first township on Lake Erie. The peculiar architecture of the Middlesex Jail,—one block westward,—would certainly catch Simcoe's eye, and he would be much amused to learn that Talbot had perpetrated a miniature of Malahide Castle, the home of the Talbots since the days of the Plantagenets. Simcoe would probably feel some secret chagrin, because the street that bears his own name is not that "where merchants most do congregate;" but he ought on the other hand to be well consoled by a walk through the magnificent thoroughfare,—his old military road, Dundas Street,—which here grandly concludes the "Governor's Road," with buildings that he would certainly have esteemed the very palaces of trade.

Of a summer's evening the boat-houses at the foot of Dundas Street are astir with oarsmen who take the river in the gloaming and the moonlight. In good sooth, the water is no longer of the crystalline purity it was ninety or fifty years since, when our Thames was as yet scarcely vexed by a mill-wheel. Denham wrote of the Elder Thames, nearly two centuries and a half ago, these famous lines:

> "Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
> My great example, as it is my theme!
> Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull;
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

But Thames *père* and Thames *fils* have alike suffered from chemical works and their kindred: their foam is not amber, nor yet ambergris; and in sailing on either we shall do well to take Denham's advice and *keep our eyes on the shore*:—

> "Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
> Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
> His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
> Search not his bottom, but survey his shore."

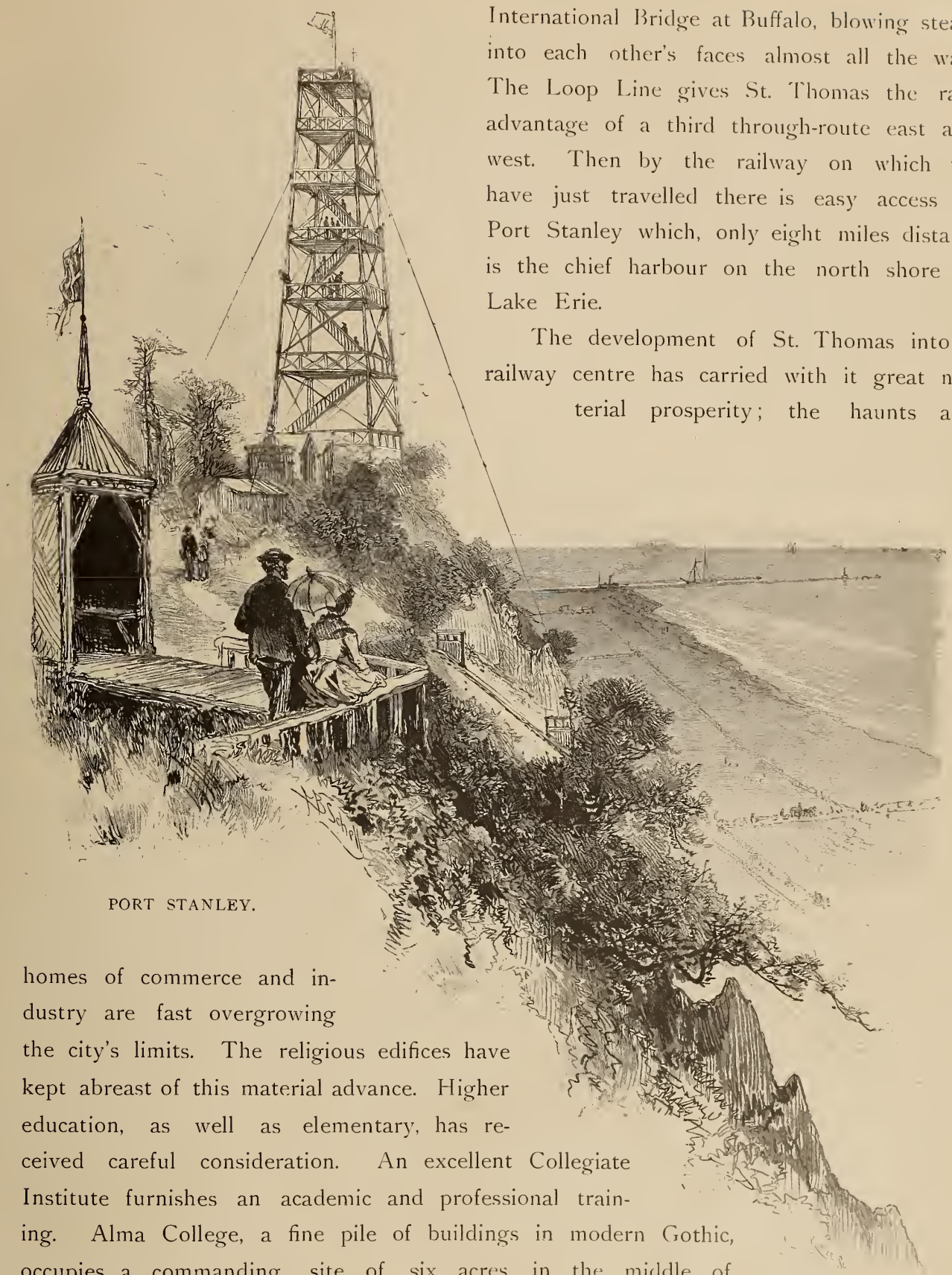
Until two years ago our Canadian Thames brought to mind only romantic scenery, and merry-making, and joyous holidays. Then a terrible tragedy befell. One of the toy-steamboats that plied between London and Springbank was struggling to bring back some six hundred of the excursionists who had kept the Queen's Birth-day by the Thames-side. Soon after leaving Springbank the *Victoria* listed with an ominous lurch and strain; then began to fill. The rush of the passengers on the upper deck across the vessel snapped the stanchions like pipe-stems, and brought the whole upper-works with their living freight upon the helpless crowd beneath. They all sank together. Of the six hundred souls on board more than a third perished. After that sorrowful sun had set, the search in this deep and dark river went on with the aid of great fires blazing on the banks and petroleum torches

flaring and flashing distractedly hither and thither on the water. The scene on that awful night might vividly recall the ancient Greek poet's description of the vestibule of the "dank House of Hades:"—the waste shore and the groves of Persephone, the poplar-trees and the willows; the dark Acheron, the Flame-lit Flood, and Cocytus that River of Weeping. Midnight brought the solemn procession of the dead up the stream, and then the terrible recognition at the landing. Yet death had dealt gently with most of those dear ones: they seemed to have but fallen into a peaceful slumber on the soft May grass. The pain and the agony were for the living. That night carried mourning into a thousand homes. When the news thrilled through the world, a universal cry of sympathy arose; from the Royal Palace to the cabin all claimed a share in the grief of this bereaved city.

Of the many railways which bring rich tribute to London, that arriving from the shore of Lake Erie by way of St. Thomas taps a district of much interest as well as resource. Leaving London, and holding our way along the gentle rise which forms the water-shed of the rich townships of Westminster and Yarmouth, we find on reaching St. Thomas that we are looking down from an escarpment of considerable elevation. From the western edge the city commands a magnificent outlook. As far as the eye can reach, country villas and trim farmsteads stand out in relief against graceful bits of wild-wood, or are only half concealed by plantations of deep green spruce and arbor vitæ. Intervening are broad stretches of meadow, or long rolling billows of harvest-land. Down in the deep ravine at our feet winds a beautiful stream, which has all the essentials of romance, except the name. When, half a century ago, Mrs. Jameson warmly remonstrated against "Kettle Creek," old Colonel Talbot pleaded that some of his first settlers had christened the stream from finding an Indian camp-kettle on the bank, and that really he had not thought it worth while to change the name. The Canada Southern Railway is carried across the Creek and its dizzy ravine by a long wooden viaduct which contains a very forest of spars. The growth of St. Thomas has been much promoted by this Southern Railway, which,—originally projected by W. A. Thompson,—received, after weary years of solicitation, support from Courtright and Daniel Drew, and finally reached a permanent basis under the mightier dynasty of the Vanderbilts. Its alliance with the Credit Valley road gives St. Thomas the advantage of a double through route east and west. The company's car-shops have created a hive of industry at the eastern end of Centre Street. The adjoining station is one of the finest in the Dominion, and reminds one of the large structures in Chicago and New York. Competition for the American through-freight brought a branch of the Great Western from Glencoe to St. Thomas. This Loop or "Air" Line passes onward by Aylmer, Tilsonburg, Simcoe, and Jarvis; then, as we have already seen, converges to the Canada Southern at Cayuga; whence the two rivals start on a fifty-mile race for the

International Bridge at Buffalo, blowing steam into each other's faces almost all the way. The Loop Line gives St. Thomas the rare advantage of a third through-route east and west. Then by the railway on which we have just travelled there is easy access to Port Stanley which, only eight miles distant, is the chief harbour on the north shore of Lake Erie.

The development of St. Thomas into a railway centre has carried with it great material prosperity; the haunts and homes of commerce and industry are fast overgrowing the city's limits. The religious edifices have kept abreast of this material advance. Higher education, as well as elementary, has received careful consideration. An excellent Collegiate Institute furnishes an academic and professional training. Alma College, a fine pile of buildings in modern Gothic, occupies a commanding site of six acres in the middle of the city. The College is designed to give young ladies a training, artistic and musical, as well as literary; it is conducted under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church.



PORT STANLEY.

At St. Thomas we are in the heart of the "Talbot Country." The city's main artery is the same Talbot Street which seventy miles eastward we found crossing the Grand River at Cayuga; and which, westward, we should find traversing the counties of Kent and Essex, finally running out on the Detroit River at Sandwich. Both the "Street" and St. Thomas itself take their name from the young lieutenant whom we saw with Governor Simcoe exploring a site for London in the winter of 1793. As in St. Catharine's and some other places locally canonized, the "Saint" has been thrown in for euphony. Perhaps, too, the voluntary hardships to which Colonel Talbot devoted himself may have suggested a comparison with his famous namesake of Canterbury.

From the lookout at Port Stanley we can discern, seven or eight miles westward, Talbot Creek and the spot where this military hermit renounced the world of rank and fashion and entered the wilderness, there to abide with brief intermission for nearly fifty years;—the spot also where after a stormy life he now peacefully lies listening to the lapping of the lake-waves upon the shore. Talbot was two years younger than Arthur Wellesley,—the future Duke of Wellington,—and, while still in their teens, the young officers were thrown much together as *aides* to Talbot's relative the Marquis of Buckingham, then Viceroy of Ireland. The warm friendship thus formed was kept up to the end of their lives by correspondence, and by Colonel Talbot's secular visits to Apsley House, where he always found Wellington ready to back him against the intrigues of the Canadian Executive. Through Simcoe's influence Talbot obtained in 1803 a township on the shore of Lake Erie; the original demesne grew in half a century to a principality of about 700,000 acres with a population of 75,000 souls. There was an Arcadian simplicity about the life of these pioneers. The title-deeds of the farms were mere pencil entries by the Colonel in his township maps; transfers were accomplished by a piece of rubber and more pencil entries. His word of honour was sufficient; and their confidence was certainly never abused. The anniversary of his landing at Port Talbot,—the 21st of May,—was erected by Dr. Rolph into a great festival, which was long kept up in St. Thomas with all honour. Immediately after this brief respite the hermit would return to his isolation, in which there was an odd mixture of aristocratic hauteur and savage wildness. The acquaintances of earlier life fell away one by one, and there were none others to fill the vacancies. While creating thousands of happy firesides around him, his own hearth remained desolate. Compassion was often felt for his loneliness: his nephews,—one of them afterwards General Lord Airey of Crimean fame,—attempted to share his solitude: but in vain. Then his one faithful servant Jeffrey died. The recluse had succeeded in creating around him an absolute void; for we take no account of the birds of prey that hovered about. Wellington, his first companion and the last of his friends, was borne to his tomb in the crypt of

St. Paul's amid all the magnificent woe of a State funeral, and with the profoundest respect of a great empire. Three months later, poor Talbot also died. It was the depth of winter and bitterly cold. In the progress of the remains from London, where he died, to the quiet nook by the lake shore, the deceased lay all night neglected and forsaken in the barn of a roadside inn. The only voice of mourning near his coffin was the wailing of the night-wind. But, in that solemn darkness, the pealing organ of the forest played more touching cadences than may be found in a requiem of Mozart or Cherubini.

What was the mystery in this lonely man's life, that could induce a handsome colonel of ancient and noble family to forego at thirty-one all his advantages of person, rank, and station, to pass many years of extremest hardship in the wilderness, and after all only gain an old age of sore discomfort, and finally an unhonoured and forgotten grave? His own answer was, that, when he was young and romantic, Charlevoix's description of this Erie shore had cast a spell upon him.

By order of Louis XV., this learned Jesuit, who was presently to become our earliest historian, made a tour of observation through New France. Fortunately for us, he kept along the north shore of Lake Erie, and recorded his observations in a *Journal* which took the form of correspondence addressed to the Duchess des Lesdiguières. The seventeenth letter is dated at Fort Ponchartrain, Detroit, 8th June, 1721. While passing the estuary of the Grand River (*La Grande Rivière*), Charlevoix remarked that though it was the 28th of May the trees were not yet out in leaf. Then past Long Point (*La Longue Pointe*) and its clouds of water-fowl, and so westward over a quiet lake and water as clear as crystal. The explorer's party encamped in the noble oak-woods where Talbot afterwards found a hermitage and a grave. Charlevoix was charmed with a life that recalled the wild freedom of the Hebrew Patriarchs; each day brought an abundance of the choicest game, a new wigwam, a fountain of pure water, a soft carpet of green sward, and a profusion of the loveliest flowers.

The fourth of July brought Charlevoix to *Pointe Pélée*, where he chiefly remarked copses of red cedar. This Point, it will be remembered, had witnessed the great tribulation of the worthy Fathers Galinée and Dollier in the Spring of 1670, and so had been called *Pointe aux Pères*. At Charlevoix's visit the headland had acquired its present name, but he throws no light on its meaning. It was then a rare bear-garden: more than *four hundred* bears had been killed last winter (1720–1) upon the Point.

Sixteen miles to the south-west of Pointe Pélée lies Pélée Island, which,—with the exception of an islet of forty acres two miles still farther out in the Lake,—forms the most southerly possession of the Canadian Dominion. The temperature is so warm and equable that sweet potatoes are grown, cotton has been found to



OLD FORT NEAR AMHERSTBURG



RAILWAY FERRY — AMHERSTBURG

ON THE BANKS OF THE DETROIT.

thrive, the delicate Isabella and the late-ripening Catawba here reach their highest flavor and perfection. Six miles to the south lies another famous vineyard, Kelley's Island, which territorially belongs to Ohio. In Charlevoix's time two of these islands were specially known as Rattlesnake Islands, and all bore a viperous reputation. Apparently with excellent reason: for Captain Carver, in 1767, and Isaac Weld, thirty years

later, found them fairly bristling with rattlesnakes. The very islands that in our time are the most delightful of health-resorts were in the days of the early travellers held to breathe an envenomed atmosphere. Carver, with charming credulity, tells of a "hissing-snake," eighteen inches long, which particularly infested these islands: "it blows from its mouth with great force a subtile wind," which, "if drawn in with the breath of the unwary traveller, will infallibly bring on a decline that in a few months must prove mortal, there being no remedy yet discovered which can counteract its baneful influence!"

Charlevoix entered the Detroit River an hour before sunset, on the 5th of June, 1721, and encamped for the night on "Bois Blanc." The island had already got its present name, and was, a hundred and sixty years ago, as it is now, "*une très-belle isle.*"

In 1796, when Fort Detroit passed under Jay's Treaty from England to the United States, the guns and military stores were removed to a new fort which the English engineers had hastily erected, eighteen miles below, at the mouth of the river. A square plot, sufficient to receive three regiments, was enclosed and defended by ditch, stockade, and rampart; and the bastions at the four angles were heavily armed. One face ran parallel to the river-bank and was pierced by a sally-port. Fort Malden has witnessed exciting and troublous times, but soon its ground plan will be as difficult to trace as the plans of the mound-builders of the Ohio. The stump of the flag-staff is now silently decaying in the grass-plot of a private demesne, like a maimed veteran in a quiet nook at Chelsea; the stockade and ditch have disappeared; the ramparts themselves have melted away into gentle slopes of green sward. The untamed wildness of the river-banks and islands as they were seen by Galinée, Charlevoix, and Weld, has been succeeded by a softer landscape of rare loveliness. The screen of white-wood forest, from which Bois Blanc took its name, was cut down in the Rebellion of 1837–8 in order to give the guns of Fort Malden an unrestricted sweep. The river-view from Amherstburg thus became enlarged and enriched, taking in the beautiful Grosse Isle and the rich woodlands on the farther bank of the Detroit. The town was named in commemoration of General Lord Amherst, Wolfe's Commander-in-Chief in the successful campaigns against Louisbourg and Quebec. The new fort was visited in 1797 by Isaac Weld, some of whose most interesting sketches are dated from "Malden." He came up Lake Erie with a squadron of three war-vessels, one of them charged with presents for the Indians. On the first night after his arrival, just as he was retiring to rest, he heard wild plaintive music borne in with the midnight wind from the river. Taking a boat for Bois Blanc, and guided by the light of a camp-fire, he found a party of Indian girls "warbling their native wood-notes wild." A score of young squaws had formed a circle round the fire and, each with her hand around another's neck, were keeping time in a kind



CATAWBA VINEYARD—PELEE ISLAND.

of minuet to a recitative sung by themselves. They were supported by the deep voices of three men, who, seated under a tree, formed the orchestra for this choral dance, and marked the time with rude kettle-drums. The Indian warriors on the island had been formerly settled near the Wabash, and were of those tribes that six years ago had cut to pieces the army of General St. Clair, the gouty grandson of the Earl of Rosslyn. The red-men had since been tamed by the nimble General Wayne,—"Mad Anthony," whose redoubt now commands the river below Detroit,—but several Indian families had made good their retreat with St. Clair's spoils, and were then actually encamped under his canvas on Bois Blanc.

The earliest detailed exploration of the Detroit River is Galinée's, in the Spring of 1670, though we know that Jolliet had in the previous Autumn mapped his way down from the Sault Ste. Marie to the mouth of the Grand River. The missionaries Galinée and Dollier had been mocked and thwarted by the stormy waters of

Lake Erie; finally, one night, by a stealthy inroad on the poor exhausted Sulpicians, the Lake had filched the altar-service which was to have carried the Faith to the banks of the Ohio. To the minds of these earnest, simple-minded men it was plain that the Powers of Darkness were warring through the very elements themselves against the advance of the Cross into heathendom. The missionaries ascending the Detroit, found near the present Fort Wayne a sacred camp-ground of the red men. Within a circle of numerous lodges was a great stone idol which proved to be no less a divinity than the Indian Neptune of Lake Erie—the Manitou that at will could rouse or quell those perilous waters. The idol was formed of a rude monolith, to which Indian fancy attributed a human likeness, the features being helped out with vermilion,—on the whole, perhaps, a not more artistic divinity than our own forefathers worshipped within the Druidical Circle at Stonehenge. This Indian Neptune was entreated with sacrifices, with peltries, and with presents of game, to receive gently the frail canoe, and prosper the red man's voyage over the dangerous Erie. The Iroquois of Galinée's party urged the missionary to perform the customary sacrifices to the Manitou. The worthy father had made up his mind that this heathen demon was at the bottom of all those Erie disasters, and was even now trying to starve the missionaries to death. Taking an axe, he smote the idol to fragments; then lashing his canoes together he laid the *torso* across, and paddling out into the river, he heaved Neptune overboard in mid-channel, where the venerable Manitou of Lake Erie still reposes,—unless some steam-dredge has scuffled him into its mud-box. Curiously enough, the very day that witnessed this daring iconoclasm brought abundance of food and a cessation of hardships. Two centuries ago we should, every one of us, like Galinée, have thought this something more than a coincidence.



RIVERSIDE GRANARIES.

In early French exploration the Missionary generally outran the Trader, though

Commerce often hung closely on the skirts of the Church. Within a decade of Father Galinée's bout with the Manitou, La Salle had dedicated to commerce this frontier chain of rivers as well as the two great inland seas that are joined by these shining links of silver.

Nearly ten years have passed since we saw La Salle making the first exploration of Lake Frontenac (Ontario), and discovering Niagara River and Burlington Bay. The young Canadian, Jolliet, whose romantic interview with La Salle we witnessed near the Grand River, has since found the Mississippi, and, in company with the brave Father Marquette, has traced that mighty flood down to within a couple of days' journey from the mouth. His ambitious rival, La Salle, has embarked on a vast commercial enterprise in which the Governor-General, Count Frontenac, is shrewdly believed to have invested more than a friendly interest. The scheme is no less than a monopoly of the fur-trade of the continent. The Great River and Valley of whose resources Jolliet brought back in the Summer of 1673 such marvellous accounts, will be re-explored by La Salle with the aid of Jolliet's manuscript reports and maps, and of Marquette's narrative, after Marquette is dead, and when Frontenac has removed poor Jolliet to the distant and barren *seigneurie* of Anticosti. But the first and pressing question is the fur-trade of the Great Lakes. This tide of fortune must forthwith be deflected from the Anglo-Dutch channel of the Hudson to the St. Lawrence. Fort Frontenac was hastily thrown up on the site of the present Kingston to command the lower outlet of Lake Ontario; the western gateway was brought under La Salle's guns by the erection of Fort Niagara. The fur-trade of Erie and the Upper Lakes was to be secured by the patrol of an armed trader. But La Salle's schemes of monopoly had already excited bitter jealousies and had plunged him into financial embarrassments. Just as he had put on the stocks the vessel that was to become the pioneer of lake merchantmen, his creditors laid hands upon his store of furs at Fort Frontenac, and the French Intendant seized the rest at Quebec. To the Intendant's share fell 284 skunk-skins, whose late occupants are in the official inventory grimly catalogued as "*enfants du diable*."

After incredible difficulties, and amid the sleepless suspicion and hostility of the Indians, a 45-ton craft was at length completed and launched on the Niagara River. She was named the *Griffin*, after the lion-eagle at her prow, which had been designed from the armorial bearings of Count Frontenac. On the 7th August, 1679, La Salle embarked on Lake Erie, and with a *Te Deum* and salvos of artillery the *Griffin* flung her canvas to the breeze. On the 11th she entered the Detroit, the pioneer and pilot of that innumerable procession of ships which during two centuries have passed this Strait. From May to December you may observe all day, and through the livelong night, the stately march of the merchantmen on these waters,—the soft foot-fall of the sailing craft, and in the fore-front of these *alarii*, the



A FOREST PATHWAY.

measured tramp of the steamers, those legionaries of commerce. On these delightful breezy banks you are prone to loiter of a Summer night, to watch the moving lights burn with red and green fires on the water, and to hear the rising wind "sweep a music out of sheet and shroud." When these waterways are locked by the frost, the great transfer-steamers still pass and repass between the shores with a calm indifference to the changed landscape. The commander of the *Griffin*,—dashing La Salle himself,—would behold with awe these leviathans swing into the landing, and, taking whole railway-trains upon their backs, swim lightly across the wide channel, cleaving, if need be, fields of ice, or smiting down the piled-up masonry of the frost. He explored this Strait under Summer skies. The *Griffin* sailed between shores which Father Hennepin, writing his journal on deck, described as virgin prairies, or as natural parks frequented by herds of deer. He saw clouds of wild turkeys rising from the water's edge, and noble wild swans feeding among the lagoons. The sportsmen of the party hunted along the *Griffin's* advance, and soon the bulwarks of the brigantine were hung with the choicest game. There were groves of walnut, and chestnut, and wild plums; there were stately oak-glades with rich garniture of grape-vines. Quoth Father Hennepin: "Those who in the future will have the good fortune to own this fruitful and lovely Strait will feel very thankful to those who have shown them the way." Worthy Chaplain of the *Griffin*, why, in bespeaking grateful remembrance for thy hero, hast *thou* forgotten to record that our Canadian, Jolliet, in his birch-bark canoe, mapped out these waterways ten years ago?

The importance of these lake-straits was early recognized by French statesmen. In 1688 Baron La Hontan found opposite Point Edward, and near the site of the present Fort Gratiot, a fortified post,—Fort St. Joseph,—which had been erected some years before to command the upper gateway of the St. Clair. Under the express direction of Count Pontchartrain a fort was in 1701 erected on the present site of Detroit. The founder, La Motte Cadillac, named this important post after the Minister himself, and it became the nucleus, not only of the future city of Detroit, but of the early settlements all along the Straits northward to Lake Huron and southward to Lake Erie.

Under shelter of Fort Pontchartrain, settlements gradually crept along the water's edge on both sides of the Detroit. Between 1734 and 1756 the old records show that numerous land-grants were made. The earlier passed under the hands of Beauharnois and Hocquart; the later patents bring together such incongruous names as the sagacious Governor Duquesne,—the founder of Pittsburg,—and the infamous Intendant Bigot. These grants were subject to the usual incidents of Canadian feudalism, which required of the *seigneur* to erect a grist-mill for the use of his *censitaires* or feudal tenants, and to provide a fort or block-house for defence against the Indians. To cover both necessities windmill-forts were erected, and the Canadian



WINDSOR, FROM DECK OF TRANSFER STEAMER.

bank above and below Windsor became dotted with picturesque round-towers. An example,—though not of the very earliest mills,—survives near Sandwich; another may be seen on the river-bank above Windsor, or rather Walkerville. The harvests and milling operations of pioneer days may appear contemptible to a generation accustomed to see wheat by tens of thousands of bushels received and discharged daily at the railway granaries on the river-side; indeed a large elevator of our time would have housed the entire wheat-harvest of Ontario in the earlier years of the century. But the rudest of mills was an inexpressible boon to a settler who had been living on grain coarsely bruised in the mortar that, after Indian example, with a red-hot stone, he hollowed out of some hard-wood stump. In the court-yards of these old windmills may often, of an Autumn day, have been seen animated groups,—at first easy-humoured and apt to make the best of everything after the happy disposition of the French *habitant*, but latterly,—with the arrival of the U. E. Loyalists,—apt to see that the miller took no more than his rightful toll, and that he gave them back their own wheat-sacks. These primitive rights of the subject found voice in the open-air Parliament which Simcoe held at Niagara in 1792: it was then and there solemnly enacted that wheat-sacks must be branded, and that the miller must not take more than a twelfth for his toll.

Among the earliest settlers on the Detroit were discharged soldiers of the French

armies which had served against England in the great struggle lately closed by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle; and no doubt some of these very veterans and the officers who now became their *seigneurs* had been with Marshal Saxe at Fontenoy. The great highway of our Old *Régime* was the river, whether open or frozen; so the land was cut up into long narrow ribbons running out to the river-bank. A group of these shore-settlements was in the French-Canadian *patois* known as a *côte*. Thus between Amherstburg and Sandwich there was *Petite Côte*, a name which still survives though its original significance is lost. The ecclesiastical grouping of these settlements into parishes was simultaneous. The Parish of *L'Assomption* extended along the bank above and below the present Windsor, a dozen miles either way. At *La Pointe de Montréal*, a village grew up, taking its name from the parish, and forming the nucleus of the present Sandwich. The earlier name is still represented in Assumption College, an important Catholic Seminary at Sandwich. The College stands upon a plot of 120 acres which was given by the Ottawa and Huron Indians to Bishop Hubert, of Quebec, about 1781. Near L'Assomption were settled the Wyandots, a remnant of the once numerous Hurons, and descended from the few that we saw escaping the Iroquois massacres of 1648–49. These disinherited children of the soil received the spiritual care



WHERE TECUMSEH STOOD AT BAY.

of Carthusian Friars in 1728, and their "Huron Church" became one of the earliest landmarks for pilots on these waters. Together with fragments of various other tribes, the Wyandots afterwards removed to the Indian Reserve farther down the bank, but

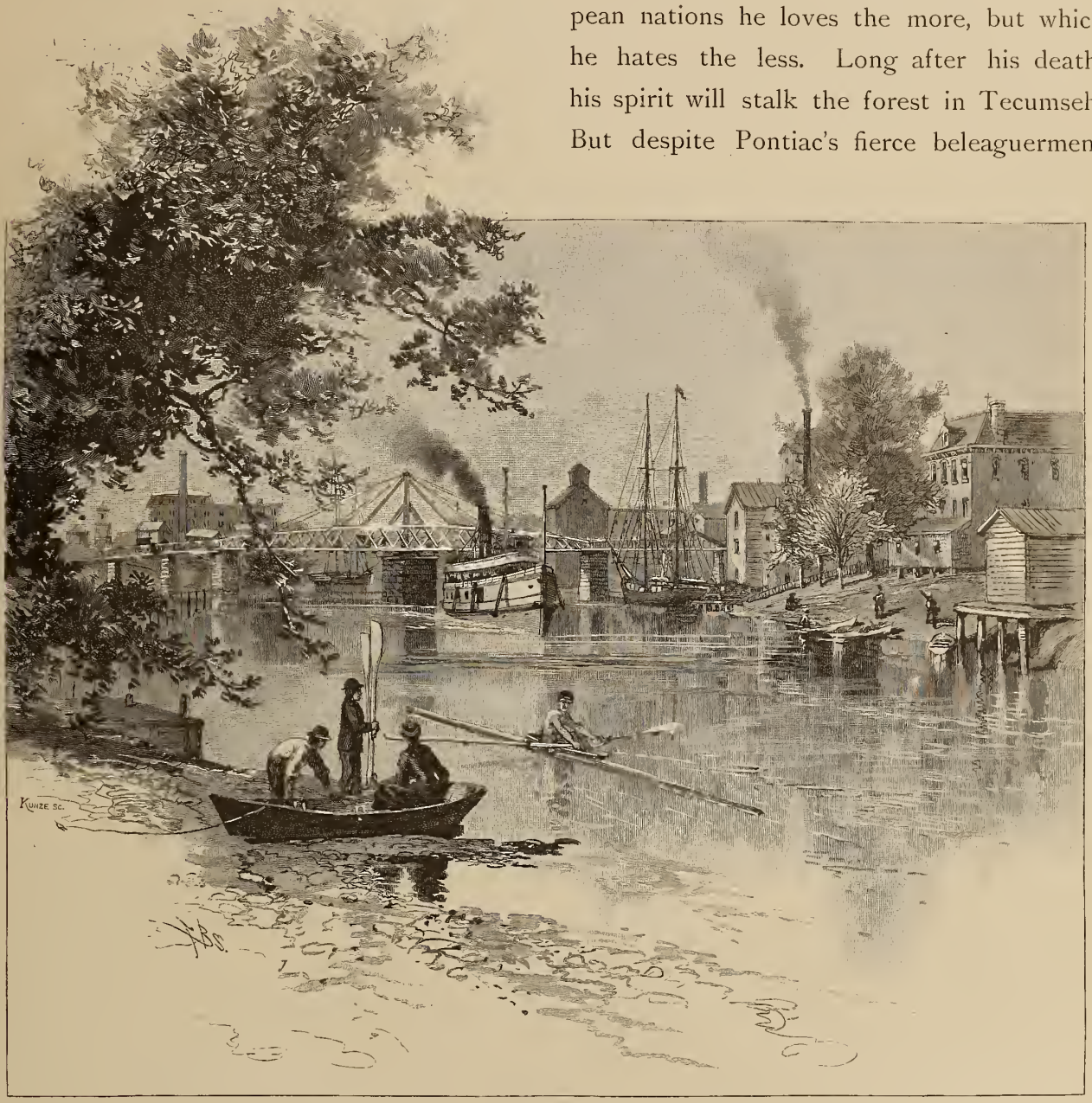
in the form Wyandotte, their name still survives across the river in the busy town where yonder blast-furnaces and rolling-mills keep the river side in perpetual mourning.

Between Wyandotte and Sandwich we pass Fighting Island. From the name might be expected a place bristling with all the circumstance of war; but despite its name the island lies most peacefully basking and dozing in the sunshine. No; not even the Indian entrenchments that were marked here in the maps of a century ago. But the name incloses an uneasy remembrance of the years when Vigilance looked out of the dark windmills oftener than did Industry. First there were the Indian Wars and ambuscades; then came the War of 1812; and last of all there was our Rebellion. The Detroit frontier witnessed in those unquiet times many bits of gallant work and endless romantic incidents; but in order to keep within sight of our artist, we must not wander far afield.

Windsor has, within less than two centuries, passed through the phases of virgin prairie, riverside farm, trading-post of the Nor'-West Company, ambitious village, prosperous town; it is now fast ripening into the dignity of a city and board of aldermen. The site has witnessed many stirring incidents. Here in November, 1760, encamped the first British troops that penetrated to these western rivers. The Capitulation of Montreal, two months before, had transferred to England this vast Canadian domain. Under Amherst's orders Major Rogers and his Rangers had now come to take possession of Fort Pontchartrain. Rogers had sent in advance to the commandant a letter informing him of the Capitulation, but this was incredulously received, and an attempt was even made to rally the Indians to the rescue. Then came another despatch from Rogers, who had by this time reached the mouth of the Detroit,—a copy of the Capitulation, and an order from the Marquis de Vandreuil directing the surrender of the Fort. At the sight of his Governor-General's autograph, poor Captain Belètre knew that all was lost! Where Windsor now stands was an open meadow, then forming part of M. Baby's farm. There encamped under canvas, and eagerly watching the turn of affairs across the river lay the swarthy Rangers and their famous commander. Presently a small detachment formed among the tents, and in charge of two officers crossed over to the Fort. Then the tragic summons. The French troops are now seen defiling on the plain; the *fleur de lis* drops from the flagstaff; the red cross of St. George springs aloft and shakes out its folds to the breeze. Half a continent has changed masters!

The neighbouring Indians beheld with amazement the surrender of the garrison and the disarming of the French regulars and militia. It was incomprehensible how so many yielded to the handful that took over Vandreuil's dispatch; still less, if possible, could they understand why the vanquished should have their lives spared, nay, why most of them should be sent away in peace to their farms. These Indians of the Detroit passed over to the winning side with suspicious alacrity. Among those

who are cheering the loudest for the English flag observe that dusky muscular chief of the Ottawas, who wears an unusual wealth of long black hair. Three years hence he will desperately endeavour to pull that flag down. His name is Pontiac. With him the question is not which of these European nations he loves the more, but which he hates the less. Long after his death, his spirit will stalk the forest in Tecumseh. But despite Pontiac's fierce beleaguerment



LOOKING UP THE THAMES, CHATHAM.

of the Fort, the flag of England will float there Summer and Winter until a constellation not at all seen of the wise men when George III. was born will rise in these western skies, and perplex all the court astrologers.

The old farm-house of the Babys seems to have been the first brick building that the Western District,—or for that matter the Province,—of Upper Canada possessed. It still survives,—or was lately to be seen,—within the limits of Windsor. Under

its roof-tree General Hull established his head-quarters when he was rehearsing his Invasion-farce. The farce was followed by a more serious after-piece,—not on the play-bill,—*The surrender of Detroit and General Hull*,—which nearly ended in an actual tragedy, for the poor old general was promptly court-martialled by his fellow-officers, and escaped being shot only through the mere mercy of President Madison. The quiet of the river-side farm was again broken in the following year,—this time by a soldier of different quality. Here in the opening days of October, 1813, on the old camping-ground of Rogers' Rangers, were picketed General Harrison and his famous mounted rifles. At the distance of seventy years we can afford to examine the Kentuckians with more composure than did our grandfathers. Lithe, athletic fellows, and fearless, every one; occasionally savage, but often chivalrous; such as might have sat to Fenimore Cooper for his portrait of *Leather-stocking*. Head turbaned with a handkerchief of bright colors,—blue, red, or yellow; hunting-frock and trowsers of leather,—the trowsers gaily fringed with tassels. Not cavalry, as we understand cavalry, and therefore no sabre; rather, as Harrison himself described them, "mounted infantry." They were armed with well-tried rifles: and for close and desperate service against the Indians they carried in their belts the horrid knife and tomahawk. Just now their immediate business in Canada was to pursue Proctor, who had lately made a disastrous invasion of Michigan, and now, abandoning the Canadian frontier to the enemy, had retreated to the Thames. In a council of war at Amherstburg, the Indian chief Tecumseh had in vain tried by the most scornful reproaches to goad this *fainéant* into a show of action. But a disastrous naval engagement had only eight days before occurred within distinct hearing, and almost within sight of Fort Malden. From the shores that overhang the lake at the mouth of the Detroit, the English and the American flotillas were seen to be manœuvring among the Bass Islands,—each commander plainly trying to get the weather-gage or some other fighting advantage of the other. An unnatural strife between nations of the same flesh and blood; nay, between mother and son,—an arrogant mother and an inconsiderate son,—altogether such a drama as would have satisfied the old Greek tragedians. It was the tenth of September. Just as the sun was getting overhead, Barclay's squadron was seen to engage the American fleet, "by giving a few long guns," to which Perry responded with promptitude and extreme vigour. A vast rolling curtain of smoke then fell on the stage, but the incessant roar of artillery behind, sufficiently told the spectators that the Furies were hurrying on this Orestean drama to its tragic close. Late in the afternoon the curtain slowly lifted, and a funeral procession was disclosed passing across the stage,—the procession of the dead and of those who still lay writhing on the decks in the agonies of death. The two fleets offered a sorry spectacle,—notably the captive English ships which brought up the wake.

This naval reverse would under Brock's genius and wonderful resource have per-

haps become only the dark background to some brilliant feat of arms; but Brock had fallen on Queenston Heights, and a military artist of another quality had now succeeded. Proctor called a council of war and proposed to destroy Forts Malden and Detroit, burn up all public property, and then retreat on Niagara, thus leaving to the discretion of the invader over two hundred miles of country with its towns and farmsteads and Indian villages. Among the officers present at the council was the famous chieftain and orator Tecumseh,—or Tecumtha, as his name was pronounced,—who ranked as brigadier-general of the Indian auxiliaries. His influence among the native races was boundless. By the Indians throughout the valleys of the Missouri and Mississippi and still away northward to the great Lake-Land, Tecumseh was regarded as the mighty deliverer who would restore the children of the soil to their birthright and heritage. His mission was betokened by signs in heaven and awful tremblings of the earth. The great comet that appeared in the autumn of 1811 was but Tecumseh's terrible arm stretched across the sky, kindling at nightfall on every hill top signal-fires for the great Indian War. In the Chieftain's absence General Harrison marched to the Wabash and defeated the warriors who had already obeyed this celestial summons. They were commanded by Tecumseh's twin brother the Prophet, and they attacked the "Big-Knives"—as they called the Americans—with such terrific onset, that this victory of Tippecanoe cost Harrison several of his best officers. A month afterwards, the valleys of the Missouri and Mississippi were violently shaken by an earthquake. To the excited and imaginative Indians the earthquake was but the stamping of Tecumseh's foot to announce, as he had promised, his arrival at the Detroit River. The shocks continued all the winter long, and these were other signals, not understood of white men, by which Tecumseh was preparing his people for stirring events. The outbreak of the Anglo-American war in June, sufficiently explained to not a few of the border pioneers, as well as to the Indians, this uneasiness of earth and sky: it was now abundantly plain what the comet and earthquakes portended! During the first year's campaign, Tecumseh's exploits stirred the lodge-fires along the Mississippi and the bivouacs on both sides of the Detroit. But with Brock's death everything went wrong in the west. From being fearlessly aggressive the British tactics had become timidly defensive. The champion of the red-men now actually heard in a council of war, and from the lips of an English general, a proposal to abandon the whole Indian population to the mercy of riflemen who might not yet have forgotten,—for it was but nine months ago,—the massacre of their comrades at the Raisin.

Tecumseh arose. As he drew himself up to his full height, his powerful but finely-moulded form was seen to advantage in a close-fitting dress of deer-skin. A magnificent plume of white ostrich feathers waved on his brow, and contrasted strongly with his dusky features. His piercing hazel eyes flashed with a wild and

terrible brilliancy, forming a spectacle which the officers of the Council never forgot. With withering scorn he related how the Indians had served, and had been served; and thundered out the fiercest denunciations of Proctor's cowardice and treachery. Tecumseh felt that he was the last of the great Indian Chiefs, and the last hope of his people; he had resolved either to justify that hope, or to show the world how the last of the great Indian Chiefs could die. The peroration of the remonstrance addressed to Proctor contains the last recorded words of Tecumseh: "You have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red-children. If you have any idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go with a welcome! Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and, if it is his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

The council of war was for a time completely borne away by the wild rush of this native eloquence. The British officers were powerfully affected. The excitement of the Indian Chiefs was uncontrollable. As soon as he could get a hearing, Proctor faltered out a promise that he would make a stand, if not at Chatham, certainly at Moraviantown, an Indian village up the Thames, where lived many of Tecumseh's Delaware Indians. On this clear understanding the chieftain gave way.

The line of retreat from the Detroit takes us along the shore of Lake St. Clair to Baptiste Creek near the mouth of the Thames; there crossing the main river we follow the retreating army along the north bank and through great forests as yet scarcely traversed by a formal road; and so reach Chatham and Moraviantown.

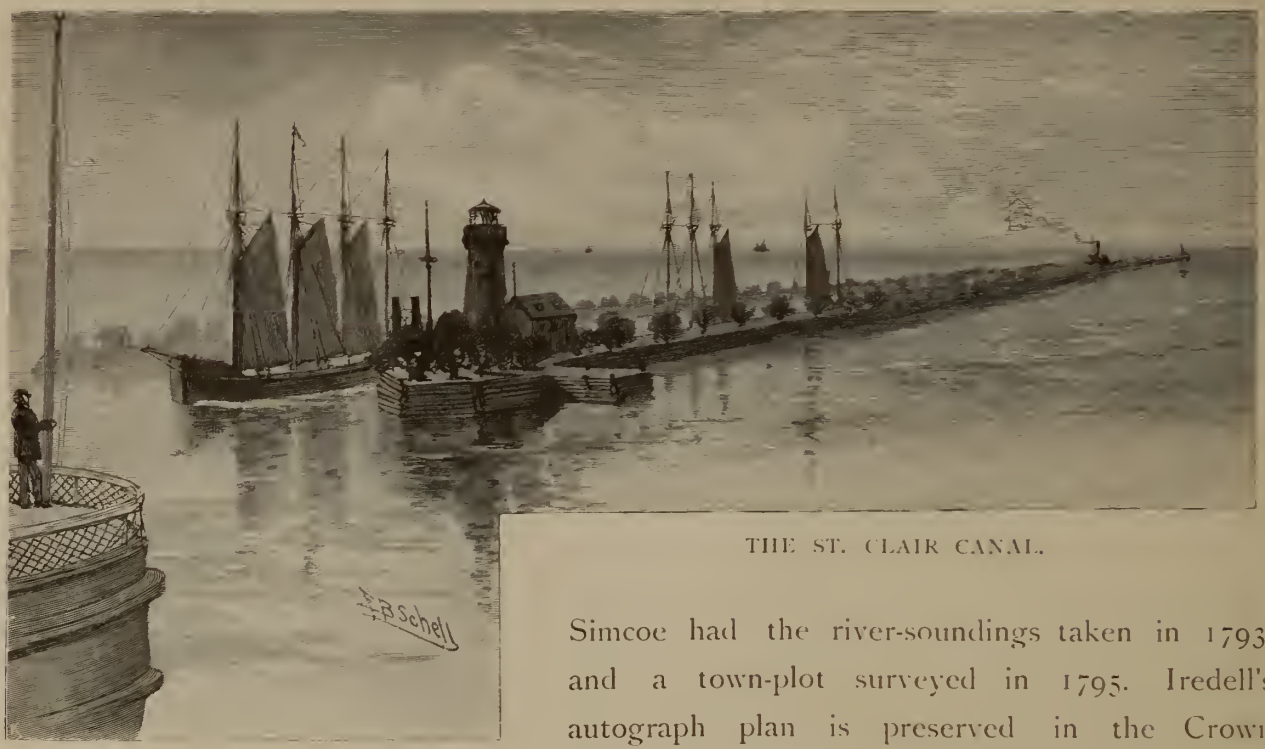
Along the Canadian border of Lake St. Clair and for more than a dozen miles back from its present margin is a deep stratum of rich clay silt, marking the area of an older basin. Through this alluvial belt the Thames and Sydenham creep with a drowsy motion, but at the northern end of the lake the current of the St. Clair River has ploughed out for itself numerous channels and formed a delta which is familiar to every Canadian sportsman as *the St. Clair Flats*. This old lake mud has a marrowy fatness that strongly commends it in our day to the farmers of Essex, Kent, and Lambton; but it has withal a lingering tenacity that would not recommend it to fugitives. Seventy years ago the country on the lower Thames was still an unbroken prairie rarely invaded except by the overflowing river. Near Chatham the river-banks lifted, and you entered the ancient cathedral of the forest with its solemn twilight, its resinous incense, and its rich murmuring music. Lordly trees that had possession of the soil long centuries before Champlain, or Cartier, or Cabot touched our shores, towered aloft in stupendous columns, and branched out a hundred feet overhead with domes or archways, with such a wealth of foliage that the sun was subdued to a "dim religious light" and the undergrowth was often no more than a filagree of mosses and lichens. Amid the gloom of those



A TOW ON LAKE ST. CLAIR.

forest archways a whole army could find retreat, and march unobserved day after day. But then those aisles were so spacious that fifteen hundred cavalry might pursue at a galop, and scarcely slack rein all day long,—a most serious contingency in the Fall days of 1813. At sunrise, and still more at sunset, a sudden glory lit up the forest. And if, like many anxious eyes, yours had been directed to the evening sky on the fourth of October, you would have seen a spectacle of indescribable magnificence. The forest minster was lighted up even to its crypts. The great mullioned windows to the west glowed with a fiery splendour which warmed to flame the scarlet maple-leaves that strewed the floor. Altogether such a wild sunset as might befit the going out of a fiery life. In our Indian drama the trilogy consists of *Pontiac*, *Brant*, *Tecumseh*,—each boldly confronting Fate, and welding into a league the native races of half the continent. For Tecumseh the last sun was now setting.

Chatham witnessed the first conflict. The prosperous county-town of our day is the growth of the last fifty years, but we have already seen that Governor



THE ST. CLAIR CANAL.

Simcoe had the river-soundings taken in 1793, and a town-plot surveyed in 1795. Iredell's autograph plan is preserved in the Crown Lands Department of Ontario; and it is evident that *on paper* the town immediately south of the Thames has subsisted unchanged for nearly ninety years. A full stream of business now flows through King Street, whose windings form a picturesque reminiscence of the old river-road, and of the ancient Indian trail through the forest. The fine avenue by which we ascend from the river-side to the northern quarter of the town betrays in its straight lines another century, and a generation of rectangular taste. In Simcoe's day the Thames was here fifteen to twenty feet deep, and it was joined at an acute angle by a "creek" which, though no more than thirty or forty feet wide, was ten or twelve feet in depth. The tract inclosed between the "Forks" has in our time been replanted with trees, and in proper remembrance of a brave ally and a remarkable man, it has been named Tecumseh Park. With military instinct Simcoe set aside as an ordnance reserve the peninsula thus moated by nature on



CLUB HOUSE, ST. CLAIR FLATS.

two sides. In 1794, he built on the north face a block-house, and under the shadow of its guns he set one Baker,—who had worked in the King's ship-yard at Brooklyn,—to create a lake flotilla. Five gun-boats were put immediately on the stocks, but owing to the Governor's withdrawal from Canada his schemes fell into disorder. Three of Simcoe's gun-boats were never even launched, but rotted away unused on the stocks. Had that brave old sea-dog Barclay had even one such boat when the flag-ship *Lawrence* struck her colours to his fire, his gallant opponent Perry would scarcely be just now covering Harrison's advance by running United States gun-boats up to Chatham. After twenty years, the town had got no farther than a paper plan. As Harrison's horse came thundering along through the aisles of



ALONG THE ST. CLAIR FLATS.

sugar-maple that flanked the south bank of the Thames, these Kentuckians would have been much surprised to learn that they were galloping over what were, officially speaking, houses and churches. But it is to be doubted whether this startling thought would have disconcerted them half as much as did the rifle-shots which suddenly rang out from among the trees on the north bank and on Simcoe's reserve, emptying some of their saddles. Tecumseh had vainly recommended this vantage-ground to Proctor: our remarkable strategist preferred that all his military stores should be captured at Chatham rather than venture a brush with Harrison's cavalry, of which he had already got some experience in Michigan. No more of Harrison's horse-play for him; Proctor had lost all taste for such diversion; he was already twenty-six miles up the country, and had left no instructions. The gallant Indian Chief,—would, for the sake of the Canadians, he had been Commander-in-Chief!—then undertook, with such poor means as he had at hand, to stop the

tide of invasion. Like Horatius in the brave days of old, he beat back the enemy until the bridge across the moat could be hewn away. But Horatius never fought against six-pounder cannon; such a *balista* would have staggered the noblest Roman of them all. The bridge was rebuilt, and the tide of invasion rolled on.

In ascending the Thames two generations ago, your boat would not have been much embarrassed by bridges. Until 1816 there was no means of crossing the main channel even at Chatham. The fine iron structure that now spans the river some ten miles farther up, would have seemed to Dolson, to Clarke the miller, and to the other pioneers on the bank a far greater marvel than the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Soon after passing the site of the future Kent Bridge we should have touched the western skirts of the Long Woods,—a park-like forest stretching unbroken for forty miles up the Thames, and covering 190,000 acres. Bridle-paths through it there were many, but carriage or wagon roads there were none. The present village of Thamesville marks the western edge of this romantic wilderness, and the village of Delaware lay on its eastern skirts. In the very heart of it was a solitary but cheerful inn kept by a quaint old soul, who provided in his hotel register a column for the adventures of his guests in the Long Woods. His name, either intentionally or accidentally, is embalmed in *Wardsville*. This vast solitude was rarely broken except by Indians. They came to fish at nightfall with torch and spear on the Thames; or, launching their fire-rafts on autumn nights, they would light up in wild relief the river-banks and the dark archways of the forest, while the gentle deer, startled from their sleep and fascinated by the light, would draw within range of the Indian rifle. Moravian missionaries settled in this wilderness in 1792, and the Indian not seldom grafted on the lessons of the Moravians his own wild-wood fancies. Howison spent the Christmas-Night of 1819 at the hostelry in the Long Woods, and had an interesting adventure:—"When it was midnight I walked out and strolled in the woods contiguous to the house. A glorious moon had now ascended to the summit of the arch of heaven and poured a perpendicular flood of light upon the silent world below. The starry hosts sparkled brightly when they emerged above the horizon, but gradually faded into twinkling points as they rose in the sky. The motionless trees stretched their majestic boughs towards a cloudless firmament; and the rustling of a withered leaf, or the distant howl of the wolf, alone broke upon my ear. I was suddenly roused from a delicious reverie by observing a dark object moving slowly and cautiously among the trees. At first I fancied it was a bear, but a nearer inspection discovered an Indian on all fours. For a moment I felt unwilling to throw myself in his way, lest he should be meditating some sinister design against me: however, on his waving his hand and putting his finger on his lips, I approached him, and notwithstanding his injunction to silence, inquired what he did there. 'Me watch to see the deer kneel,' replied







FROM SARNIA TO LAKE HURON.

he: 'This is Christmas-Night, and all the deer fall on their knees to the Great Spirit, and look up.' The solemnity of the scene, and the grandeur of the idea, alike contributed to fill me with awe. It was affecting to find traces of the Christian faith existing in such a place, even in the form of such a tradition."

A high plain, wooded with white oak, lay near the north bank of the river between the present Thamesville and Bothwell. Arriving here in May, 1792, four Moravians established an outpost in the Canadian wilds, as, seventy years before, the "Watch of the Lord" had been established among Count Zinzendorf's oaks on the Hutberg. Simcoe was hospitably entertained at the Mission while he was exploring the Thames in 1793. He became much interested in the secular aspect of the enterprise and the effort to lead the aborigines to agricultural pursuits. A few months later, he reserved for these Moravian Indians a plot of more than fifty thousand acres, occupying both sides of the Thames and forming the old township of Orford in the now extinct county of Suffolk. It was a picturesque incident for the European to find growing up under the shelter of a Canadian forest the antique usages of the ninth century and of the Byzantine Christian Church:—the social separation into "choirs" according to age and sex; the "bands," "classes," and *agapæ;* the celebration at the grave-yard of an Easter-morn, and the roll-call of the recent dead; the Vigil of the New Year; the announcement, not with tolling bell, but with trumpets and pæans, when one of the brethren had passed from earth,—for had he not won a victory,—a triumph over the last enemy, Death? By 1813 the Mission had gathered around it a hundred houses The sandy loam on both sides of the river had become fields of waiving maize; many of the Indian dwellings nestled in beautiful gardens and orchards. Thirty-three years after fire and sword had given back this village to the wilderness, Colonel Bonnycastle found still distinctly traceable the orchards of the Moravian pioneers. The northern half of Orford Township has passed from the hands of the Moravians and received the name of Zone; the Moraviantown of our day occupies the south side of the river.

General Harrison forded the Thames twelve miles below the Mission, mounting a foot-soldier behind every cavalier as in the first days of Templar Knighthood. The military details of the battle near Moraviantown need not here be pursued. The central incident is the death of the great Indian Chief, which must always retain an unfading interest. It were easy for Tecumseh, with his perfect knowledge of the black-ash jungle where he stood, to have made good his escape; but to this lordly son of the forest,—this savage, if you will,—there were things far dearer than life. His self-respect forbade him to imitate the example of his commander-in-chief who was now spurring through the October leaves toward Burlington Heights. After Proctor had fled the field, Tecumseh, disdaining the protection of the marsh, advanced towards the American cavalry and eagerly sought out the commander that had broken the

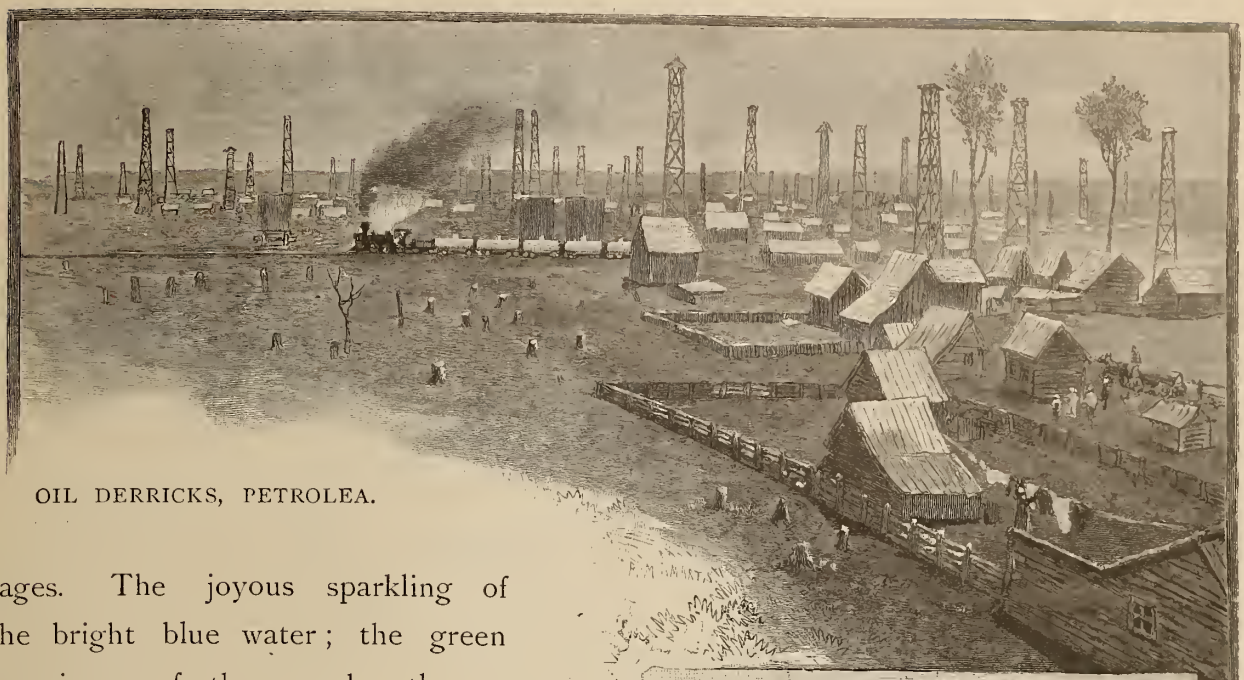
red man's strength at Tippecanoe. With the fierce onset of the native panther,—from which Tecumseh got his name,—he sprang at a mounted officer whom he supposed General Harrison. The officer drew a pistol and the Indian Chief fell dead. The American officers who opposed Tecumseh in the council and in the field, have recorded how profoundly he impressed them by his majesty of demeanour and by his haughty eloquence; and they have related how, even in death, he looked a King,—"ay, every inch a King." By the English Thames, as well as by the Canadian, there is a story of a native chief who defended his people's hunting-grounds against an alien invader. Cassivellaunus has, through the pen of Cæsar, secured a permanent place in history. Some of the most learned scholars of Europe have devoted themselves to ascertaining where this naked savage drove stakes into the bed of the Thames. Yet how insignificant the ancient Briton's theatre of action, or his federation of clans, when compared with the field traversed by Tecumseh, or with the interests, Indian and Imperial, that were in his keeping. But antiquity,—that glamour of classical antiquity!

The battle-field at Moraviantown remained uncleared till 1846, when it yielded to the plough numerous memorials of the conflict. Immediately north of the marsh were some black-walnut trees bearing carved emblems,—an eagle, turtle, horse, and other hieroglyphics. This heraldry would have puzzled Garter King-at-Arms, who was perfectly at ease among boars' heads, bears and ragged staffs, bloody hands, and the other refinements of mediæval heraldry. But the eagle, and the turtle, and the horse were full of meaning for two aged Shawnees who had fought by Tecumseh's side and had afterwards carved on the walnuts these emblems to mark with deepest veneration the spot where the last hope of so many Indian nations expired. The old settlers relate that often at twilight these Shawnee warriors might have been seen stealing to the place. Remaining there for hours in the darkness, and with a silence unbroken except by the sighing of the night-wind through the aged walnut-trees, they would meditate on the life and death of the last great representative of the Indian race. To the inexpressible grief of these poor Indians, and with a most barbarous disregard of the sanctity of the place, the walnut-trees were hewn down, and the scene of Tecumseh's death has been thought irrecoverably lost. But while searching the records of the Crown Lands' Department of Ontario, we have discovered that in the survey of Zone made in 1845 by B. Springer, the precise spot was ascertained and recorded in the Surveyor's plan and field-notes, with bearings and distances. By a strange oversight, discreditable to our national gratitude, the lot,—No. 4, in the old "Gore of Zone,"—was not reserved as public property, nor any memorial erected. But even at this late hour we should bethink ourselves of what is due to the memory of Tecumseh. A romantic history still surrounds the place of his *burial*. It would seem that the body was furtively buried by a few of his warriors, and the secret confided to only the leading Indian chiefs. In 1876 much interest was aroused by the alleged disclo-

sure of the secret, and a search undertaken. Owing to the excitement of the Indians the search was temporarily discontinued; and when it was resumed, bones and weapons were found which certainly were not Tecumseh's, but are by many believed to have been specially substituted for the chieftain's. So the mystery remains as before, and on Tecumseh's cenotaph may be inscribed the words spoken of the ancient lawgiver, "No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

St. Clair,—Lake and River,—should, according to La Salle's intention, be spelled *Sainte Claire*. With his pioneer merchantman, the *Griffin*, La Salle entered the Lake on the twelfth of August, 1679. It was the day, as Father Hennepin would doubtless remind him, dedicated to Sancta Clara,—in French, Sainte Claire,—to her who was once the lovely Clara d'Assisi, and who afterwards became Abbess of San Damiano and the foundress of the Order of the Poor Clares. She died in 1253, and the festival is kept on the anniversary of her burial. But when Canada passed over to England, a general debility overtook the old French names in the West, and they clung for support to the nearest English word, whatever it might signify. Now it happened that *St. Clair* became, in the middle of the last century, a familiar name in America through Sir John St. Clair, Braddock's deputy quartermaster-general; and then, towards the end of the century, General Arthur St. Clair held the command against the Indians in the West. The name of the lake and river would naturally be associated with these military officers by the first two generations of English pioneers in Canada. This confusion became utter disorder when the form *Sinclair River* received official sanction from Surveyor-General Smyth's *Gazetteer of Upper Canada*, in 1799.

At the very gateway of the Lake there is an islet which possesses historical interest. In our day it bears the name of Peach Island; this arose from a misconception of the French *Ile à la Pêche*,—"Fishing Island." Lake Huron has generally been regarded as the homestead of the white fish; but in the Indian epoch and in pioneer times the river islands were the favourite resorts of fishermen, red or pale-faced. In countless myriads white fish flocked towards the throat of Lake St. Clair to browse on the minute water weeds and perhaps to prey on the small molluscs that luxuriate in its muddy shoals. The fish would be borne into the eddies that swirl around the river islands, and thus fall an easy prey to the Indian scoop-net. Towards the close of the French *regime*, Ile à la Pêche acknowledged as its lord a fisherman of most uncommon craft. His name was Pontiac,—the same whom we heard applaud lustily the raising of the red-cross flag at Detroit. The historian Parkman gives us a vivid picture of this famous chieftain's summer rendezvous:—"Standing on the water bastion of Detroit, a pleasant landscape spread before the eye. The river, about half a mile wide, almost washed the foot of the stockade; and either bank was lined with the white Canadian cot-



OIL DERRICKS, PETROLEA.

tages. The joyous sparkling of the bright blue water; the green luxuriance of the woods; the white dwellings looking out from the foliage; and in the distance the Indian wigwams curling their smoke against the sky,—all were mingled in one broad scene of wild and rural beauty. Pontiac, the Satan of this forest paradise, was accustomed to spend the early part of the summer upon a small island at the opening of the Lake St. Clair, hidden from view by the high woods that covered the intervening Isle au Cochon. 'The king and lord of all this country,' as Rogers calls him, lived in no royal state. His cabin was a small oven-shaped structure of bark and rushes. Here he dwelt with his squaws and children; and here, doubtless, he might have often been seen lounging, half naked, on a rush mat or a bear-skin, like any ordinary warrior. We may fancy the current of his thoughts, the turmoil of his uncurbed passions, as he revolved the treacheries which, to his savage mind, seemed fair and honourable. At one moment, his fierce heart would burn with the anticipation of vengeance on the detested English; at another, he would meditate how he best might turn the approaching tumults to the furtherance of his own ambitious schemes.



DRILLING A WELL.

Yet we may believe that Pontiac was not a stranger to the high emotions of the patriot hero, the champion, not merely of his nation's rights, but of the very existence of his race. He did not dream how desperate a game he was about to play. He hourly flattered himself with the futile hope of aid from France, and thought in his ignorance that the British Colonies must give way before the rush of his savage warriors; when, in truth, all the combined tribes of the forest might have chafed in vain rage against the rock-like strength of the Anglo-Saxon. Looking across an intervening arm of the river, Pontiac could see on its eastern bank the numerous lodges of his Ottawa tribesmen, half hidden among the ragged growth of trees and bushes."

It was within the narrow compass of this meditative Ile à la Pêche that Pontiac planned his surprise of the extended chain of frontier garrisons in 1763. The first attacked was the most remote—the fort that guarded the gateway from Lake Huron into Lake Michigan. On the fourth of June the Ojebways with effusive loyalty assembled around Fort Michillimackinac to celebrate the birthday of their Great Father, King George. Mark the grim irony of that touch! The main feature of the occasion was to be a grand game of la-crosse,—or *baggattaway* as the Ojebways named it,—played with the Sacs for a high wager. Once or twice, through some unusual awkwardness in the players, the ball was swung over the pickets of the fort, and the players in their eagerness all rushed pell-mell to find the ball, and then out again to resume the game. Major Etherington, the commandant, had bet on the Ojebways, and was as intent as any on the sport. Once more the ball rose high in the air and fell within the fort. This time the eager players in their rush towards the gate suddenly dropped their la-crosse sticks and snatched tomahawks from squaws who stood ready with the weapons beneath their blankets. The massacre of the surprised garrison was the work of an instant, for four hundred armed Indians were now within the inclosure! An adventurous fur-trader, Alexander Henry, witnessed the tragedy from a window overlooking the fort, and after a series of thrilling dangers, escaped, and lived to become the historian of these events. Through the kindness of his grand-daughter, who resides in Toronto, we have consulted for the purposes of our narrative Henry's own copy of his famous *Travels and Adventures*.

Within fifteen days from the striking of the first blow in the north ten forts had fallen before Pontiac's strategy. One important garrison, however, still held out,—that at Detroit. The love of a pretty Indian girl for Major Gladwyn had betrayed the plans of the great conspirator; and though Pontiac might draw an inexperienced officer into a fatal ambuscade, the wary commandant would withstand even a twelve months' beleaguerment, and throw into hopeless chaos Pontiac's Conspiracy.

In the spring of 1852, the genius of Mrs. Stowe made our western frontier



REFINERY.

famous to all the world as the asylum of refugee slaves. No passages in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are more painfully exciting than those describing the flight of Eliza and her child; every reader feels a sense of profound relief when they gain Canadian soil. An act of the Imperial Parliament, passed in 1833, abolished slavery in



CARRYING THE OIL.



OIL TANKS.

the Colonies, but Simcoe's Farmers' Parliament at Niagara anticipated by *forty years* Buxton and the Emancipation Act of England, and Garrison's Anti-Slavery Society in the United States. In Upper Canada slavery was abolished as early as 1793, by *An Act to Prevent the Further Introduction of Slaves, and to Limit the Term of Contracts for Servitude within this Province.* This most remarkable measure was framed by the Solicitor-General, Robert Gray, who represented the Counties of Stormont and Russell. One Sunday evening in 1804, the Solicitor-General embarked at Toronto on the schooner *Speedy*, to attend the Newcastle circuit; but an October gale suddenly rising, the schooner missed her harbour and disappeared. Every port on the Lake was in vain searched for tidings, and at length all hope was abandoned.

Gray's will was opened, and it was found that the cause of the slave had lain very near his heart. He gave his black servants, Simon and John, their freedom, and bestowed on each a sum of money and two hundred acres of land. But Simon had already been manumitted by a mightier hand, and he was now past all fear of want. He was lying near his beloved master at the bottom of the Lake. John lived to defend his freedom at Lundy's Lane, and to draw a pension for fifty-seven years afterwards as some compensation for his wounds.

Refugee slaves reached Canada always in the greatest destitution, and often utterly exhausted by their desperate race for freedom. Private benevolence and charitable organization found here a wide field for effort. Little colonies of refugees were formed in the alluvial tract occupied by the Counties of Kent and Essex. In 1848, a tract of 18,000 acres in the Township of Raleigh was, through the co-operation of the Governor-General, Lord Elgin, appropriated from the Crown lands as a refugee settlement, and the management was vested in the Elgin Association. The active spirit in the movement was the Rev. William King, who had liberated his own slaves in Louisiana, and secured their freedom by removing them to Canada in 1848. His colony rapidly grew in numbers, and became known as the Buxton Settlement,—taking its name from the English philanthropist, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton.

Another colony of escaped slaves was formed on the confines of the Counties of Kent and Lambton. Here the founder and patriarch was no less famous a personage than *Uncle Tom* himself, or his other self, the Rev. Josiah Henson. *Aunt Chloe* died many years ago; but *Uncle Tom* reached the great age of ninety-four, and died at Dresden in May, 1883.

The north-eastern shore of Lake St. Clair is a land of Batavian moisture and fatness. Innumerable streams, after irrigating northern Kent and the great county of Lambton, are gathered up by the East and North Branches of Bear Creek, and poured into a side outlet of the River St. Clair. At the outlets of the St. Clair and Sydenham the ground lies low, and is subject to inundation. An area of some forty square miles,—known as the St. Clair Flats,—is occupied by lagoons and river-islands, forming the paradise of wild duck and the elysium of the sportsman. Two tracts, acquired under a ten years' lease from the Government of Canada, are held as close preserves by a company, which mantains a Club-House for the entertainment of the shareholders and their guests. Within and beyond the preserves, after the 14th of August, the crack of the shot-gun is incessantly heard throughout the marshes.

The East Branch of the Sydenham would lead us up to Strathroy, a prosperous manufacturing town of Middlesex, on the highway of commerce between London and Sarnia. The North Branch takes us into the heart of Lambton, a rich champaign, dotted over with cosy villages. Threading our way through groves of derricks, we

reach in Enniskillen the heart of Petroleum-Land. This Township, in 1860, became famous by the discovery of a flowing well, the first in Canada. By some dark alchemy the marine animals and plants embedded in the shales and encrinal limestone that form the base of the "Hamilton" formation, have distilled out the complex mixture of things that we gather up in the single word, Petroleum. Crude oil is drawn chiefly from the wells around Petrolea, Oil Springs, and Oil City, and wafted,—with a very considerable whiff,—to the refineries in Petrolea and London. There the "Crude" is decanted from tank-carts into a vast subterranean rotunda of boiler-plate, and the sand and water subside to the bottom. By treatment with acid and alkali, "sweetness" is divorced from "light." Distillation at carefully regulated temperatures yields a series of valuable products,—thigoline, naphtha, kerosene, lubricating oil, etc. Heavier Canadian petroleums are rich in paraffine; the snowy whiteness of this beautiful substance contrasts strongly with the black, garlicky fluid from which it is extracted.

A deep channel has been carried by the Government of the United States through the St. Clair Flats. We are now flanked on either side by dikes, and the great steamer spins its way over spots where La Salle's 45-ton craft would have grounded. Yonder white-oak forest on Walpole Island, with the Indians encamped in the glades, form a reminiscence of this landscape that La Salle beheld. A "magnificent water-way," as Father Charlevoix rightly called it, now opens out before us. As we climb the River St. Clair, a merry ripple of laughter plays around our bows. The current still increases as we ascend; and at Point Edward it reaches the velocity of a rapid. Indeed, in pioneer days, the Canadian side of this gateway into Lake Huron was known as *The Rapids*.

Here a tract was set off, in 1829, by Sir John Colborne (Lord Seaton), and, as a compliment to the Lieutenant-Governor's recent administration of Guernsey, the township was named Sarnia. To the toilers of our Inland Seas, Sarnia forms a natural harbour of refuge. Our Canadian bank of the St. Clair here sweeps back into a deep curve, forming a noble bay with safe anchorage. The approach to the town from the water is very animated. Grain vessels are discharging at the great elevator; steamers are lading for Port Huron and Detroit; Grand Trunk trains are labouring towards Point Edward, anxious to cast their burthen on the back of the great ferry-boat. The river front is lined with substantial structures,—churches, hotels, blocks of stores and offices. In the vista are other church spires; for Sarnia tempers its commercial ambition with a secret pride in its churches. The geographical advantages of Sarnia are inestimable; Nature has indeed been kind to this place.



A TROUT POOL ON THE SAUGEEN.



FROM TORONTO TO LAKE HURON.

THE old Huron tract, erected politically into the "Huron District," and subsequently divided into the counties of Perth, Huron, and Bruce, has been settled so recently that the oldest inhabitant, full of the folk-lore of the first settlers, is to be found in every district. Goderich, fronting the mighty lake, was its first capital; but while Goderich, with all the advantages of water communication, will

probably remain a town, Stratford, forty-six miles inland, has, thanks to railways, attained to the proportions of a city. Less than half a century ago the whole of this magnificent north-western section of the peninsula of Ontario, now rejoicing in thousands of homesteads, filled with the bounties of a veritable promised land, was covered with dense forest, the silence of whose solitudes was broken only by the bark of the wolf. So short was the time needed to convert the forest into the fruitful field. How much less time shall elapse before the lonely prairies of our North-west have become teeming Provinces!

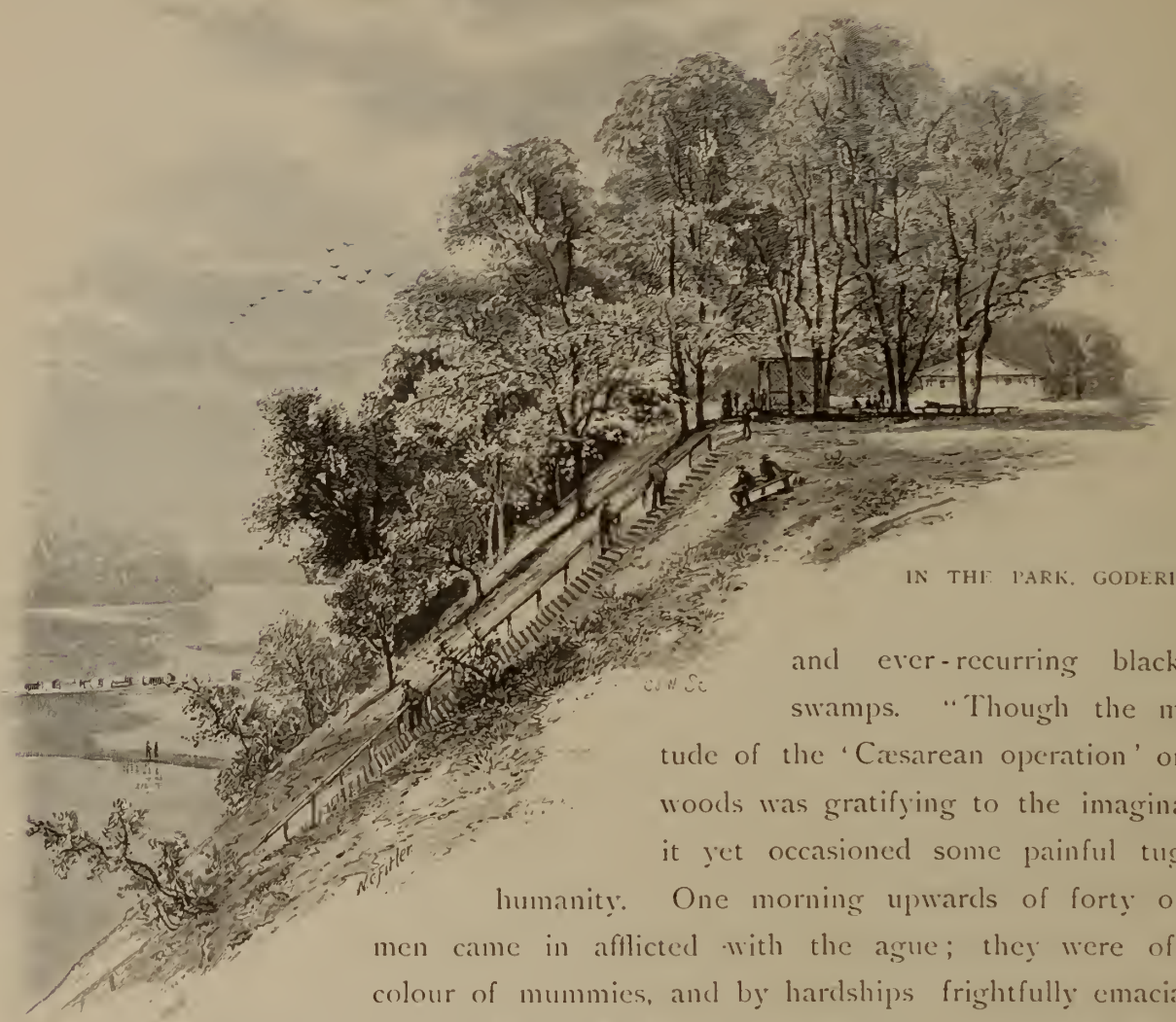
John Galt and Dr. Dunlop, to whom we referred when describing the birth of Guelph, founded Goderich and Stratford also. That Canada Company, which, with its real million and odd acres of land and its nominal million of sterling money, seemed to our fathers so overshadowing a monopoly, but which in our days of Syndicates seems a small affair, owned the whole Huron Block or Tract. Should the founders and capatalists of the Company get credit for being the necessary middlemen who colonized the unbroken forest, or should they be denounced as land-grabbers who bought cheap from the Government and sold dear to the emigrant? It is not for us, whose vocation is to seek out such picturesque bits as the trout-pools of the Saugeen, one of which our artist has faithfully sketched, to pronounce judgment. But certain it is that the Company secured a glorious tract; "the height of land" of Western Ontario, whence streams flow south to Lakes Erie and St. Clair, west to the fresh-water sea of Huron, and north through the escarpment that extends from Niagara across country all the way to the Land's End at Cabot's Head; a country whose belts and fringes of glorious maple, beach, ash and cathedral elms, still towering up every here and there, reveal the character of the forest primeval, and the character of the soil which now rewards the labours of the husbandman with "butter of kine and milk of sh eep, and the fat of kidneys of wheat."

Some men like, and others dislike, Colonization Companies; but all men will join in the prayer that, if the Companies must be, they may have managers like John Galt. He did his duty. More concerning him we need not say; but a brief account of his first inspection of the Huron tract and of the beginnings of Goderich comes fitly in at this point. He arranged that Dr. Dunlop should start from Galt with surveyors and others, and cut his way through the forest to the mighty Huron, while he himself went round by Lake Simcoe to Penetanguishene, to "embark there in a naval vessel and explore that part of the coast of Lake Huron, berween Cabot's Head on the north, and the river Aux Sables on the south, in order to discover, if possible, a harbour." At Penetanguishene he found that the Admiralty, with that curious geographical knowledge which still occasionally distinguishes it, had given orders that His Majesty's gunboat, the *Bee*, should go with him to "Lake Huron in *Lower* Canada." He says, "We bore away for Cabot's Head, with the sight of which I was agreeably

disappointed, having learned something of its alleged stormy features, and expected to see a lofty promontory; but the descriptions were much exaggerated; we saw only a woody stretch of land, not very lofty, lying calm in the sunshine of a still afternoon, and instead of dark clouds and lurid lightnings, beheld only beauty and calm. Having doubled this 'Good Hope' of the lakes, we then kept close along shore, examining all the coast with care, but we could discover only the mouths of inconsiderable streams, and no indentation that to our inspection appeared suitable for a harbour.

"In the afternoon of the following day, we saw afar off by our telescope a small clearing in the forest, and on the brow of a rising ground a cottage delightfully situated. The appearance of such a sight in such a place was unexpected, and we had some debate if it could be the location of Dr. Dunlop, who had guided the land-exploring party already alluded to; nor were we left long in doubt, for on approaching the place, we met a canoe having on board a strange combination of Indians, velveteens, and whiskers, and discovered, within the roots of the red hair, the living features of the Doctor. About an hour after crossing the river's bed of eight feet, we came to a beautiful anchorage of fourteen feet of water, in an uncommonly pleasant small basin. The place had been selected by the Doctor, and is now the site of the flourishing town of Goderich."

Dr. Dunlop was not the first white man who had pitched camp on the Menesetung, as the Maitland River was called by the Indians. More than two hundred years before his day, Champlain had paddled his canoe round the far-extending coast line of the Georgian Bay and Lake Huron down to the Detroit River, and camped, both in going and returning, at the spot where Goderich now stands. Go where we will in Canada, from Nova Scotia to the Grand Manitoulin, the name of Samuel de Champlain meets us. After his visit, the Jesuits made the mouth of Menesetung a frequent calling-place on their expeditions. But the Iroquois rooted out Hurons and Jesuits alike from Western Ontario, and for two centuries more the forest remained unbroken. With Galt, the modern history of the Huron Tract begins. From the Romans downwards, conquerors and colonizers have been road-makers. Roads are now laid with steel rails. That is all the advance we have made. "In opening roads to render remote lands accessible, and, of course, more valuable, and to give employment to poor emigrants, consisted the pith and marrow of my out-door system," says Galt. His great work was a road through the forest of the Huron Tract, nearly a hundred miles in length, by which an overland communication was established for the first time, between Lakes Huron and Ontario, a work as formidable to his resources as the Canada Pacific Railway now is to the resources of Canada. It was, however, indispensable. That was its vindication. It was successfully cut through dense forests and carried over deep bogs

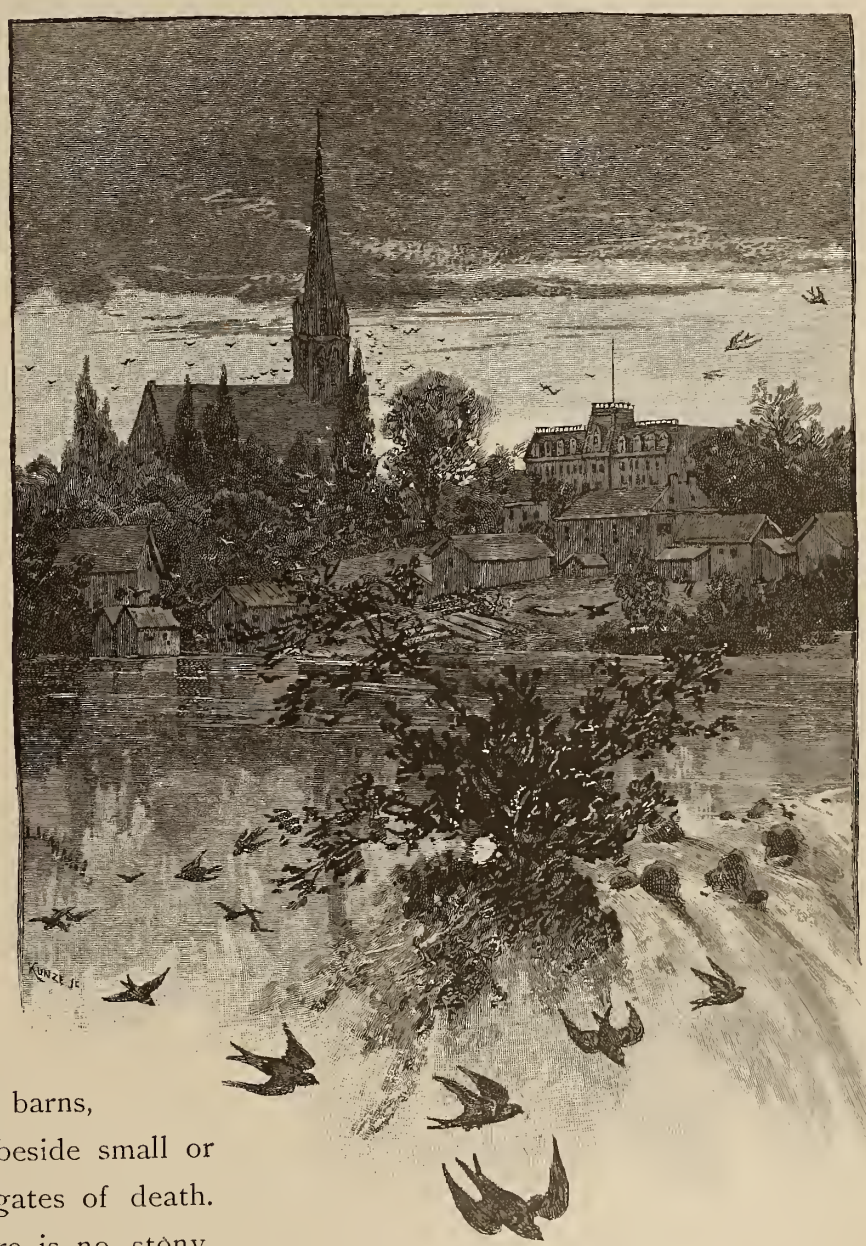


IN THE PARK, GODERICH.

and ever-recurring black-ash swamps. "Though the magnitude of the 'Cæsarean operation' on the woods was gratifying to the imagination, it yet occasioned some painful tugs to humanity. One morning upwards of forty of the men came in afflicted with the ague; they were of the colour of mummies, and by hardships frightfully emaciated." Yet when Galt asked the Directors for a doctor, no attention was paid to the request! But, difficulties notwithstanding, the road, such as it was, struggled into being; and in 1832, a post ran once a fortnight between Goderich and Guelph. Midway was Stratford, so intended by nature for a centre, that it was a town on paper in the Company's offices before a house was built on the Avon or the survey of the Huron road was commenced. Dr. Dunlop gave instructions, before starting on his overland journey to meet Galt at the mouth of the Menesetung, that one of the three taverns, for which the Company offered bonuses, should be built at Stratford, and be the half-way house between the settlements and Lake Huron. His instructions were not carried out, but in 1831 one William Sergeant was presented by the Company with a lot in the proposed town, on condition of his starting a tavern there. Thus Stratford came into being. In 1853, it became an incorporated village, and it is now the chief town of the county of Perth. Whether or not the Company intended the name of the town and the river as a compliment to Shakespeare is not known, but certainly the citizens are proud of the name, and the place is all compact of the great poet. The five

municipal wards are respectively entitled Shakespeare, Avon, Hamlet, Romeo, and Falstaff, and an inscription declares that the foundation stone of the spacious town-hall was laid on "April 23d, 1864, the ter-centenary of Shakespeare's birth."

Stratford is situated at the junction of five townships, and is the centre of a beautifully rolling and fertile country. Fields waving with golden grain, and rich, deep-green pastures on which flocks and herds are contentedly browsing, tell of those resources that are the true basis of a country's material growth, because their most abundant giving develops and does not impoverish. Extensive orchards, principally of apples and plums, and fringes of fine, hard-wood trees, add to the general air of warmth, and, almost everywhere, farm-houses of stone, brick, or first-class frame, tell that the people have got beyond the mean surroundings with which of necessity the first decades of settlement are associated. The barns are even more full of promise than the residences; for, let no traveller in the country ever forget the advice of the Clock-maker of Slickville, to select as his quarters for the night a homestead dwarfed by huge barns, and to avoid big houses beside small or dilapidated barns as the gates of death. In the whole county there is no stony, rocky, or hilly land. Its characteristic features is the softly-sloping fruitful valley which our artist has selected for his first illustration. As a consequence the county town has grown steadily and surely, and has become an important market



STRATFORD.



THE GODERICH LIGHT-HOUSE.

for farm products and a home of growing industries. Its merchants and manufacturers ship directly to England and other countries beyond seas, as far as Australia; and as it is now a great railway centre, its producers have every facility for communicating with distant markets. The Grand Trunk, the Port Dover & Huron, the Stratford & Huron, the Wellington, Grey & Bruce, and the Buffalo & Lake Huron Railways, run through the county; and its pleasant valleys have thus all the life and movement that constantly passing and re-passing trains give, to the great relief of what would otherwise be the dulness and monotony of rural beauty. The Grand Trunk Railway removed its shops from Toronto to Stratford in 1871, chiefly because of the advantages promised by its central position. An impulse was thereby given to the growth of the place, for the monthly disbursements connected with those works amount to over thirty thousand dollars. The character of the citizens,—and this remark applies to the other towns of the county as well,—may be seen in the sacrifices they make ungrudingly for the education of their

children. The Ward and Separate Schools are very good, and the High School, perched on a noble elevation, and with its spire rising to an altitude of 120 feet, is specially worthy of note. Its first floor, with lofty and airy class-rooms, serves as High School, the second is assigned to the Central School, and the third is a spacious assembly room. It is built of white brick, with bands and enrichments of red. At a point on the opposite side of the lower bridge, its massive bulk and graceful outlines appear to great advantage. The bluff on which it stands slopes abruptly upwards from the river to a height of about fifty feet. Masses of willows, maples, and elms clothe its sides, whose soft foliage and various shades of green are in fine contrast with the rich cream colour of the building and the sharp angles of its pinnacled roof. From the cupola the spectator looks out on a splendid expanse of cultivated fields and pastures, with dark forests stretching to the horizon. At his feet is the stirring town, irregularly shaped, partly concealed among trees, clasping its five townships in a helpful bond, the silver stream of the river adding life and beauty to the picture. The illustration gives one of the picturesque features of the landscape. From a point on the left bank of the Avon, in a direction nearly east, the opposite side rises by terraces to an elevation of about fifty feet, on the highest point of which, fronting the principal street of the town, the beautiful Presbyterian Church has been erected, its Gothic spire towering gracefully to the height of 215 feet. To the right of the church the upper story and cupola of an hotel breaks the outline, and in the foreground are groups of buildings and trees bounded by the glistening waters of the river.

From the long bridge, another pretty bid of landscape may be seen. The river at this point takes a graceful curve to the right. In the distance its banks slope upwards into a rich expanse of pasture, on which sheep appear paceefully feeding, walled in by the lofty trees of the forest beyond, while to the left a stately elm bends its branches over a pretty private residence. Again, looking down the river, to the right, a glimpse is caught of the Court House, with antique cupola and pillared front, all but hidden among the willows. Beyond it, on the same terrace, is the Episcopal, and farther, on the height, the Roman Catholic Church; both edifices are Gothic, of course.

Diverging from Stratford to either right or left, we come upon thriving, hopeful and progressive communities. To the north is Listowel, on the Maitland River, full of energy and public spirit, and Palmerston, named after "plucky Pam," which has grown in a few years from a railway station into a busy town with a rapidly increasing population. On the other side of Stratford is the celebrated grain market of St. Mary's. The Old World name of this prosperous place is due not so much to the devout spirit of the founders, as to their mingled gallantry and shrewdness. But the mixture did not pay quite as well as was expected. Met together to

christen "the Falls," as the locality was named from the Thames rushing over a succession of rapids at this point, the wife of the Commissioner of the Canada Company being present, suggested her own as a good name in default of a better, and at the same time offered £10 towards the construction of a much-needed school-house. The suggestion was accepted, and so were the ten pounds. Mrs. Mary Jones was canonized on the spot, and from that day the place was styled St. Mary's. But the Commissioner himself had a frugal mind. The people built their school-house at a total cost of £100, and applied for the bonus of ten per cent. offered by the Company for all such public improvements, when the Company, through the Commissioner, reminded them that they had already received £10, exactly the ten per cent. contemplated! From what source those ten pounds came has not yet been quite ascertained. At any rate the town got a pretty name, and was probably saved from being dubbed something "ville," that terrible affix which over the whole of this continent is apparently supposed to be equal to a patent of nobility, or, at the very least to convey with it a sort of brevet rank.

Proceeding by rail in the direction of Lake Huron, and passing the flourishing towns of Mitchell, Seaforth and Clinton, we come to Goderich, situated at the mouth of the Maitland River. The Lake, whose modern name is taken from the *soubriquet* of *hure* or wild boar, given by the French to the Wyandotte Indians on account of the manner in which they dressed their hair, is now before us; a pratically inexhaustible reservoir of sweet water of crystal purity, without a rival on earth but the mighty rivals, or the mightier Superior in its own neighbourhood. Including the Georgian Bay and the Manitoulin Bay, it has an area of about 22,000 square miles, so that European kingdoms like Holland and Belgium might be dropped into it, and, as the average depth is 860 feet, they would leave "not a wrack behind." Where all this fresh water comes from is a mystery. The volume altogether transcends our ordinary measures. The altitude of the Lake above the Atlantic being less than 600 feet, it follows that nearly 300 feet of its contents are below the level of the ocean. No wonder that storms on Lake Huron can pile up rollers that seem respectable in the eyes of those who know what the Atlantic can do in this way; but it is a wonder that most of the steamers on the Lake should carry so much top-hamper and be so little on the model of ocean-going craft. At almost any time during the season of navigation, travellers on Huron and its sister lakes may count on cool breezes or something stronger, except during the Indian summer in the latter portion of November, when the air is mild and warm, with a soft haze covering the sky, while the great expanse of water remains smooth for two or three unbroken weeks.

As seen from the Lake, Goderich lies in the centre of a large curve of the coast; and with its church spires, public edifices, and pretty private residences, enriched with the bright, green foliage of abundant trees, it has an air of quiet and almost sleepy

beauty. On closer inspection, it is obvious that its growth has not been left to accident, nor to the caprices of individual taste, but has been provided for by forethought and plan. Less than a mile from the shore, a small park was laid out in the form of an octagon, in the centre of which is now the town-hall, with cupola and clock, its four sides facing the four quarters of the compass. From this central point, spacious streets radiate north, south, east, and west, intersected by other streets at measured distances, along which shade trees have been planted abundantly. Beyond the town, to the landward side, the eye wanders over a vast and fertile plain, bearing in summer all the products of the temperate zone, peaches, almost equal to those of the Niagara district, included. To this rich plain, dark-green patches of reserved forest trees give the aspect of the glorious park-lands of England. Lakewards the boundless expanse of an inland sea meets the eye, extending its glistening waters to a far horizon. Here and there, at wide intervals, the level floor of water is broken by the white sails of a ship or fishing boat, or by the dark smoke of a distant steamer.

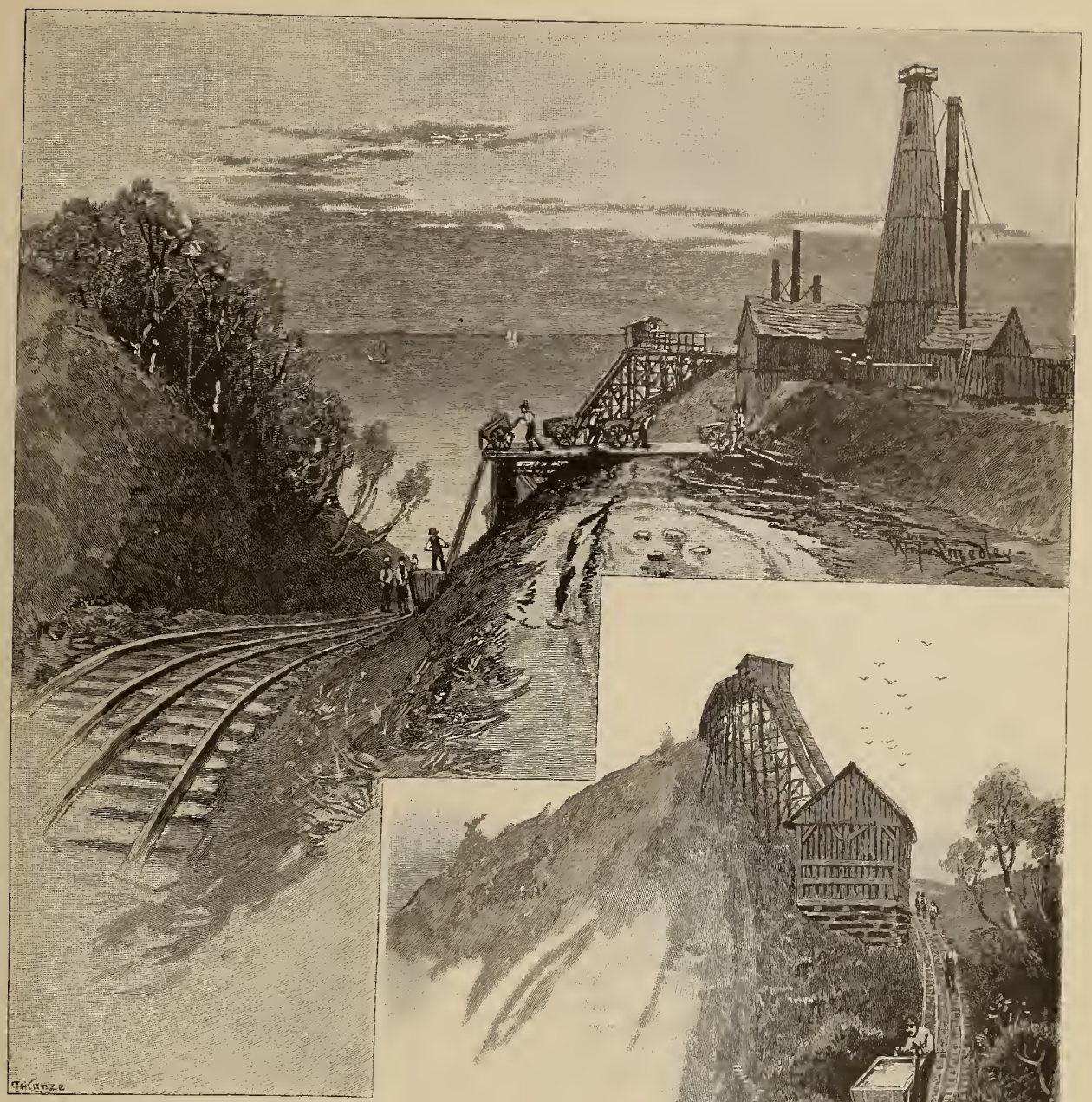
The corporation of Goderich has wisely secured an extensive portion of the bluff fronting the lake for a public park. Laid out with walks and adorned with trees, it is the chief resort of the town, and a favourite resort for young and old. Our first illustration represents a view taken from the high projecting point of the park, which looks sheer down on Ogilvie's big flouring mill. Here, a grand prospect is obtained of the Lake, its far-extending rugged shores, and the river, in the hollow, winding its tortuous way among grassy islets. Seated on one of the benches, or reclining under the lofty acacia trees, the stranger gazes with never-flagging interest on the extraordinary combination of colours that the waters of the Lake present. Near the shore, probably because of the wash that stirs up the sand, is a broad band of mingled yellow and earth colour; then, green gradually predominates till it becomes pure green; and beyond that the deep blue that reflects the sky. Under the influence of cloud masses, or still more strikingly at sunset, bands of richest violet, purple, and every hue of the rainbow, fuse themselves between and into the main divisions of colour, till the heavens are a blaze of indescribable glory, and the Lake is one mass of glowing, shifting tints, with definite outlines of such singular beauty that the picture is never likely to be forgotten by any one who has the soul of an artist.

Perched on another projecting bluff, that by some special favour is yet preserved from the destruction of the elements, the Light-house looks almost sheer down on the harbour. It contains a fixed light, consisting of numerous lamps with silvered reflectors, and sheds its welcome rays far over the dark waters. To the right, lies the harbour in the deep hollow or recess which the united waters of river and lake have eaten out of the land. A broad breakwater shields it from the wash of the Lake, and the entrance is protected by two long piers of crib-work. Massive as these defences are, they cannot altogether resist the hydraulic force of the waves, when the

storm sweeps from the wintry north. As, however, Goderich is one of the very few harbours on this exposed coast into which belated vessels can run for refuge, and is besides a principal shipping port for grain and lumber, the Dominion Government wisely keeps the breakwater in repair. Along the coast, to the north and the south, are several forest-crowned and rugged indentations, whose escarpments indicate that the Lake is by a slow but sure process absorbing the land. Long ages ago, the fertile plains which form the peninsula of Ontario lay as a sediment in the depths of a vastly greater lake than Huron. The gradual elevation of the continent drove the ancient waters into their present contracted channels. Evidently a reaction has set in by which the Lake threatens to reclaim its own again; and the time may come when, in defiance of all that man can do, the beautiful peninsula, now full of human life and activity, may return to its watery bed, or become like the swamps of St. Clair.

Goderich leaped into temporary importance a few years ago as the centre of a new industrial interest in Ontario. The Geological Reports of Sir William Logan early announced that the Onondaga group of salt rocks of the Silurian series underlay the drift and limestones of a part of Western Ontario; but not till 1866 was salt actually discovered. In this, as in a thousand other cases, searchers sought one thing and found another; the moral,—that cannot be too earnestly impressed on the citizens of a country, a great part of which scientific prospectors have not yet explored,—being, search and you are sure to find something. In this case, the discovery was made by a man of resolute spirit who, in the face of doubts, fears, and disappointments, was boring, on the north bank of the Maitland, in the neighbourhood of Goderich, for oil, without thought of salt. At that time, people were boring for oil in almost every likely spot in the western part of the peninsula. At the depth of about one thousand feet, he came upon brine of the finest quality. Three beds, respectively of 19, 30, and 32 feet, were found, with slight intervals between, of pure crystalline salt, and others were subsequently reported of 60 and 80 feet in thickness. The new industry paid so well at first that every one in Goderich invested in salt wells, nearly as eagerly as people a thousand miles away invest in the corner lots of paper towns in the north-west. The valley of the Maitland was soon covered with derricks, and the investors were happy. But good brine was discovered in other places, the Canadian demand proved too limited for the number of manufacturers, and the United States market was "protected." Soon, most of the salt works had to be operated only partially or to close altogether. The confiding people who had invested their savings in them during the salt "boom," now gaze mournfully on the smokeless chimneys and buildings tumbling into ruin, that tell of wasted capital and effort. The story has a moral, but a new generation is not likely to learn it, for seemingly each new generation has to pay for its own experience.

The area of salt rocks has been found to stretch from Sarnia to Southampton,



SALT WORKS ON LAKE HURON.

and east to a point beyond the prosperous town of Seaforth. They are the deposits of an ancient land-locked lake, embracing a part of Michigan in the west, the Ontario Peninsula on the east, and stretching south as far as Syracuse in New York. The salt was solidified, under conditions hard for us to imagine, and in quantities sufficient to supply this continent for ages. As the salt rock is dissolved by the water that runs down the bore from springs, it follows that the older the well the more abundant and constant will be the flow of brine, and that subterranean salt lakes will be formed of increasing extent and depth. At one of the mills, such an underground cavity lately

swallowed up several hundred feet of iron tubing, and the rise in the level of the brine was such that seventy feet less of new tube sufficed to replace the old.

The chemical analysis of Dr. Sterry Hunt in 1866 indicated that the salt was the purest known, and the most concentrated possible. Subsequent tests, however, have shown a decided change, indicating an increase of gypsum and the soluble earthy chlorides of calcium and magnesium. This may arise from the brine acting as a solvent of the overlying earths, and increasing the impure elements. Chemical processes become, therefore, necessary to eliminate these foreign ingredients, and by this means the finest table salt, and salt of any quality for antiseptic or agricultural purposes, may be made. The brine is almost a saturated solution, having a density from thirty to fifty per cent. greater than any yet found in the United States. As yet the Chemical Company of Goderich is the only one that invokes the aid of chemistry; but science and new methods must come into play universally if we are to hold our own and develop our salt or any other industry. "Lack of finish" is frequently urged against Canadian products, and there is some ground for the charge, notwithstanding all that a short-sighted and miscalled patriotism may say. We may be quite sure that such an objection, if at all founded on fact, will be fatal in those days of fierce competition and nice adjustment of means to ends.

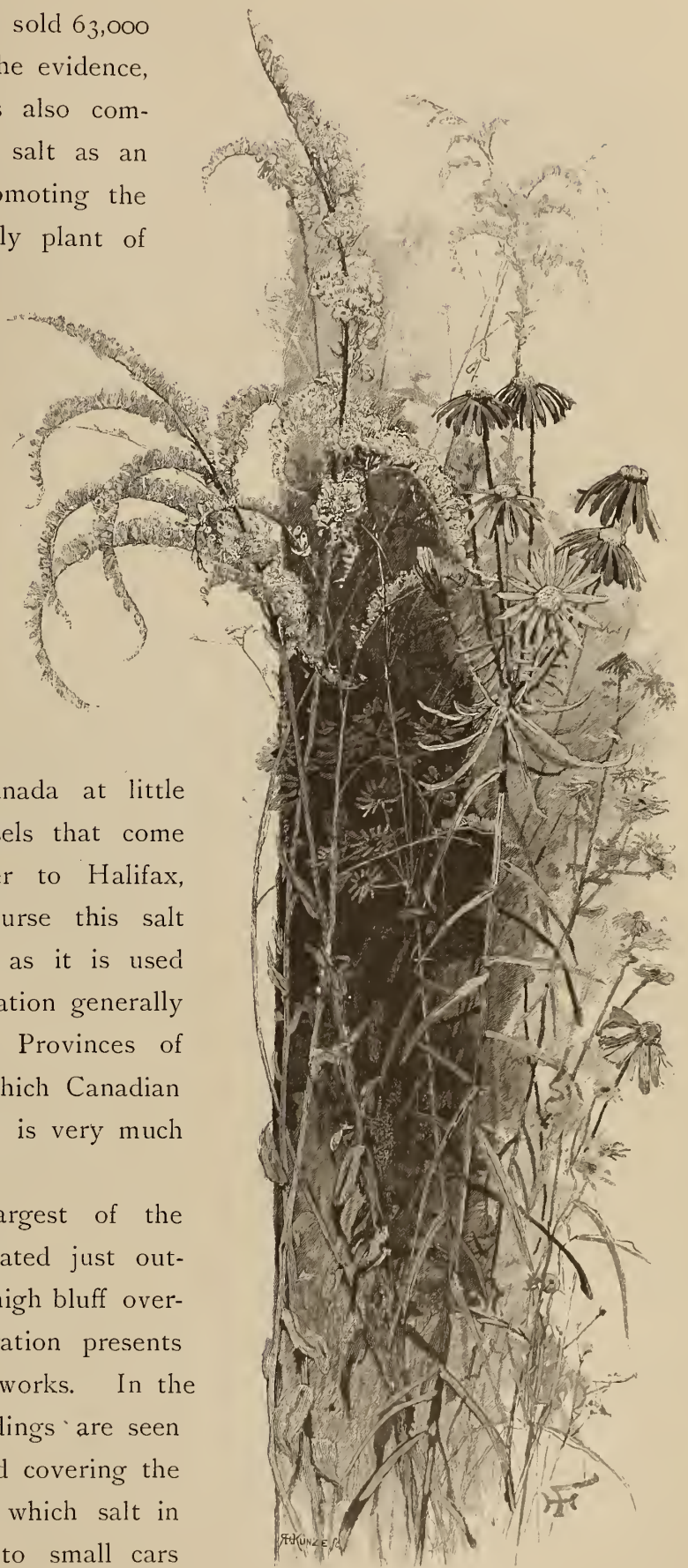


SALT WORKERS.

In 1880, an Ontario Agricultural Commission was appointed to inquire into the agricultural resources of the Province, and matters connected therewith, and the commissioners found that salt now enters so largely into the business of the producer, especially as regards cheese and butter-making, pork-packing, and the fertilizing of the soil, that its consideration could not well be ignored by them. They therefore made inquiries into its manufacture, the extent to which it is used, and the prejudices against Canadian and in favour of English salt. The result of their inquiries was, that if properly manufactured and carefully dried, the well-known purity of Canadian salt is fully equalled by its adaptability to all dairying purposes, and its excellence as a factor in the work of fertilization. To show how extensively it is now being used in the west of the Province, it was

stated that a Seaforth firm had in three months of the then current year sold 63,000 tons for fertilizing purposes. The evidence, with scarcely an exception, was also completely in favour of the use of salt as an agent in enriching the farm, promoting the growth, and protecting the early plant of the root crops against the ravages of the fly, and as a remedy for some of the enemies that assail the spring wheat crop. It is no small tribute to the purity of Canadian salt that, notwithstanding the high fiscal duty of the United States, it is used in immense quantities in the great American pork-packing centres. On the other hand, English salt is brought to Canada at little more than ballast rates, in vessels that come for freights of grain or lumber to Halifax, Quebec and Montreal. Of course this salt is admitted free of duty, and as it is used by the fishermen and the population generally of the Eastern and Maritime Provinces of the Dominion, the area over which Canadian salt can be profitably distributed is very much limited.

The International is the largest of the Goderich salt-works. It is situated just outside the town boundary, on a high bluff overlooking the Lake. Our illustration presents two picturesque aspects of the works. In the foreground of the first the buildings are seen with the usual truncated pyramid covering the well. Near it is a stage, from which salt in barrels or bulk is discharged into small cars that run on a tramway to a pier on the Lake.



WAYSIDE FLOWERS.



AT KINCARDINE.

Higher up, a similar trestle-stage is seen, from which the salt is poured through long enclosed chutes to a receiving house below, to be carried thence to the pier for shipment. In the second, we have a part of the works as seen from the long pier. The tramway curves up the deep hollow, and disappears behind the receiving house into which the two narrow chutes enter from the lofty trestle-work above. On the left is the bare, weather-worn escarpment that fronts the Lake, and on the right is the wooded and verdure-clad ravine seen in both views

Few counties in Canada are so generally fertile and so splendidly adapted for farming as Huron, and its rapid and steady development is simply what might have been anticipated from the class of people by whom it was settled. Everywhere it presents a gently undulating, well-watered and well-wooded appearance. In the south, the character of the land is a very rich vegetable deposit, underlaid by the strongest of clay subsoils. As we go north, it becomes lighter, but everywhere the crops are excellent, and evidences of increasing wealth and comfort may be seen on

every hand. Towns like Seaforth, Clinton and Wingham are already important centres of trade, although almost every house looks as if it had come recently out of the builder's hands. Half a dozen rising villages are likely soon to "evolve" into towns, although no county has given a larger contingent of young men and the very cream of its population to the North-west than Huron. As the traveller drives along the well-made gravelled roads, lined with bright-yellow golden-rods, and the purple Michaelmas daisy, he sees broad acres of waving corn and luxuriant meadow stretching far away on each side, a stump-dotted patch here and there alone reminding him that all this has just been won from the wilderness, and that the settler's arrival dates from yesterday.

Leaving Goderich regretfully,—for its pure atmosphere, the abundance of its salt and fresh waters, and its glorious sunsets, combine to make it a delightful summer resort,—we may proceed northward by one of the Sarnia steamers, touching first at Kincardine, the chief market-place of the County of Bruce, or travel overland to Walkerton, the county town. The north-western extremity of the peninsula of Ontario is politically divided into the counties of Bruce and Grey. Their general aspect and the nature of the surface are determined by the geological formation. The great escarpment of rock, embracing the Hudson River, Niagara and Guelph formations, which, as "the Mountain" winds round the head of Lake Ontario, turns in a north-westerly direction, curves gradually more to the west, and sweeps through the northern part of Lake Huron, cutting off the Georgian Bay and North Channel from the main body of the Lake by the Indian Peninsula and the Grand Manitoulin and other islands. This geological fact results in a comparatively level surface in the southern and western portion of the tract, while the north-eastern becomes broken and hilly in the interior, and rugged and rocky near the Georgian Bay. Bruce is a very new county, the settlements, excepting a few on the Lake shore, not dating back more than thirty years. The first settler built his shanty, it is said, as recently as 1848. Nowhere are we more surprised at being told of its extreme youth than when we see Walkerton, a beautiful little town, pleasantly situated in a saucer-shaped valley formed by the windings of the Saugeen. Its main street was "blazed" through the unbroken forest as the line of the Durham road in 1854. The people of Bruce are largely immigrants from the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and the children of immigrants who settled in more easterly parts of Ontario a generation earlier. In many of the townships Gaelic is the prevailing language, and it is regularly used for the conduct of divine service in many of the churches.

The southern part of Bruce is rolling, the undulations being so long and gentle as hardly to admit of our using the terms hill and valley. Clear, beautiful running streams wind through the depressions, the majority of them feeders of the Sable and Saugeen, which flow north-westerly into Lake Huron. The whole county is magnificently watered, and the growth of timber is very heavy. Pine is scarce, except in the

Teeswater and other tributaries of the Saugeen. There is a large proportion of gravel in the soil, but the land is good, and the farms are well fitted for either arable or grazing purposes. Strangers often express astonishment at the sight of excellent farms with houses and outbuildings of log or inferior frame, but the explanation is that many of the people have only reached the stage of putting their land in order for the plough. Some have advanced to the point of building good barns, and a few have reached the third stage of having superior dwelling houses. Fruit growing is yet in its infancy. Peaches can be cultivated successfully only on the Lake shore, but apples and plums have shown astonishing results in the size and beauty of the specimens sent to the Agricultural Exhibitions. The long range of the Indian Peninsula seems naturally fitted to become one of the finest portions of the Dominion for the growth of apples, plums, and grapes. That the soil is good, though largely rocky or stony, the immense sugar maples and elms witness. The temperature is kept low in the spring months by the ice in the Georgian Bay, and thus the blossoming of the trees is retarded, while the large body of water on each side secures exemption from summer and early autumn frosts.

But our steamer is drawing near the harbour for which we took tickets at Goderich. Kincardine is situated at the mouth of the Penetangore, a corruption of Indian words, meaning a stream with gravel on one side, and sand on the other. On the land side, the village, which rises from the shore by a series of terraces, is encompassed by a fertile and beautiful range of townships. The river, which runs through it, though turbulent enough in spring, shrinks to a rivulet in summer. Its course has been skilfully turned northward by blocking the old channel and cutting a new one, in order to provide adequate accommodation for the northern extension of the Great Western Railroad, which has its terminus at Kincardine. By an abrupt bend, the stream now passes into an artificial harbour, which is protected by two long piers of crib-work, forming a channel wide and deep enough to float the largest ships that navigate the Lake. One light-house is placed near the end of the north pier, and another at the harbour. Our steamer passes up this narrow entrance, the passengers coming to the bow to see the port that they are making, after a thirty miles' sail on the Lake. The illustration shows the north pier with both light-houses on the left; in the distance, one of the large salt works, with fish-houses, that skirt the harbour; and part of the village above. As seen from the Lake, Kincardine reposes in the hollow of a graceful curve of the coast, the extreme points distant about eighteen miles, the cliffs here and there covered with native trees that descend to the water's edge, but in most places cut into and wasted by the erosion of the elements. The village has a flourishing appearance. The public square is planted with ornamental trees, and contains a beautiful Methodist Church, with the Model School on one side, and a large Town Hall on the other. The business centre consists of a long, well



EVENING AT SOUTHAMPTON.

built street. To the north, on a height overlooking the village, is the Presbyterian Church, a large Gothic edifice, the interior elaborately frescoed, and the exterior only wanting a spire to make it equal in appearance to the best of our city churches.

Kincardine followed Goderich in the speculative mania that arose on the first discovery of salt. The borings, however, were wisely made on the low beach and not on the high cliffs; and although less picturesque were less costly. They had the advantage, too, of being close to railroad and harbour. Salt of the best quality was found at a depth of about 900 feet, and three substantial works were erected, capable of turning out a thousand barrels per day. Here, as at Goderich, over-production led



A FISHING STATION ON LAKE HURON.

to the inevitable consequences, and capital was wasted. Only one of the wells is now being worked, but it is hoped that improved methods of manufacture and an increased demand may revive the others.

An illustration presents a view of the salt works from the broad, sandy beach to the north of the harbour. The two long piers, jutting far out into the deep waters of the Lake, look like one in the distance. On the nearer is the outermost light-house, while beyond is the vast Lake, its waters glistening under a brilliant summer sky, flecked here and there with fleecy clouds. The Lake is, of course, the main feature of the scenery of this western coast, and it gives a wonderful charm to every place that it touches. The time will come when the watering-places on these shores will be more prized by the people of the inland towns. Here, they can get close at hand fresh breezes, and a broad, sandy beach, while a small expenditure at almost any point will provide all needed facilities for bathing. A few miles north of Goderich a comfortable summer hotel has been started, especially for the accommodation of tourists, and a pleasanter place to spend a week in it would be difficult to find. The immediate surroundings are those of a large farm rather than of an hotel; and one has only to stroll down the wooded bank and along the beach to get at once into a

region whose perfect peace is broken only by the many-voiced laughter of the Lake or the thunder of waves rolling in with the majesty of ocean. Similar resorts will be multiplied indefinitely; for modern life is intense, and periods of relaxation are essential. No influences exert a more healing balm on the fevered spirit than those that constantly stream out from the desert or the forest, the mountains or the sea; and to the people of Western Ontario, Lake Huron is no indifferent substitute for the sea.

The ancient occupation of fishing is a more profitable industry to the people of Kincardine than salt manufacture. Large and substantial wherries leave the harbour at the early dawn, and return about noon from their favourite resorts, which lie about twenty miles distant. The ordinary catch varies from one to two thousand pounds. The fish are generally cleaned on the Lake, and on the boat's arrival in port they pass into a contractor's hands, by whom they are shipped to the markets of Canada and the United States, either packed in ice or—according to a new plan—frozen, unless when they are pickled or barrelled. The fish usually caught in the northern Lakes are:—the salmon trout, from twenty-four to sixty inches long, and sometimes weighing forty pounds; the white-fish, the pride of Canadian waters and by many *gourmets* considered the finest of the fishy tribe; the lake herring, very abundant at certain seasons in shallow waters, and not unlike the herring of the ocean; the lake

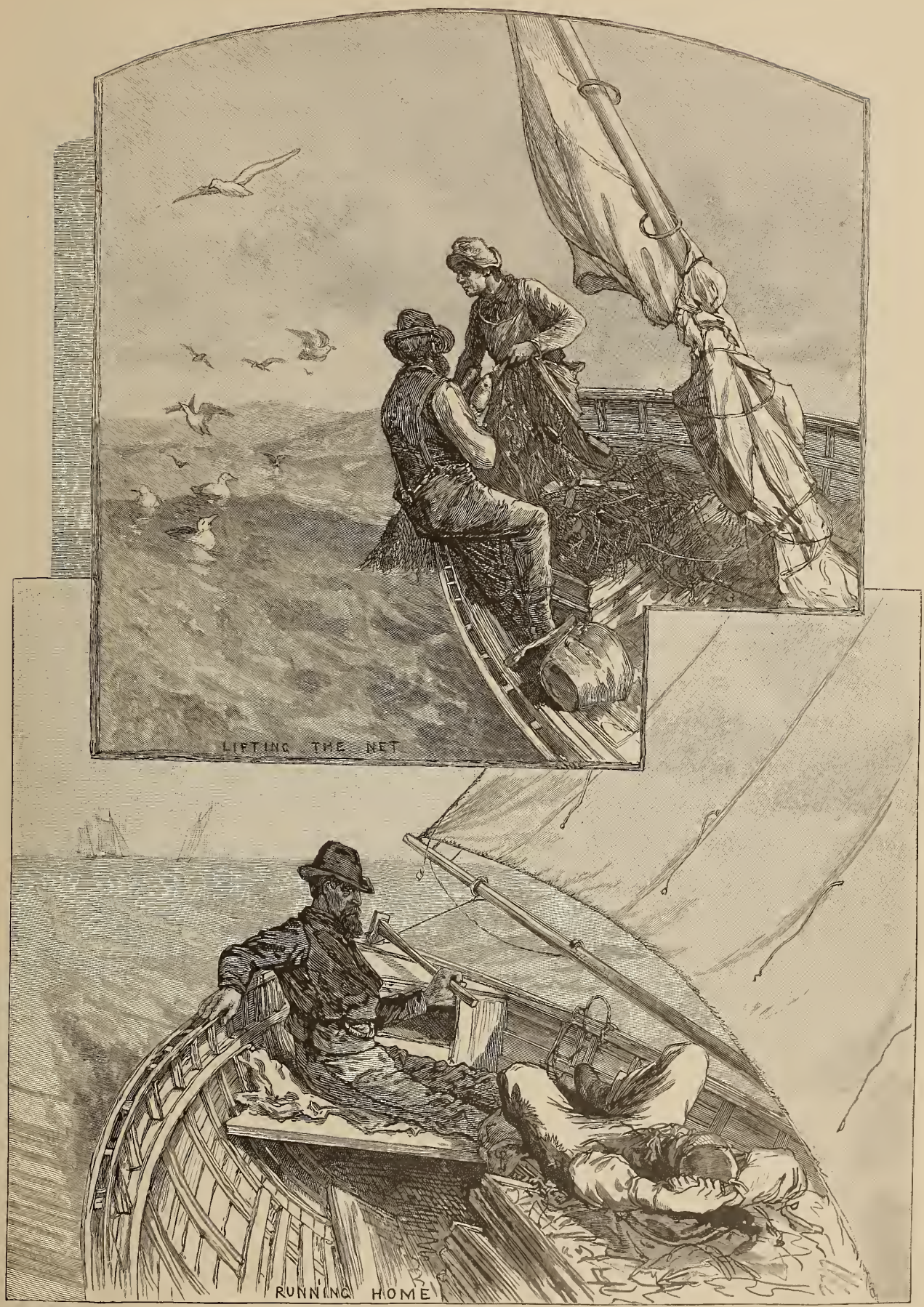


SETTING THE NET.

sturgeon and the gar fish, survivors of the ganoid and armour-clad fish of the Palæozoic age. Bass, perch, and the spotted trout—the joy of the sportsman—are caught by amateurs in the rivers and creeks, and by every boy who can lift a rod, and every loafer, when he can summon energy enough to take his hands out of his pockets, or a little more than he needs to fill his pipe. The farther north the better and the more abundant the fish. Hence, the more southern fishermen, after the spring catch, go north to Killarney, and as far as the fishing grounds and ports of Lake Superior.

But we must go on to Southampton, the next port at which the steamer touches, if we would see the most famous fishing grounds and the headquarters of the fishing industry on Lake Huron. This village was the earliest settlement in the county of Bruce, and its founders, animated by hopes and ambitions, laid out a town-plot large enough for a city. But the fates were against it, and—strange fortune for any place in Western Ontario—it is stationary or positively declining. The brisk village of Port Elgin, where the educational institution or "college" of the United Brethren is situated, drew away its business, and now it is a little like one of those decayed families that linger lovingly in memory and speech on the glories of the past. No newspaper is published in the village. What more need be said to show how uninfluenced it is by the spirit of the age! Southampton, notwithstanding, is a charming spot, the very sleepiness of its inhabitants making it pleasant to visitors who long for nothing so much as repose. The village is situated at the mouth of the Saugeen, at the axis of a large curve of the coast. The mouth of the river is sheltered by a long pier of crib-work from the sweep of the north winds, and thus a harbour for the fine fishing boats of the place is formed. The principal harbour, however, is at some distance to the south of this river harbour. The construction of massive piers or breakwaters from the main shore to the end of Chantry Island, with a suitable entrance, has formed a magnificent anchorage for the largest vessels in the severe storms to which this whole coast is exposed. At the other end of the island, a large beacon has been erected at some distance from the shore, to indicate the limits of the channel and the extent of a dangerous shoal. The island is evidently part of an extensive bar, formed by the waters of the Saugeen and the Lake, which stretches along the whole front of the village, enclosing a deep basin with channels at both ends. Immense quantities of large boulders of granite, gneiss, and trap are found on the shoal, brought down by floes of shore ice from the northern coast; a fine instance of the process by which sand, gravel, and boulders have for countless ages been distributed over the northern regions of the earth.

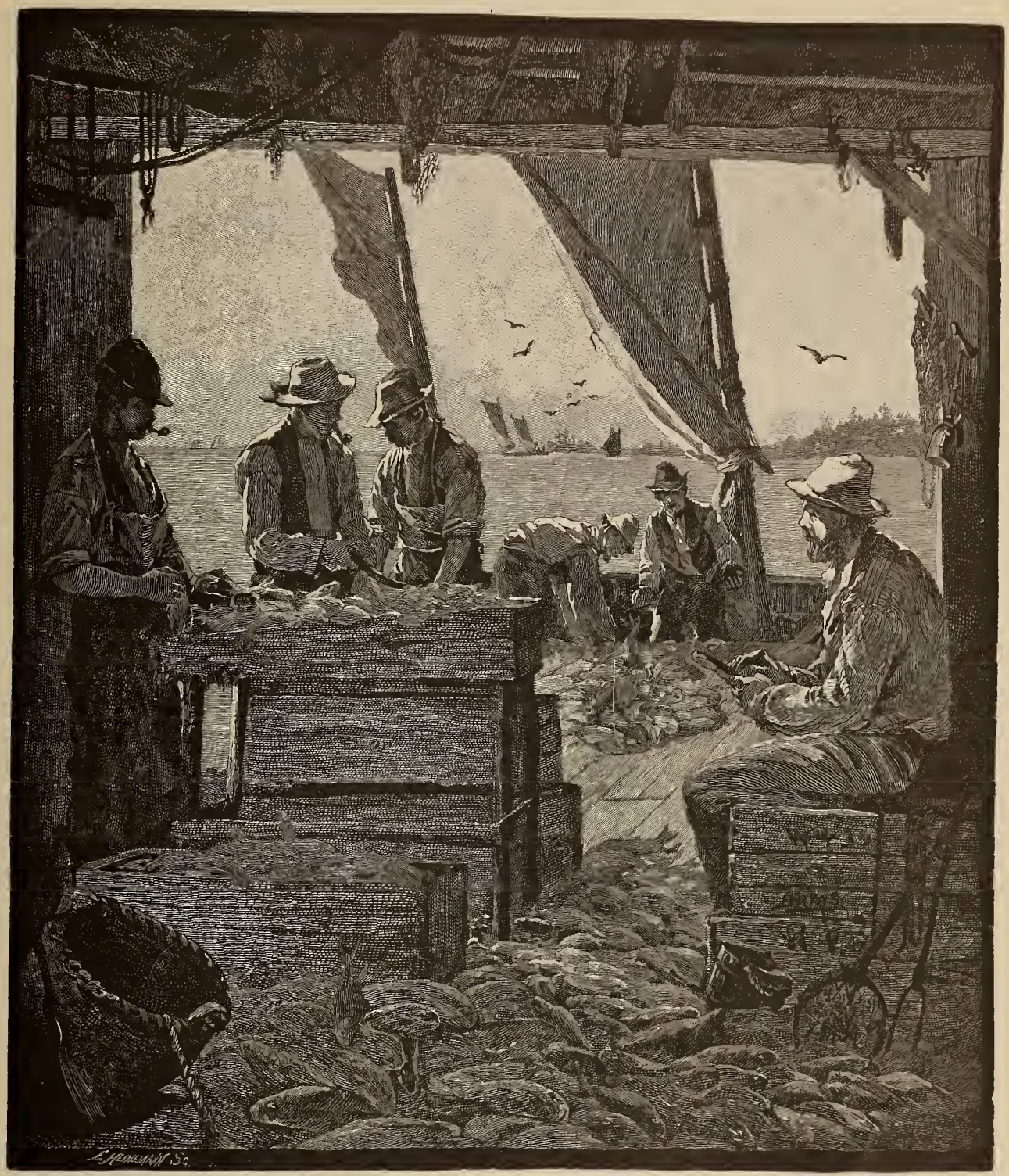
The river harbour or cove is the one frequented by the fishermen. Their wharves line its right bank. Here, too, are their houses for cleaning, packing, and storing fish and tackle, with cottages intermixed, and reels for drying or repairing their nets. Looking down this side of the river our illustrations give us two views. In the one



WITH THE FISHERMEN ON LAKE HURON.

the huts and boats are under the shadow of a cloud, and the high banks on both sides are seen looming in the distance, while the flowing waters of the river are lighted up by a gleam from the rifted sky. The other is presented in bright sunshine. A group of firs lies to the right of the cove; on the sloping bank to the left are groups of huts and cottages; in front are the wharves, with boats just arriving, and, in the distance, the shimmering waters of the Lake.

The village proper lies between the two harbours, and, by a gradual ascent, stretches back a long way to the rear. A lake on the heights, covering a space of about twenty acres, and of unknown depth, is a curiosity in its way. Apparently it has neither inlet nor outlet, so that whence its water comes and whither it goes can only be conjectured. Doubtless it is fed by the drainage of the higher land that springs up within its bed, and retains its invariable level by a corresponding drainage of its waters through the stratified sand into the Lake below. It might easily be made the centre of a beautiful public park, were it not for a tannery recently erected on its bank by the aid of a bonus. Niagara is turned to base uses, and how can lesser glories hope to escape desecration? We are at present, thanks to our constant struggle with nature, in that stage of existence in which tall chimneys are regarded as more beautiful objects than those which crowned the Acropolis. A mill is a vision of delight, proudly pointed out to the stranger, and the hum of machinery is sweeter than the music of the spheres. We estimate the amount of happiness likely to be enjoyed in city or village by the number of its manufactures, and we are supremely indifferent to the opinion of more cultured people, who would agree with our estimate on condition that they were allowed to make it inversely. Of course, the artist can have no sympathy with such sentiments, but he might regard them as not simply indicating the savage state of being, had his father been one of the hardy Scotchmen who immigrated to Bruce thirty years ago. "Roughing it in the bush" is delightful for a pic-nic or summer holiday, but when it means unremitting toil for a lifetime under the sternest condition of living, it is not wonderful that everything that looks in the direction of labour-saving machinery should come to be hailed as a blessing, or that factories should be regarded as the symbols of civilization. Mr. Ruskin, if known at all to such a community, would be considered a lunatic. Esthetic deficiencies notwithstanding, a finer yeomanry than the people of those North-western counties it would be difficult to find. Religious, industrious, and progressive, they have conquered the wilderness; and the old men are willing to begin pioneer work again for the sake of their children. They bought their land for a nominal sum, and now that it is valuable they are putting it in the market, not from love of change, but because the proceeds will enable them to settle in the North-west, with half a dozen sons, on as many farms, in their own immediate neighbourhood. Such are the men who lay the true foundations of the country. No more fertile and beautiful district



PREPARING FISH FOR MARKET.

than that round Southampton and Port Elgin is to be found in Canada; and the same may be said of the country all along the Saugéen and its tributaries; of Paisley, beautifully situated at the confluence of the Teeswater and the Saugeen; of the villages of Chesley, Lucknow, Teeswater, and indeed of almost every township in Bruce. That part of the county lying north of a line drawn from the mouth of the Saugeen to the

OFF CAPE RICH

OWEN SOUND.

mouth of the Sydenham was long an Indian Reserve. The Indians gave up a "half-mile strip" from river to river, on condition of the Government building a road from one point to the other. But the road brought in immigrants; and in 1855, Lord Bury, the private secretary of the Governor-General, was sent to the Chiefs to negotiate a treaty that would open, for a consideration, the Reserve for settlement. He succeeded in obtaining their consent, though the principal Chief was reluctant to "move on" before the encroaching white man. Now, the names of townships, town-plot, road and almost everything else in the peninsula suggest only his Lordship and the Keppel family instead of the old lords of the soil. Wiarton, the commercial capital of the district, needs only additional railroad facilities to become the centre of much wider interests. Among new towns it has an aspect of extreme newness; but its site at the head of Colpoy's Bay is of such striking and uncommon beauty that it deserves a visit. Colpoy's Bay claims a place beside Sydney, Halifax, and Quebec as one of the finest harbours of Canada. The entrance is marked by the lofty Capes Croker and Commodore, and the islands which lie between the capes completely protect it from the swell of the Georgian Bay, and form a land-locked expanse of water nine miles long and from one to three miles wide. What a place for yachting, both in itself, and as a base of operations for exploring the shores and thousands of islands of the Georgian Bay! Every one in Wiarton owns a boat and knows how to manage it. A visitor, horrified at seeing a Sunday-School pic-nic party going out in small sailing boats, was comforted on being told that the children were so accustomed to boating that they had become amphibious.

A trip out into the open sea of Lake Huron, with one of the fishing-boats that start from Southampton, is something that transcends ordinary yachting. The wherries, which are of the finest build and sailing qualities, are owned and manned by hardy Scottish Highlanders. Each boat has its complement of four men, one at least of whom is sure to be a mine to those who are interested in character. The owner of the wherry will probably have a rugged outside, but there are infinite founts of silent heroism within; and some of these become vocal and distinctly articulate if you let him know that you love the West Highlands, or show that you sympathize with the backwoodsman's life; or, better still, if you have a few words of Gaelic on hand. We owe much to Mr. Black for revealing "the Lews" to us; and Sheila herself is not so interesting as her father and her faithful henchmen. The Princess is partly ideal; the others are real. And such natures never forget the old land, though none are truer to the new.

The sail itself is delightful. There is a joy in the cool fresh breath of the gray morning, and then in the sense of rapid motion through the blue sparkling waters in boats that you know can face any storm that may arise. The interest of the catch, the size and beauty of the silvery fish, and the novelty of the scene, all help to make

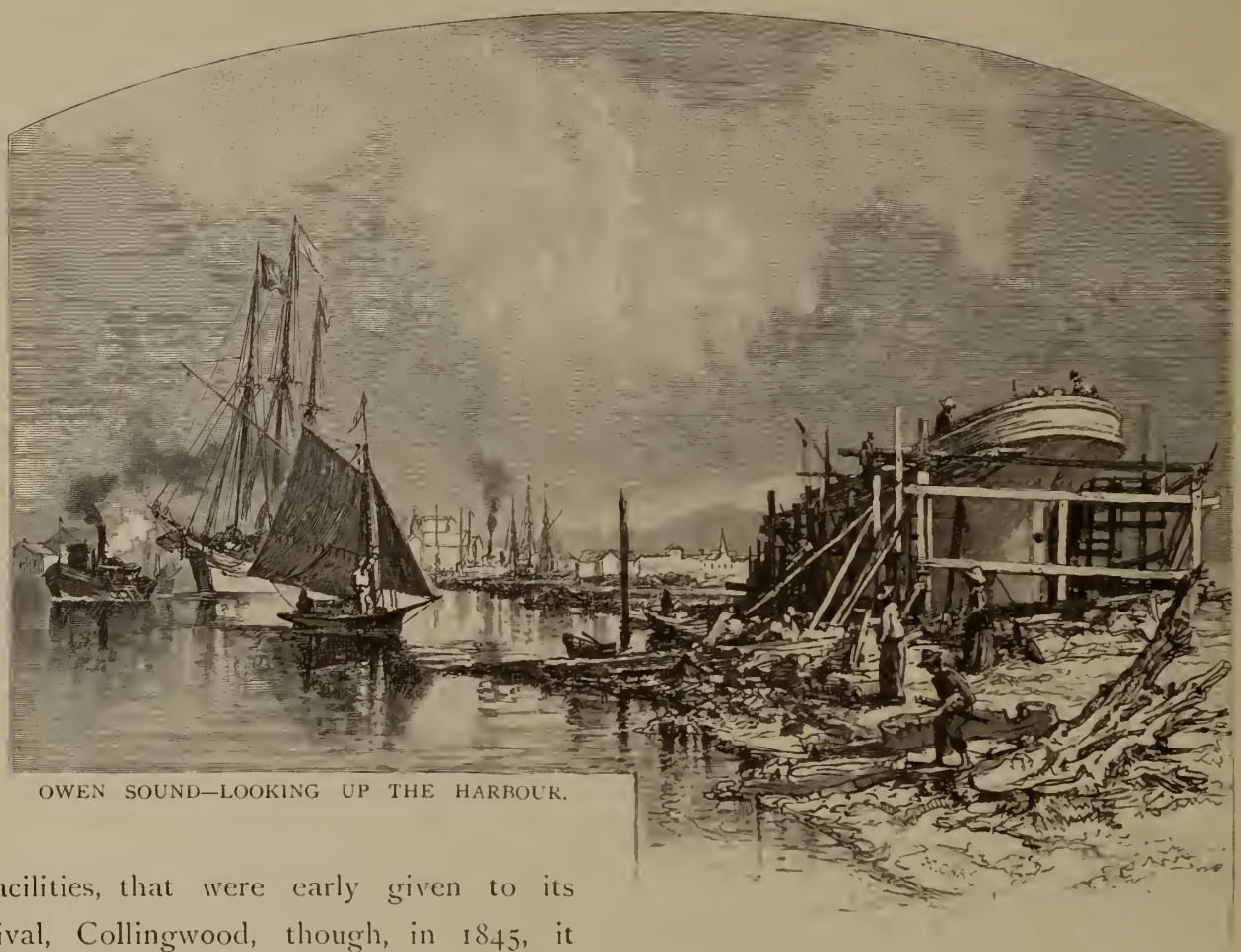
the expedition delightful; and when the fishermen are ready for the run home, instinct with the comfortable feeling that they have not laboured in vain and that they may take a sleep or a smoke, you are ready to accept their hospitable offer to accompany them another day.

From Southampton we cross country by stage to the county town of Grey, unless we prefer to sail from Wiarton, or make a long backward detour by rail till we come upon the Toronto, Grey & Bruce line. The approach to Owen Sound, the county town, is picturesque and rather striking, by steamboat, stage-coach, or even by rail. The great Niagara escarpment runs through the county, becoming "the Blue Mountains" of Northern Grey that extend to Cabot's Head. Much of the topography is therefore rough and broken compared with the districts to the west which we have hitherto been describing; so much so that at parts it is called mountainous. The rather ambitious adjective may be allowed, as long as we are in Ontario, on the principle that among the blind the one-eyed man is king. In order to escape the great limestone rocks that environ the town, the railroad begins a circuitous route about three miles from where the engine whistle signals the approach to its northern terminus, and thus—to the disturbance of our topographical ideas—we enter Owen Sound from the north instead of from the south. Coming by steamer from Wiarton, or in the opposite direction from Collingwood, we sail up the beautiful bay that has given its name to the town, and forms here an excellent harbour. On the one side is the old Indian village of Brooke, the spire of what was once the Indian Church the conspicuous object. On the other, Limestone Cliff stands out now high in air, though in former ages the waves of a mightier lake than Huron and the Georgian Bay combined dashed against its front. On both sides, along the coast as far as the eye can reach, the land shows a series of well-defined terraces or ancient beaches rising up to the perpendicular cliffs of Niagara limestone. In many places these cliffs are split into great sections, the rents of which have been widened by weathering into immature cañons, which on their exposed surfaces must be dangerous traps to the traveller. Such rent cliffs are fine instances of the destructive effects of atmospheric erosion, and of the way by which in the course of ages the Sound itself has been formed. The rock being highly absorbent of moisture, the autumn rains lodge in its crevices and joints; and in winter the crystalline expansion of freezing rends it into fragments. In spring, a mass of fallen *débris* enlarges the talus at the base of the cliff. If the waters of the Sound stood as high as they once did, their waves would grind these angular blocks into boulders, gravel and sand, and transport them into deep water. The enterprise of man is now doing what these natural forces no longer do, by burning the broken fragments into quicklime, and quarrying large blocks for the erection of factories and dwellings. Ice-floes have also done their work here as on the outer shores of the Lake, by trans-

porting immense quantities of gneissic and granite boulders and pebbles from the Laurentian rocks in the north to the shores of the Sound. A drive from the town to the little village of Brooke will show these in tens of thousands. As our steamer draws nearer to the head of the bay, great white rocks come into view. Then the rocks on both sides converge, and in the valley between, on an extended flood plain, formed by the bay and the river Sydenham, the pretty little town is situated. It was originally called Sydenham, and its founder believed that it would develop into the great *entrepôt* of western commerce, would become in fact a second Chicago. What a number of second Chicagos there have been in the visions of planners of town-plots and real-estate auctioneers! Indeed, so convinced were the people in 1850 that railways—if built at all—would have to come to them as the only practicable northern terminus, that they refused to grant assistance to one or the other of two companies that proposed to build from Toronto to the Georgian Bay. Consequently, the Northern Railway Company made Collingwood its terminus, and the other Company, then collapsing, Sydenham was left out in the cold with all its ambitions dashed to the ground. In 1856, it was incorporated as a town, under the name of Owen Sound, and its progress has been so continuous that it is now in the front rank of our provincial towns. We get a good bird's-eye view of it from the rugged limestone cliff on the west. The cliff is broken and rent, with *débris* of fallen rocks at its feet, the white escarpment continued beyond; then, the lofty spire of a church, with a continuation to the south of ribbon-like terraces, the lower covered with trees. In the hollow is the town, with its church-spires and public buildings, the most conspicuous of which is the High School, the busy harbour, and the quiet waters of the Sound. The medallion shows a bit of the river as it enters the town, houses on the left bank, and the Campanile of the Fire-Engine Station. "Off Cape Rich" tells its own tale, and one by no means infrequent on the lakes, a propeller encountering a stiff breeze as she rounds the cape into the Sound.

The next illustration is taken from the rear of the ship-building yard, where ships and propellers of large tonnage are built. A propeller is on the stocks; another, fully equipped, is drawing a stately ship from the harbour to the Sound. Beyond, on either side, is a glimpse of the lower part of the town and harbour, with elevator, shipping, and then the high cliffs in the distance. No town is better supplied with summer travelling facilities by steamboats than Owen Sound. An excellent line now runs to the Lake Superior ports in connection with the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway, and the boats from Collingwood make regular calls. The citizens are manifesting a great deal of enterprise in this direction, and many of the staunchest steamers on the lakes are built by the Owen Sound Dry-Dock Company, in their ship-yards near the mouth of the Pottawatomie River.

For many years Owen Sound laboured under the disadvantage of want of railway



OWEN SOUND—LOOKING UP THE HARBOUR.

facilities, that were early given to its rival, Collingwood, though, in 1845, it snatched from Durham the laurel-leaf of the county town. It has also the drawback of having a very shallow harbour, which necessitates constant and expensive dredging. The town has a more than fine display of public buildings, perhaps the most creditable of which is the new High School, erected at a cost, including grounds and equipment, of over twenty-five thousand dollars. There are also two other commodious and handsome buildings for Public School requirement. The town-hall, court-house, and many of the stores and private residences have a tasteful and pleasing appearance. Characteristic of the place, its journalism, represented by the *Times*, *Advertiser*, and *Tribune*, is sturdy and progressive. In the pre-railway days, its hotels and stage-coach lines did a flourishing business; and though the glory of "Coulson's" has somewhat departed, both that hostelry and the "Queen's" satisfactorily meet all demands upon them.

If we visit Owen Sound by driving from Southampton, we see something of the character of the intervening country. The land gradually rises, frequent outcrops of limestone occurring, and about midway across attains its greatest altitude, the streams on the one side flowing to the east, and on the other to the west. In summer the fields are luxuriant with good crops, and the farms have an aspect of thrift and prosperity. The forests assume a slightly northern aspect, and delight the botanist with their rich undergrowth of mosses, ferns, and flowering shrubs, amid fine specimens

of maple, beech, and ash. The road for a part of the way skirts the Pottawatomie, a small brawling stream that tumbles over Jones' and Indian Falls, a sheer descent of seventy feet, into dark ravines densely clothed with timber, before it empties into the Sound. On descending from the heights, the Sound is seen in the distance, extending for miles away out to the Georgian Bay, and, as it approaches the harbour, gradually narrowing like a wedge.

A visit to Owen Sound would not be satisfactory without a drive to the Inglis Falls, along the beautiful road that skirts the steep banks of the Sydenham. The way leads from the principal business street to the Cemetery Hill, to the left of which is the exceedingly lovely valley. We pass the rock which, Horeb-like, gives forth the water that supplies the town. We may explain that, underlying the Niagara limestones, a peculiarly stratified clay is found, which extends over the whole Huron region, called by geologists, Erie clay. The upper division of this deposit is well exposed on the Saugeen River, and is hence called Saugeen clay, the banks in many places showing it for a depth of twenty or thirty feet. It is a brown calcareous clay, mixed with sand and gravel, and is exposed on the east side of the Sound, where it is highly ferruginous. The Erie clay proper, or lower division, is a blue marl containing thirty per cent. of carbonate of lime. It is found about twenty feet under the surface deposit in Owen Sound, and is seen in some places where the base of the limestone is exposed. With a floor such as this, impervious to water, it is not wonderful that the limestone cliffs abound with ever-flowing springs of clear water. Passing the rock, the road leads through a farm of exceptional excellence, especially in so rough a district, and a little farther on we find ourselves "among the mountains near Owen



INGLIS FALLS.

Sound." The view is well worth a longer drive, and Lord Dufferin exaggerated no more than was his wont over Canadian scenes when he declared it one of the most magnificent he had ever witnessed. Here and there the road runs so near the perpendicular rocks that we may touch them from our carriage. Cool, clear streams issue from the solid rock, trickle across the road, and leap joyfully down the steep descent into the dell beneath to join the Sydenham. Charming glimpses of the river are obtained through the trees from the main pathway. A little farther on and we hear—especially should it be spring or autumn—a sound combined of hissing, seething and roaring, that announces the Falls, and promises something worth seeing. The illustration presents them from the best point of view—the deep ravine among the vines some sixty feet below. The water escapes from between two mills, an old and a new, and tumbles over the sharp, shelving rocks in a mass of foam and spray, and then, with the ceaseless noise of many waters, gurgles over a series of rapids to the quiet reaches farther down. On each side the high banks are clothed with the rich verdure of lichens, mosses, ferns, creepers, and vines. The whole scene is very beautiful, and the courteous proprietor—one of the original settlers—is always willing to guide visitors to the points from which the Falls may be seen to the best advantage. It is worth while, too, to return to the town by the way we came. The rocky gorge, the glimpses of the river, the trees on its banks, and the great rocks towering boldly up by the way, give interest to the road till the Cemetery Hill is reached. There, the pretty town in the valley, the streets reaching up the hill-sides, the bay dotted with steamers and little pleasure boats, the great expanse of water to the north, the Indian Peninsula and the opposite shore, combine to make up one of the most extended and varied panoramas in the Province. Such hills and dales and waters had irresistible attractions for the Scotchmen, who were among the first settlers in the county, though to their children, who know that a "bush farm" means unremitting toil for a lifetime, the open, exposed prairie far transcends in attractiveness all the glories of mountain and forest.

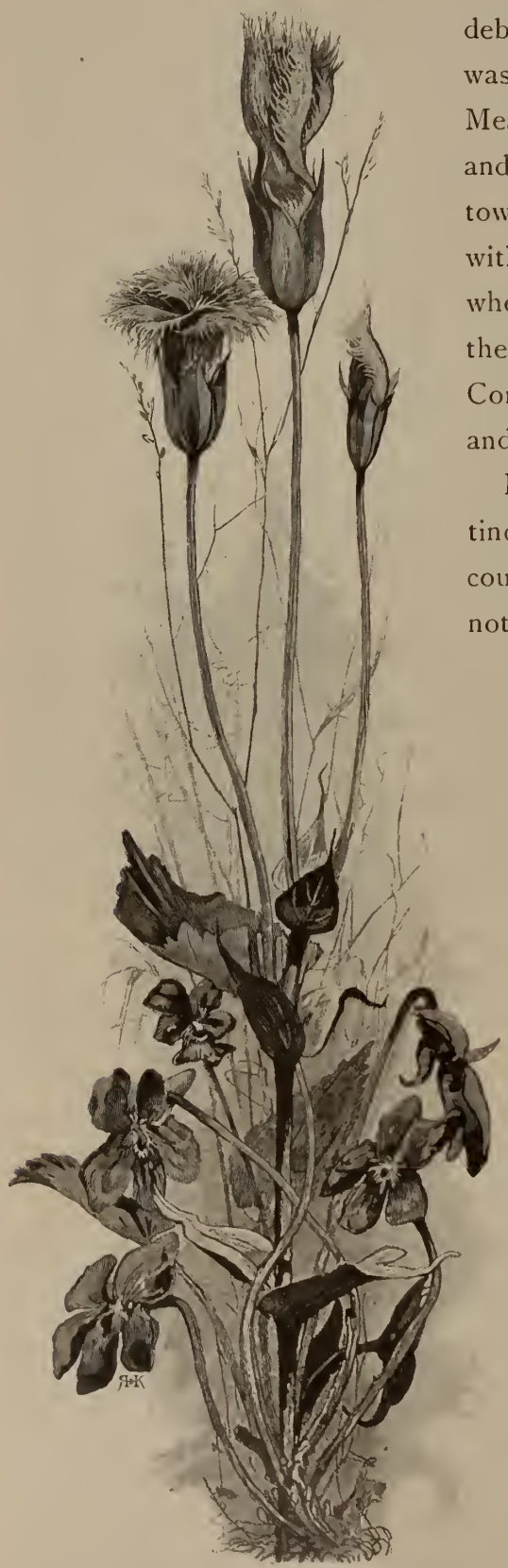
As regards fruit-growing, the neighbourhood of Owen Sound is no exception to the rest of the splendid Lake Huron territory which we have been describing. Almost every kind of fruit succeeds well, and apples, pears, plums, and strawberries may be said to attain perfection. A reliable witness stated before the Ontario Agricultural Commission that so much attention is now being given to this fruit crop that, besides the supply of the home market, from three to four thousand barrels of winter apples had been shipped from Owen Sound alone in 1881, and that pear culture—which is beginning to attract more attention—could be carried on quite as profitably. The plums of the district are so remarkably fine that thousands of trees are being planted, and tens of thousands of bushels are already shipped annually, chiefly for the Chicago market.



AMONG THE MOUNTAINS NEAR OWEN SOUND.

To a great extent, it would be only telling the same story over again were we to describe the other towns in Grey. At the opposite extremity of the county from Owen Sound is Mount Forest, pleasantly situated on the most southerly branch of the Saugeen. The first surveyor mistook the stream for a branch of the Maitland, and the place accordingly was first called "Maitland Hills" or "Maitland Woods." When the real state of the case was known, the present name was formed by keeping what was true and dropping what was inaccurate in both of the old names. A walk or short drive by stage from Owen Sound takes us to Meaford, also on the bay. The drive, some eighteen miles in length, is a singularly picturesque one. The road runs through the townships of Sydenham and St. Vincent, which project far lakeward, and divide Nottawasaga Bay from the waters of the Sound. On the route the tourist will be struck with the wantonness in which Nature revels. Stupendous upright masses of rock poise themselves in dizzy proximity to the roadway, while innumerable paths

wander off on both sides into cool depths of forest or gloomy clefts, fringed with ever fresh adornings. Both townships were surveyed in 1853, and the first settler in St. Vincent was the surveyor, Mr. Charles Rankin, to whom and to Mr. George Jackson, the locality is indebted for important services. For many years it was hotly contested by the people where the site of Meaford should be. Finally the dispute settled itself, and the embryo village has now become a fair-sized town. It is prettily situated on the Big Head River, with a gentle slope towards the shores of the bay, where a harbour is formed by the united waters of the bay and river, flanked by a far projecting wharf. Commerce is represented by a number of grist, saw, and woollen mills, a foundry and machine shop.



WOOD VIOLETS, AND FRINGED GENTIAN.

But, let it never be forgotten that all that is distinctive and noteworthy in Grey, as in most of the counties of Canada, is to be found not in its towns, not at railway stations, but in the townships, along the gravel roads and the concession lines. There we meet the men and women who endured the rough welcome of the Genius of the wilderness; the men and women to whom we owe the smiling fields and orchards, and all the promise of the future. A good objective point for an expedition into the interior of the country is that most picturesque cataract known as the "Eugenia Falls," and thence up the Beaver River, a valley that is said to possess the finest climate, and to be without exception the finest peach-growing district in Canada. Our illustration of the "Eugenia Falls," in the neighbourhood of Flesherton, gives their characteristic features faithfully, and it is unnecessary to repeat in words what the pencil presents so truthfully.

Grey was fortunate in its first settlers. Two of the townships first surveyed were set apart to be divided up into grants to retired British officers, and to the children

of United Empire Loyalists who had not been supplied with lands previously. Both classes were extremly desirable immigrants; the first bringing with them money, intelligence and refinement, and the second having what was of even more immediate value, knowledge of colonial life, especially of life in the bush. But the great body of the immigrants were of the rank and file of the British Islands; and they brought little with them but hearts of oak. Those who had come to Canada because the siren voice of emigration agents had assured them that "the same tree yielded sugar, soap, and firewood," and that all the work they required to do was but "the pastime of a drowsy summer day," were speedily undeceived. Even those who had landed with money in their purse had a hard time of it, fighting lonely battles against a thousand unforeseen difficulties, surrounded by the most uncongenial environment. How those who had struggled to their destination on scanty funds lived for the first years, it is difficult to understand. They made no complaint, held out no hat for alms, but planted their potatoes among the stumps in summer, cleared off the deep snow, and gathered cow-cabbage for their food in winter, when they had nothing better in the house, and in the darkest days trusted that the God of their fathers would not desert them. The poet or historian of this "primeval and barbaric but heroic era" has not yet appeared. One American has written the history of Canada in the Seventeenth Century. Must we wait till another comes into our backwoods and writes for us the true story of our Nineteenth Century? The actors are passing off the stage, and their memories are already fading from the minds of men. Pity that it should be so before their records are gathered



EUGENIA FALLS, AND A GLIMPSE OF GEORGIAN BAY.

together; for their achievements, rather than the campaign of 1812–15, or skirmishes with "Sympathizers" or Fenians, are the foundation of our country. What are the discomforts of the camp for a year or two, compared to life-battles, that the wives and children had to share, with gloomy forest and dismal swamp, with tropical heat at one season, and at another with cold that would freeze the bread and the potatoes beside the very fire-side? In one sense, immigrants of the better class suffered most keenly. Their tastes were their torments. At first they struggled hard to keep some of the old forms and courtesies of life; but soon the struggle for the bare necessaries absorbed all their strength. Some of the others indeed suffered all that poor human nature could suffer. They starved, and that was the end of it.

This generation ne'er can know
The toils we had to undergo,
While laying the great forests low.

So sings, with direct and pathetic simplicity of style, that true Canadian poet, Alexander McLachlan, speaking what he knows, and testifying of what he has seen. The poet's eye discerns the hero. "Canada," he says, "is prolific in heroes of its own; men who venture into the wilderness, perhaps, with little save an axe and a determined will, and hew their way to independence. Almost every locality can point to some hero of this kind, who overcame difficulties and dangers with a determination which, in a wider sphere, would have commanded the admiration of the world. Energetic, inventive, sleepless souls, who fought with wild nature, cleared seed-fields in the forest, built mills, schools and churches where, but a few years before, naught was heard save the howl of the wolf and the whoop of the Indian. Who gathered, perhaps, a little community of hardy pioneers around them, and to which they were carpenter, blacksmith, and architect, miller, doctor, lawyer and judge, all in one." Such a man he describes with enthusiasm as "a backwood's hero."

"He chopped, he logged, he cleared his lot,
And into many a dismal spot
He let the light of day;
And through the long and dismal swamp,
So dark, so dreary and so damp,
He made a turnpike way.
The church, the schoolhouse and the mill,
The store, the forge, the vat, the kiln,
Were triumphs of his hand;
And many a lovely spot of green,
Which peeps out there the woods between,
Came forth at his command.

What was it that he would not face?
He bridged the stream, he cut the race,
Led water to the mill:
And planned and plotted night and day,
Till every obstacle gave way
To his unconquered will.
And he was always at our call,
Was doctor, lawyer, judge and all;
And all throughout the Section,
O, there was nothing could be done—
No field from out the forest won,
Save under his direction."

Wherever there are men of a good stock there are sure to be leaders of men. And the backwoods life was not one of hardships unredeemed by visions of beauty or intervals of rest or fun. Each season brought its own quota of pleasure. To the logging "bee" the neighbours came from far and near, every man of them as independent as a king on his throne, for he owned his own acres, and had chopped his own homestead; and after the hard day's work and contests, songs and dances followed till the rude rafters rang again. The girls gathered the spring buds from the trees and the sweet violets from the grassy dells, and twined their hair with woodbine; but they milked the cows and cooked and washed, and worked in the fields at haying and harvest, and hitched the horses, and rode them, too, when occasion required, none the less. And the young men not only chopped and ploughed, but had fights with bears and wolves, or planned new kinds of water-wheels and rude gun-stocks and fiddles, and everything else that they or the women needed. Autumn showered its gold and purple over the woods, and the backwoodsmen reaped from a virgin soil more generous fare by far than the bleak moors of the western Highlands had ever yielded. In winter, by the light of the great back-logs roaring up the wide chimney, the lads and lasses did their courting. And though it took ten days to drive the ox-team sixty miles to Barrie for a barrel of salt, or still longer to take the grist to Toronto, what rare budgets of news were carried back from the outside world! Each year brought new improvements, and things looked brighter. The shanty and the log-byre gave way to the framed house well painted outside and well plastered within, with big barns hard by; the almost furniture-less cabin to comfortable rooms supplied with a sewing-machine and melodeon; or, perhaps, a piano, and a volume of PICTURESQUE CANADA; the oxen to a team of Clydesdales and a fast trotter; and the homespun to broad-cloth. And then, gazing around on the changed scene, the old man and the old woman would declare that their happiest days had been spent in the log cabin, whose walls are mouldering not far from the new house

to which their son has brought his bride. All honour to the pioneers! May their children never forget their memories, nor cease to imitate their virtues!

"Look up; their walls enclose us. Look around;
Who won the verdant meadows from the sea?
Whose sturdy hands the noble highways wound
Through forests dense, o'er mountain, moor, and lea?
Who spanned the streams? Tell me whose works they be,—
The busy marts, where commerce ebbs and flows?
Who quelled the savage? And who spared the tree
That pleasant shelter o'er the pathway throws?
Who made the land they loved to blossom as the rose?"





MUSKOKA LAKE.



LAKE COUCHICHING.

GEORGIAN BAY, AND THE MUSKOKA LAKES.

THE tendency of commerce to seek the water, and the natural inclination of the settler to found a home in some favoured spot on the wooded shores of a lake, have been important factors in the gradual, though as yet sparse, settlement of the Georgian Bay. The names of the lakes and the bays, the streams and the villages of this region speak of a like craving on the part of the redman for the eye-satisfying qualities and, to him, modest utilities of both still and running water. In Nottawasaga, Couchiching, Muskoka, Penetanguishene, and many other Indian appellatives, as well as in the presence here and there of lingering remnants of the great Huron nation by which the region was once peopled, we have abundant evidence of the attractiveness of this section of Ontario for the simple children of the forest and the stream. Comparatively recent as has been the white settlement of the district, the area bounded on the north by the River Severn, and on the south by the Nottawasaga River, was once populous with the lodges of the Huron tribe, and their villages and hunting-grounds, in a fateful era, were the theatre of events of thrilling interest in the annals of Canada.

The story takes us back to the period covered by the first sixty years of the Seventeenth Century, when the French, English, and Dutch were severally endeavouring to make good their foothold on the continent. Early in the century the English led off in the colonization of Virginia; the Dutch established their posts at Manhattan

and at Orange (Albany), on the Hudson; while a little later the Pilgrim Fathers laid the foundations of Massachusetts. It was a period of unrest in the Old World, and its adventurous spirits caught the contagion of founding colonies in the New, and of carrying the flag of commerce or the standard of the Church into the western wilderness.

Earlier by fifty years, Havre had seen Huguenot fugitives from religious despotism go forth to plant in Florida a Lutheran France, alas! only to meet extermination at the hand of Spanish intolerance and lust of blood. Contemporary with Champlain, and aided by his efforts, the Sieur de Monts, another Calvinist, essayed to found a home on the inhospitable banks of the Ste. Croix, or round the beautiful harbour of Annapolis. But this effort at Acadian settlement, though it had the assistance of Poutrincourt and the historian Lescarbot, met with failure, and the hopes of the colony were for the time buried in the ashes of Port Royal.

Champlain himself, however, was to accomplish great things in the New World; and for nearly thirty years his were the efforts, and his the zeal, that were instrumental, in the stern devotion of the times, in winning souls for heaven and a colony for France.

At the solicitation of the Hurons, who were anxious to secure Champlain's co-operation in an attack upon their inveterate enemies, the Iroquois, he had set out on an expedition to the Huron country, desiring at the same time to extend his explorations and, through the agency of the Franciscan Friars, two of whom accompanied him, to carry more efficiently into the wilderness the story of the Cross. Hence, in 1615, we find him undergoing a toilsome journey up the Ottawa, across Lake Nipissing, and down the French River, till he came upon the great expanse of the inner sea of Lake Huron—*la Mer Douce*, Champlain called it—thence, coasting south on its eastern shore till he reached the irregular indentation of Matchedash Bay. Here, in the peninsula formed by Nottawasaga and Matchedash Bays, and skirted on the south by Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching, was the home of the Wyandots.

Though comparatively small, the Huron country, at the time we speak of, had a population variously estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand souls. Indian towns were scattered all over the district, to the chief of which, after disembarking near the site of the present village of Penetanguishene, Champlain was, with every demonstration of delight, conducted. At the Huron metropolis of Cahiaque, not far from where Orillia now stands, Champlain met the chiefs of the Huron Nation, and rejoined Father Le Caron, who had preceded him, and who had already made progress in bringing many of his dusky brethren within the pale of the Church.

Now was planned that ill-starred expedition from the peaceful shores of Lake Simcoe that was designed to humble the Iroquois, and redden the lakes and streams of Central New York with Seneca blood. But though the spirits of the Huron braves

rose with the war-dance and the feast, and though Champlain was himself to lead them, the result of the foray was discomfiture. The expedition was absent from the 8th of September to the close of the year (1615), toiling its weary way by Balsam Lake, the Trent River, and the Bay of Quinté, thence across Lake Ontario to the lair of the Iroquois. Here it came upon the fortified encampment of one of the tribes of the Confederacy, against which it failed to make any impression; and the expedition returned in sullen mood, leaving a heavy reckoning behind it, to be settled some future day with Iroquois interest.

Champlain, who had been wounded in the conflict, returned with his Indian allies and his small French contingent to the home of the Hurons. After visiting some of the towns of the Tobacco Nation Indians, and exchanging with his hosts "pledges of perpetual amity," he set out early in the spring over the circuitous way by which he had come, to resume his duties and prosecute his arduous mission, in the half monastic, half military, environment of the high-perched capital.

For nineteen years farther, with occassional intermissions, Champlain was yet to guide the destinies of the country, and to battle with all the powers of evil in his consecrated dual work of champion of the Faith and Governor of New France. It was well that the grave closed upon him ere his great heart knew of the doom that was to fall upon the nation among whom he had sojourned, of the martyrdom in store for the lion-hearted priests of the Church, and of the dire consequences of his raid in concert with the enemies of the Iroquois. The banded nations of that confederacy were invariably the "upper dog" in the brute fight with the Wyandot or the Algonquin. With or without pretext, they were always to be found lurking in the vicinity of the Huron lodges, and woe to anything human that became their prey!

We have seen established the Huron outpost of the Church, and the self-sacrificing zeal of Le Caron, who, with Champlain, had founded it. The mission, during the years 1626–9, had had the benefit of the devoted labours of him who became known as "the apostle of the Hurons"—the great-souled and giant-statured Jean de Brébeuf. At the time of the first conquest of Quebec, Brébeuf was recalled, though five years afterwards he returned to his charge, accompanied by Pères Daniel and Davost—all of whom, ere long, were to win the martyr's crown. Subsequently, the mission was strengthened by the arrival of Jogues, Lalemant, Garnier, and other Fathers.

It may safely be said that the records, secular or ecclesiastical, of no country furnish more soul-stirring accounts, than do the *Relations des Jesuits*, of self-sacrificing devotion to faith and duty. The constancy of the apostleship of the followers alike of St. Francis of Assisi and of Ignatius Loyola, not alone in the hour of mortal peril, but through weary years of toil, discomfort, and discouragement, may well extort our reverential homage. The story is full of terrible episodes, intermingled with a narrative, in its humble trust and sinplicity, almost divine.

It was in 1634 that Brébeuf returned to the scene of his apostleship, accompanied by Fathers Daniel and Davost, who made their way over the nine hundred miles, with thirty-five portages, that separated the lonely mission from the succour and sympathy of the brethren at Quebec. Etienne Brulé, Champlain's adventurous interpreter, having been murdered by the Indians in Brébeuf's absence, and the old mission of Toanché having in consequence been deserted, the Fathers now sought the new Huron town of Ihonatiria, just back of the north-west basin of Penetanguishene Bay, and there established the mission of St. Joseph. Here the priests laboured incessantly, but with indifferent success, until they could acquire the Huron tongue. Even when that had been accomplished, the prospects of the mission were still doubtful, for the white men, garbed in black, who had come among them, and who at first had been received with mingled awe and curiosity, were now accused of sorcery and of incantations that showed their black work, it was said, in the pestilence that had broken out among the Hurons.

In their distress and disappointment, if the Fathers could not work miracles, they could at least pray, labouriously maintain the offices of the Church, and by the example of their saintly lives manifest the spirit of their religion and the ardour of their faith. So the weary years went on, amid outbreaks of pestilence and famine, alternating with forays into the Iroquois country, the torturing of captives, and even the cannibalism which they sometimes compelled the dismayed priests to witness. With much that is traditionally noble about them, the aborigines of America were a filthy, brutalized, and malignant race. Yet the following war-song, quoted by Garneau, in his chapter on "The Aboriginal Nations of Canada," is enough to give them a rank above that of the mere savage:—"O places which the sun floods with his light, and the moon illuminates with her paly torch; places where verdure waves in the breeze, where runs the limpid stream and the torrent leaps; take witness, O earth, and ye heavens, that we are ready everyone to encounter our foes. * * * The war-clubs we snatch from enemies shall testify to our surpassing valour. The scalps we tear from their prostrate heads will ornament our huts. Our door-lintels we shall redden with the blood of our prisoners. Timid in captivity, as feeble in combat, we shall cause them to perish by slow torturings; and when life has fled their mutilated frames, we shall burn them up and scatter their ashes to the four winds of heaven."

The invocation might be breathed by the inspired in heaven; the rest could only come from the mouth of devils.

The Jesuit Fathers, surrounded by peril on all sides, now determined, as far as possible, to concentrate their force in one central station, "to serve as a fort, magazine, hospital, and convent," and be a safe base of operations for other sections of the peninsula. The site of the new station (Sainte Marie) was on the border of what is now known as Mud Lake, an expansion of the little River Wye, and about a mile from



SKETCHES AT MEAFORD.

where it enters Gloucester Bay, an inlet of Matchedash. Here, for ten years, the Church had its stronghold, some trace of which, after the lapse of two hundred and fifty years, is yet visible. It had, moreover, been strengthened by soldiers, occasionally despatched from Quebec as an escort to the Fathers, and for a defence of the mission



COLLINGWOOD HARBOUR.

when in jeopardy. Of the interior life of the mission, and the pious men who conducted it, Parkman has given us a graphic sketch:—

"It was a scene that might recall a remote, half feudal, half partriarchal age, when, under the smoky rafters of his antique hall, some warlike thane sat, with kinsmen and dependants ranged down the long board, each in his degree. Here, doubtless, Ragueneau, the Father Superior, held the place of honour; and, for chieftains scarred with Danish battle-axes, was seen a band of thoughtful men, clad in a threadbare garb of black, their brows swarthy from exposure, yet marked with the lines of intellect and a fixed enthusiasm of purpose. Here was Bressani, scarred with firebrand and knife; Chabonel, once a professor of rhetoric in France, now a missionary, bound by a self-imposed vow to a life from which his nature recoiled; the fanatical Chaumonot, whose character savoured of his peasant birth,—for the grossest fungus of superstition that ever grew under the shadow of Rome was not too much for his omnivorous credulity, and miracles and mysteries were his daily food; yet, such as his faith was, he was ready to die for it. Garnier, beardless like a woman, was of a far finer nature. His religion was of the affections and the sentiments; and his imagination, warmed with the ardour of his faith, shaped the ideal forms of his worship into visible realities. Brébeuf sat conspicuous among his brethren, portly and tall, his short moustache and beard grizzled with time,—for he was fifty-six years old. If he seemed impassive, it was because one overmastering principle had merged and absorbed all the impulses of his nature and all the faculties of his mind. The enthusiasm which with many is fitful and spasmodic was with him the current of his life,—solemn and deep as the tide of destiny. The Divine Trinity, the Virgin, the Saints, Heaven and Hell, Angels and Fiends,—to him, these alone were real, and all things else were nought. Gabriel Lalemant, nephew of Jerome Lalemant, Superior of Quebec, was Brébeuf's colleague at the mission of St. Ignace. His slender frame and delicate features gave him an appearance of youth, though he had reached middle life; and, as in the case of Garnier, the fervour of his mind sustained him through exertions of which he seemed physically incapable. Of the rest of that company, little has come down to us but the bare record of their missionary toils; and we may ask in vain what youthful enthusiasm, what broken hope or faded dream, turned the current of their lives, and sent them from the heart of civilization to this savage outpost of the world."

But we approach the period when desolation was to sweep over these Wilderness Missions. On the 4th of July, 1648, the storm burst on the frontier town of St. Joseph (Teanaustayé), five leagues distant from Sainte Marie, and not far from the present site of Barrie. Mass had just been celebrated in the mission chapel by Père Daniel, and his devout flock still knelt at their devotions. Suddenly the cry of "The Iroquois!" was shouted by the loungers on the palisades that surrounded the village, and froze on the lips of the women as they leapt from their knees in the sanctuary.

Most of the Huron warriors were absent at the chase, or off on a trading expedition to the French settlements. The wolfish dogs that lay asleep round the lodges crept in fear to a hiding-place. Succour there was none. The palisade was quickly forced. "Brothers," cried Father Daniel, "to-day we shall be in heaven!" Immersing his handkerchief in a bowl of water, he shook it over his panic-stricken congregation, and baptized them in the name of the Triune. His own hour had come! Wrapping his vestments about him, he strode to the door of the church, where a shower of arrows perforated his robes and a musket ball tore the way to his heart. Gashed and hacked by Iroquois tomahawks, his body was flung into the church, and the latter set fire to. The village itself was soon a heap of ashes; and of its two thousand inhabitants all were slain save one or two fugitives. Of the three other principal Missions, Sainte Marie, the most inland from the southern borders of the Huron territory, was the only one to escape. On the 15th of March, 1694, a thousand Iroquois crossed the frontier, and before daylight on the following morning had stealthily crept within the enclosures of St. Ignace. Its wretched inhabitants, some four hundred in number—chiefly women, old men, and children—were asleep and unsuspecting of danger. The onslaught was as swift as it was remorseless. A few minutes fell play with the hatchet sufficed to take the place captive. Three only escaped, but fortunately they were able to give the alarm at the next mission-post of St. Louis. Here were the Jesuit Fathers, Brébeuf and Lalemant. Before sunrise here, too, were the Iroquois. Apprised of their coming, many of the inhabitants made good their escape to Sainte Marie, though some eighty warriors stood by the defences and thrice beat back their assailants. The Hurons, brought to bay, fought with desperation; but their invaders were ten times their number. Crushing down the palisades, they poured into the village, captured the ministering Fathers and the surviving defenders, and gave the place to the flames. Brébeuf and Lalemant, stripped and bound, they carried off, with the unwounded of the Hurons, to St. Ignace, where, as Parkman tells us, "all turned out to wreak their fury on the two priests, beating them savagely with sticks and clubs as they drove them into the town."

For the two priests the end now drew near. Brébeuf, bound to a stake, was scorched from head to foot; his lower lip was cut away, and a heated iron thrust down his throat. A collar of red-hot hatchets was next hung round his neck; and, in travesty of the rite of baptism, kettlesful of boiling water were poured over his head. Not flinching under this torture, the Iroquois, enraged, cut strips of flesh from his limbs, scalped him, tore out his heart, devoured it, and drank his blood. Lalemant, physically unable to manifest the same fortitude, had strips of bark, smeared with pitch, bound to his naked body and set fire to. Half roasted, he was flung into confinement, tortured a whole night, and finally killed with the hatchet of an Iroquois who had grown weary of his protracted pastime. To the martyr missionaries, in such plight, was heaven opened.

The other prisoners met a speedier death. Brained with the hatchet, or bound to stakes beside the lodges, they perished in the flames that wrapt the village. Some few escaped, but so mutilated or scarred by the fagot that they were unable to reach succour, and died in the wintry woods. The inmates of Sainte Marie were kept in agonies of suspense. Praying and keeping guard, they hoped that Iroquois thirst for blood would be slaked, and that they might not be included in the common ruin. Refugees from the other villages were meanwhile massing round the fort, and, taking courage, they now became the attacking party. Two hundred Iroquois warriors presently advanced on Sainte Marie, and these the Hurons fell upon. The Iroquois were routed, and fled for shelter to St. Louis. Thither the Hurons pursued them, and they then made for St. Ignace. Here, stung by their losses, they threw themselves like fiends upon their assailants. The latter fought with fierce courage, and ere long the blood of a hundred Iroquois braves stained the snow. Victory fell, however, to the invaders, though at such cost as to incite them to withdraw from the territory. Before leaving, "they planted stakes in the bark houses of St. Ignace, and bound to them those of their prisoners whom they meant to sacrifice, male and female, from old age to infancy, husbands, mothers, and children, side by side. Then, as they retreated, they set the town on fire, and laughed with savage glee at the shrieks of anguish that rose from the blazing dwellings."

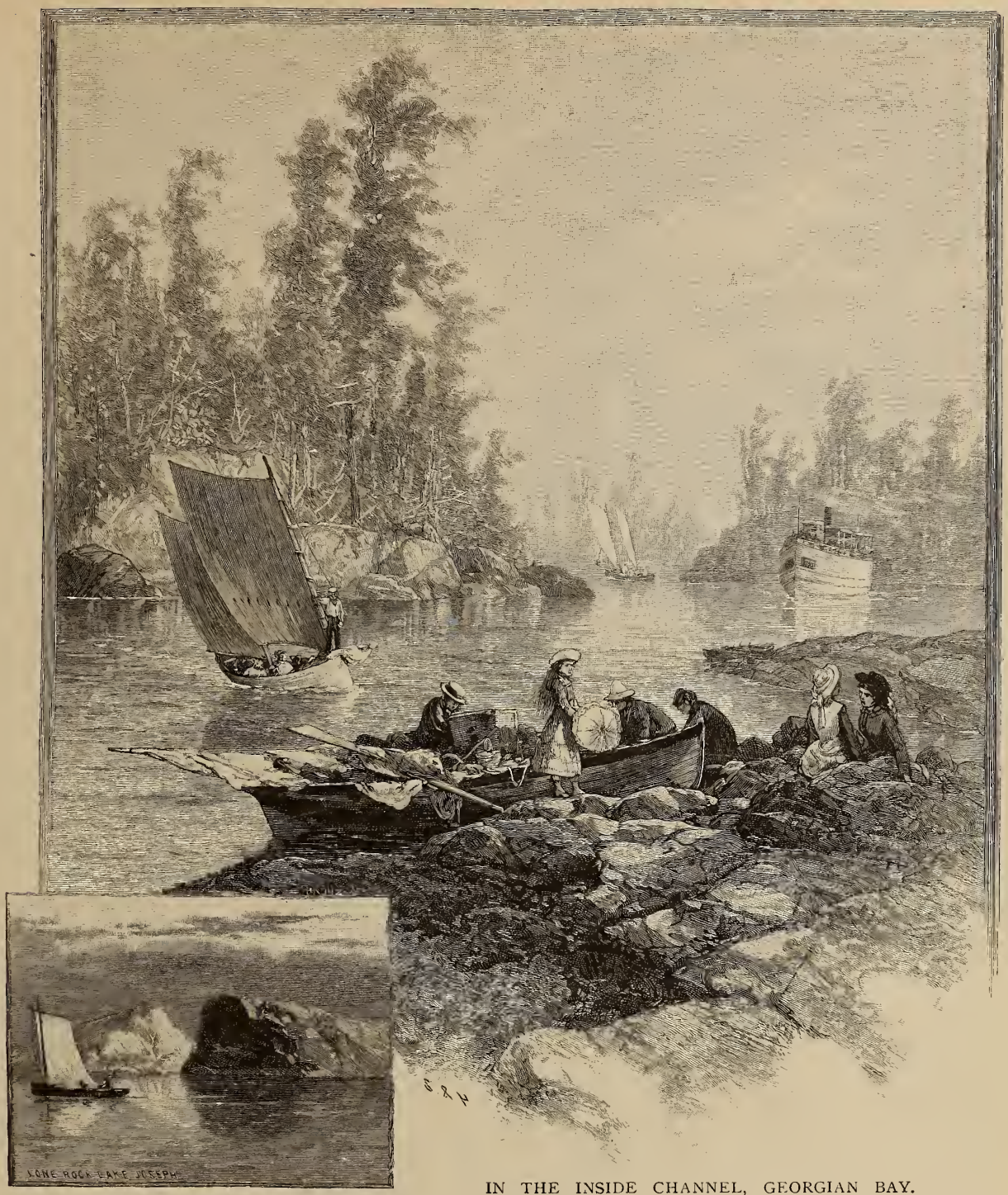
There is but one more chapter to recount in this Iliad of woe. What wonder, after the harrow had past over the homes and shrines of the tribe, that the few remaining lost heart and looked for refuge anywhere but in the places that once knew them! Like the dispersed of Israel, they sat by the waters and wept. Nor could the bereft priests give them aught of cheer, for the iron, too, had entered into the soul of each remaining missioner. All, however, were of one mind, that in flight lay the common safety. The first thought was to remove to the Grand Manitoulin; but, with touching pathos, the Hurons begged that they should seek an island nearer the graves of their kindred. The resort finally was to Isle St. Joseph, or, as it is now known, to Christian Island, off the north-west point of the Matchedash Peninsula. Sainte Marie was dismantled and abandoned; and on rafts all set out for their island refuge. Hither, from cape and islet, drew the fugitives; and for their support the new mission was taxed to its utmost. Despair sat upon each face, despondency was in every heart; but provision had to be made for the coming winter, and some little clearing was attempted and corn planted. The few, only, had strength to labour, and the harvest was scanty; yet six or eight thousand had to be fed, and by spring the dole of the mission was reduced to roots and acorns. With famine, in stalked the pestilence, and the little corn-clearing became a charnel pit. But death was not the only enemy to keep at bay; for round the ill-fated island hovered the Iroquois. During the winter there had been raids upon the asylums of the neighbouring Tobacco Nation Indians,

and there Fathers Garnier and Chabonel had met their doom. Of the cooped-up colony thousands had died, and all had given up hope. Those that had any life left must yet seek a more distant refuge. The treacherous ice was still in the channel, and bands essayed to cross to the mainland. Escaping one peril they fell into another. Those that reached the shore fell a prey to the Iroquois. Only one was known to escape.

In this deadly war of extermination how fared it with the missionaries? For a generation they had been the witnesses of an internecine strife almost without a parallel. They knew that the Huron brave was not without courage, but they saw that in every contest he was overmatched by the panther-stealth and brute force of the Iroquois. Each year saw the Hurons decimated and the tribe remorselessly being wiped out. The hope they had once cherished of establishing a permanent mission in the country had long since been dashed to the ground. Fishers of the souls of men they, too, had become the hunted of beasts.

Another week passed over, and more of the Hurons essayed to make the mainland, but met the same dire fate. To stay on the island was to die of famine; to go was to meet a worse death. A few stole off to become merged in neighbouring tribes; some sought refuge among the Neutrals and Eries; and the more shrewd threw in their lot with the far-off Andastes. There was yet a residue, and whither should they go? Over-reached cunning was soon to throw light on the question and make escape possible. It occurred in this wise:—

A Huron chief, with a few of the tribe, one day fell into an ambuscade on the mainland. As they prepared to defend themselves, the Iroquois called out that they were among friends, and that their nation wished to conciliate the remaining Hurons on the island, and have them go back with the Iroquois to their country. The Huron chief, concealing his distrust, received the proffered wampum, and accepted their commission to open negotiations for peace with his kinsmen. Accompanied by one or two of the Iroquois, he returned to Isle St. Joseph and ostentatiously spread news of the armistice. A council of chiefs was instantly called, and the Iroquois overtures were gravely discussed. The leading men of the Hurons were secretly apprised that the Iroquois meant only to entrap them. Concealing their knowledge of this from the envoys, they gave assent to the proposal that both tribes should bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace. Before setting out for the Iroquois country they feigned the desire to confer with more of the Iroquois Chiefs, and asked that a large delegation of them should cross to St. Joseph. Not dreaming that the Hurons had suspicion of their designs, they fell in with the proposal, and a considerable number joined the council. At a given signal the whole were slaughtered, and the Iroquois on the mainland, quickly divining the situation, rose in a panic and fled. Now was the opportunity for the mission! All instantly got ready, manned the canoes, bade farewell to the



IN THE INSIDE CHANNEL, GEORGIAN BAY.

island, and paddled off to the north. Keeping together for safety, for days they threaded the islands of the Georgian Bay, and finally reached the French River. From here they crossed Lake Nipissing, and in time arrived at the Ottawa. Descending this great water-way to comparative civilization, they reached the junction of the Grand River and the St. Lawrence, and rested for a while at Ville Marie. As they came hither they met Bressani and a relieving expedition going up to strengthen the missions. It was, however, too late; and joining Ragueneau's party they returned to the settlements. At Montreal the Iroquois wolves were still on the trail for blood, and the



PARRY SOUND VILLAGE, FROM THE HARBOUR

Hurons would not be assured of safety until they could see Quebec. Thither they all set out, and on the twenty-eighth of July, 1650, attained rest and succour at the capital.

With the decimation of the Hurons and the abandonment of their country, the heroic story of the French Missions in this part of the wilderness summarily closes. It is a story sublime in its record of suffering, peril, and death. After the lapse of over two centuries, almost all memory of the terrible events we have described has passed from even the Canadian mind. Nature herself seems to have forgotten the tragedy, for, as the historian we have freely quoted remarks, "the forest has long since resumed its sway over the spot." Only to the student of history, the antiquary, or the annalist, has

the drear story any interest. Even the settler in the district is far from familiar with the by-gone tale. Modern pioneering in the region where the events occurred troubles its head as little over the drama as it concerns itself with the ravages of Attila or the invasion of the Goths. The story is one of the long past; and, having recalled it, we may recur to the present.

Now we come within the range of living history, and if we again meet the wayward child of the woods, of whom our narrative has been so full, and who, fierce



INDIAN WOMEN CARRYING BERRIES TO MARKET.

in tattoo and war-paint, was the one disturbing figure in the heroic age of Canada, we shall not find him quite the barbarian he was, nor retaining in himself or his race the war-like instincts which heredity might be expected to perpetuate. Colonization in the modern era has at least been spared the work of fighting devils. The settler has had to subdue Nature, not the savage. If wild beasts have at times ventured about his clearing, their skins have been worth something; and if he was not himself a sportsman, he could relegate the task of keeping vermin at bay to the spring-gun and the trap. His chief toil was not the extermination of animal life, but the clearing a home for himself in the forest, the hewing down of great trees, the eradication of stumps, the burning of brush, and the turning up, draining, and seeding of the soil. In this was his labour, and in due time he had his reward. Where was once a realm of forest-wealth and tangled growths of interlacing boughs, with here and there a faintly traced pathway or blazed trail, which only the Indian or the experienced woodsman could find his way through, there are clearings now open to the sunlight, fertile farms and busy industries, and a net-work of railroads, highways, and other means of communication,

which tap the lakes at all points, and bring happily together the outer and inner world of life, work, and enjoyment. A glance at the map will show what recent years have done for this district, in bringing it within the embrace of the railway system of the continent; and on all sides there is talk of railway extension, of farther invasion into the old realm of the forest, that will open up large additional tracts of country and vastly increase the area of this great "Land of Homes."

It is not quite thirty years since the first railroad was built to connect Lake Ontario with Lake Huron; and now, in addition to the "Northern," which was the earliest railway enterprise in the Province, we have to the east of it the "Midland," extending from Port Hope, *via* Lindsay, Beaverton, and Orillia, to Gloucester Bay, in the Matchedash Peninsula, and, as it happens, passing the very site of the old Jesuit Mission of Sainte Marie. On the west, the "Toronto, Grey & Bruce" is seen stretching its long iron antennæ from the Provincial capital to Owen Sound. The "Northern," of Toronto, and its artery of connections with the "North-Western" of Hamilton, tap the Georgian Bay at Collingwood, Meaford and Penetanguishene, and put forth a shoot round the southern boundary of the old Huron settlements on Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching, into the Free Grant lands of Muskoka at Gravenhurst, with early prospect of extension northward to Lake Nipissing and the line of the "Canada Pacific," and north-west to Sault Ste. Marie and Lake Superior.

To feed these railway lines there is not only the rapidly increasing local trade, and the lumber industries of the Georgian Bay and adjacent region, but there is the great traffic of the Far West, which recent years have marvellously developed, and which, through these Northern ports, pours its tribute, in annually extending volume, into the lap of the Province. Besides the fleet of propellers engaged in the grain trade between Collingwood and Midland, and the ports of Lake Michigan, there are the two lines interested in the iron, copper, and silver ore trade of Lake Superior and in the immigrant and general carrying trade of Prince Arthur and Duluth, viz.: the Collingwood Line, operated by the Canada Transit Company, in connection with the Northern and North-Western Railroad, and the Owen Sound Steamship Company, running in direct connection with the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railroad. In addition to this traffic with the upper lakes, the Great Northern Transit Company have a steamer, in the interest of tourists and sportsmen, periodically plying between Collingwood and Penetanguishene and the ports of Parry Sound and French River. The Muskoka and Nipissing Navigation Company have also an excellent steamboat service on the lakes of the Muskoka region, giving access not only to the picturesque and loch-eaten districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound, but, by way of the water stretches and colonization roads beyond the Maganetawan, to the solitudes of Lake Nipissing and the more silent and distant waters of Hudson Bay.

With the enumeration of the various railway and steamboat services of this sec-



PARRY SOUND, FROM THE HEIGHTS NEAR PARRY SOUND VILLAGE.

tion of Ontario, it would be unfair to overlook the laborious governmental and municipal enterprises, in connection with the construction of the great roadways which preceded the railway age, and gave access to the settlements which, since the Simcoe period, have one after another sprung up in this part of the Province. In point of time, the first of those was the work of the Queen's Rangers, alluded to in our Toronto article, the construction of the highway called after Sir George Yonge, English Secretary of War in 1791, the period of Governor Simcoe's administration. This road, which was partly in the line of the old Indian trail between Lakes Ontario and Huron, extends from Toronto Harbour to the Holland Landing, where communication northward is had by the Holland River to Lake Simcoe, thence, again by road, constructed at a somewhat later date, on to the military station and dock-yard of Penetanguishene. This road, which surmounts a high ridge of drift, lying roughly parallel to Lake Ontario, and some miles back from its shores, was first settled along the Oak Ridges by French Royalist refugees, who had repaired thither after the French Revolution, and had received grants of land from the British government of the day. To the north of this, and outside of the region long known as the Home District, settlement was next made, in the neighbourhood of Fort Gwillimbury, on the Holland River, and round the shores of Kempenfeldt Bay, by military and naval officers, who were pensioned off at the close of the War of 1812–15.

This band of settlers, with the Scotch colony in the south-western portion of West Gwillimbury, formed by a returned draft from Lord Selkirk's Red River settlement, by process of evolution and immigration to the region, at a later day became the nuclei of the population of what, after the founding of the Municipal system, at the period of the Union of the Upper and Lower Provinces, was known as the county of Simcoe. These good people, with their contemporaries who formed the line of settlement along the extent of Yonge Street, took an active part at the Rebellion period in the "irrepressible conflict" of the time—on the one side, in upholding the historical Family Compact and its doings, or, on the other, in siding with the champions of popular rights, even to the extent of sounding the trumpet note of sedition. But neither into the political contests, nor into the municipal history of these northern counties, can we afford to go, save as the story bears on the opening up and settlement of the region. Even the record of social and industrial progress we can only incidentally glance at, and express the surprise that our historians are doing so little in collecting the gossip and ana of the various localities of the Province, whose early settlers have a story of heroism to tell which well deserves to be enshrined in the country's annals.

Besides the first and chief artery of communication from the Provincial capital to the waters of Simcoe, thence through the townships of Vespra and Flos to Penetanguishene, two other post-roads were early opened from Kempenfeldt Bay, in the

direction of Collingwood. These were the Sunnidale Road, through the township of that name, and a road, due west, on the Concession line that skirts the southern boundaries of the townships of Vespra, Sunnidale, and Nottawasaga, to the point where it intersects what is termed Hurontario Street, which runs due north from Orangeville to Collingwood. From the latter, communication is had westward by the Sydenham and Saugeen Road, *via* Meaford and Owen Sound, to Lake Huron. On the western side of the bold ridge that extends south-west from the Blue Mountains at Collingwood, by way of Orangeville and Hamilton to the Niagara River, are a number of main gravel roads, which traverse the county of Grey, and give access to its principal villages, and to Owen Sound, the county town and chief port. Two of these highways, the Garafraxa and the Toronto and Sydenham Roads, were surveyed, the former in 1837, and the latter so recently as 1848. Each, within the county, is about forty miles in length. The Garafraxa Road, which enters Grey at Mount Forest, on the borders of the county of Wellington, runs almost due north through Durham and Chatsworth, where the Sydenham Road joins it, to Owen Sound. The Toronto and Sydenham Road enters the county at its south-east angle, and, by way of Flesherton, close by which are the Eugenia Falls, strikes north-west for the county town. These roads are intersected about the middle of the county by the Durham Road, which runs west from Barrie, *via* Singhampton, Flesherton, and Durham, to Kincardine and Lake Huron.

The Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railroad, already referred to in connection with the railway system of the county, runs parallel with the Toronto and Sydenham post-road, intersects the townships of Melancthon, Artemesia, and Holland, and reaches Owen Sound by the western borders of the township of Sydenham. The Indian townships of the peninsula, stretching off to the north-west of Owen Sound, are served by the Wellington, Grey & Bruce Railway, an extension of which runs north to Colpoy's Bay.

With this glance from the rear at the principal towns of the Georgian Bay, the reader will be prepared to accompany us round the shores of the bay; and, placing himself on some point out on its waters, will be able, with his face southward, to note how the various ports on this inland sea have for their chief centre and converging point the capital of the Province, which, in the successive eras of its progress, aided the construction of a network of communication to these northern waters, and, in ever increasing measure, thrills it with the pulsations of its commercial and industrial life. To speak of what was once a distant Toronto to an old settler of the region, is to recall to his mind the unbroken forest round the shores of the bay, with all the crudity and roughness, as well as the stern solitude, of the first settlement period, when steamships and locomotives were yet in the womb of time, and the only echoes of the place were the scream of the loon and the occasional click of the woodman's



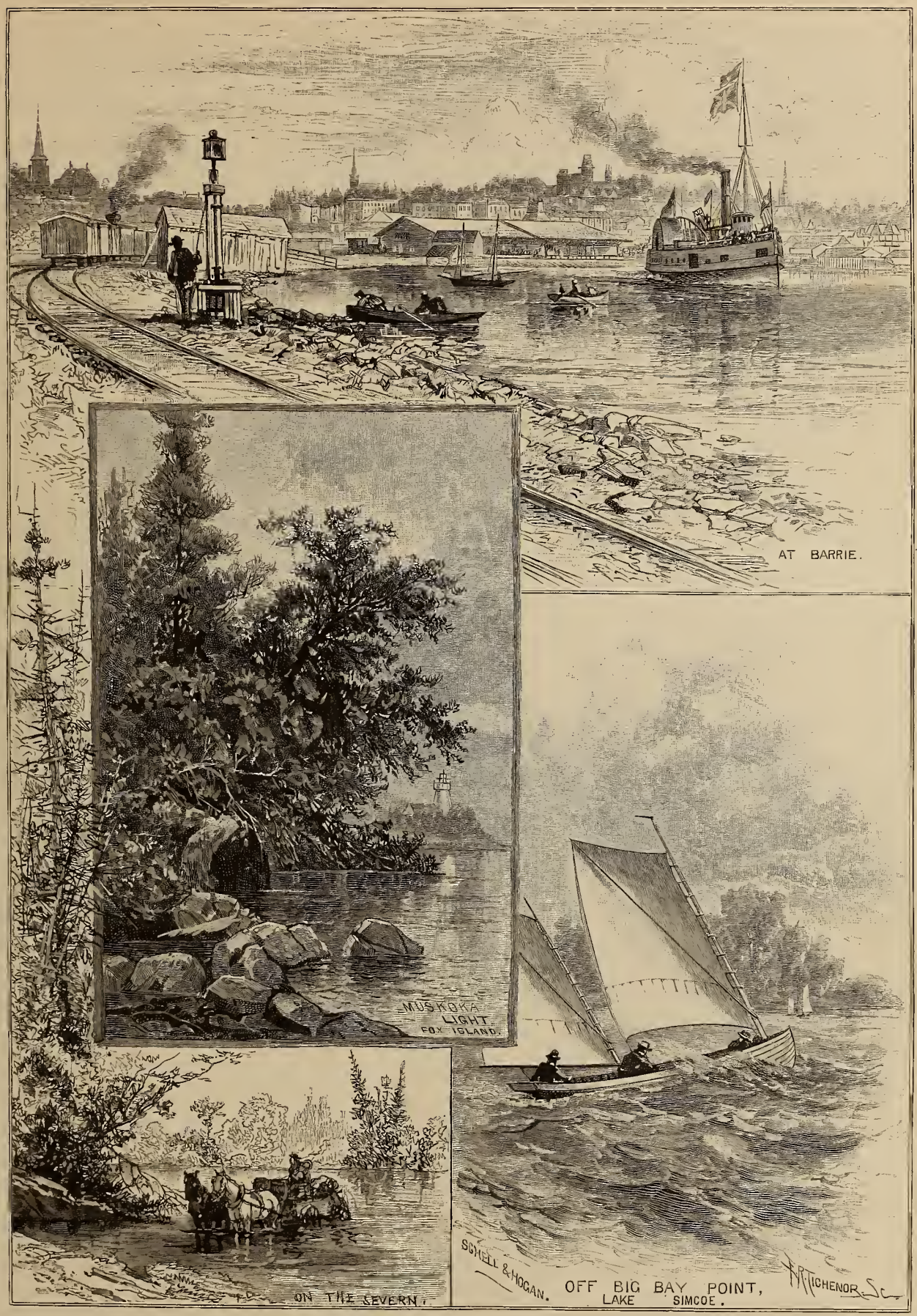
TOWN HALL AND MARKET, BARRIE.

axe. Compared with that period, what cheer to him must it now be to own the hundreds of cleared acres that smile their plenty round the homestead his own hands have reared; to note the traffic on lake, road, and rail that passes daily before his eyes; to have towns, mills, churches, school-houses, and the doctor, within easy reach of his dwelling, with nothing to vex or make afraid, save, it may be, the itinerant book-hawker or nurseryman, and the vote-hunting politican. Does the early settler say "that, notwithstanding, the former times were better than these?" Then he but plays a prank on his memory, or fails to put in the scale against past pleasures the richer life of the present.

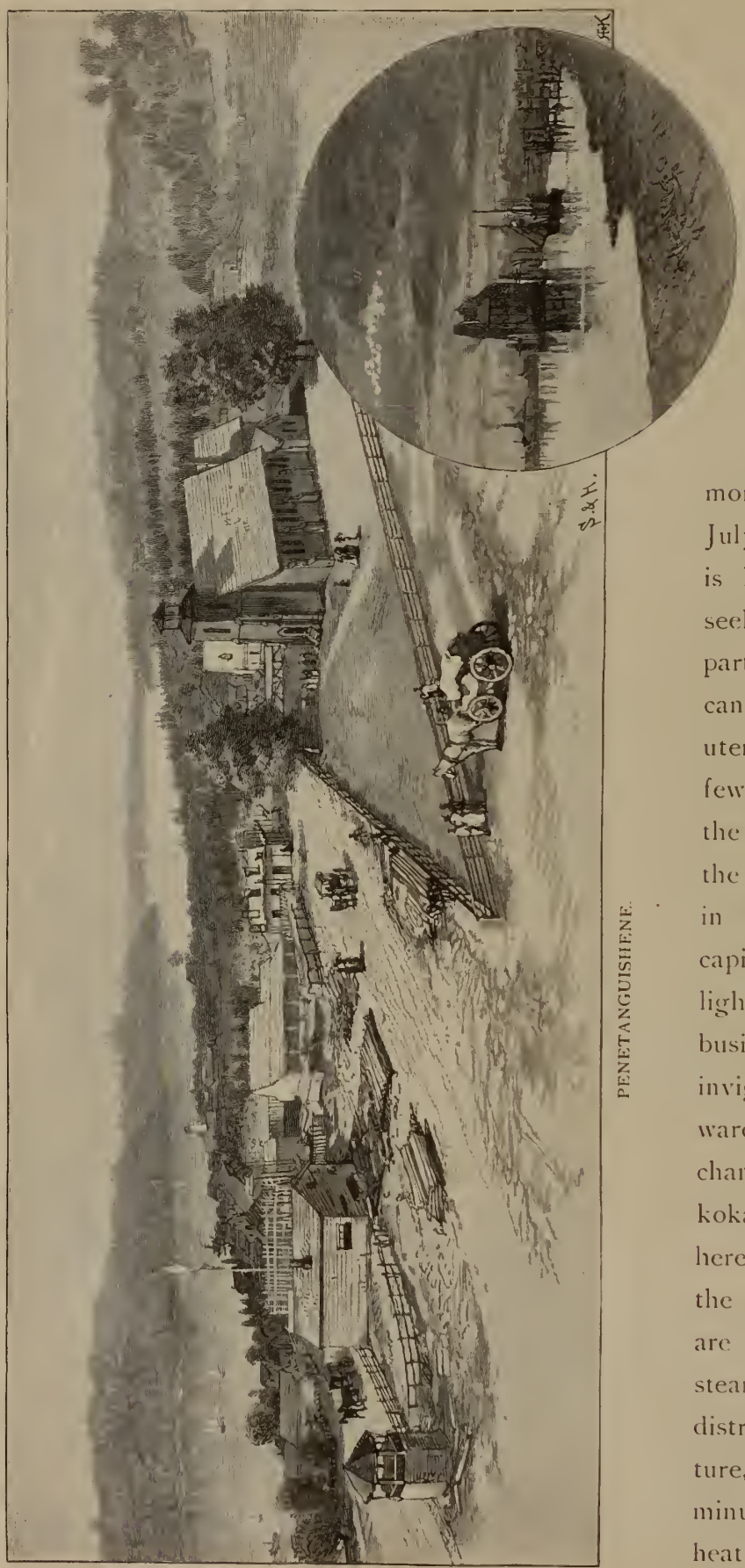
From Meaford, in the county of Grey, to Collingwood, is an hour's ride by rail. The road skirts the shores of the bay, and in the vicinity of Thornbury affords a delightful glimpse of the high bluffs of the Blue Mountains, which traverse the township of Collingwood and shoot off southward through the Province. There is some fine scenery in the neighbourhood of these mountains, which are largely composed of metamorphic rock, and are fissured and hollowed in a gruesome manner. Here was the home of the Tobacco Nation; and in the glens and caves of the region the hunted of the tribe, no doubt, often sought refuge from the Iroquois. Some of the fissures in the rocks which the tourist steps over are a hundred feet deep. In the southern portion of the adjoining township of Nottawasaga, the Mad River, a tributary of the Nottawasaga, pursues its headlong and erratic course, and supplies the motive power to many mills and other industries in the villages of the township. The other streams are the Pretty and the Bateau, both of which fall into Nottawasaga Bay. Throughout the township are a number of excellent school-houses, mostly of brick, a model of one of which, School Section No. 20, was on view at the Centennial Exhibition, and attracted the notice of the representatives of foreign governments, some of whom had copies of it made. From the character and equipment of the school-houses of the district, we would infer that education in Nottawasaga township fares well.

But we now arrive at Collingwood, which derives its name from the great admiral. It is situated on Hen and Chickens Harbour, as it used to be called, from a group of small islands of that name a short distance from shore. The position of the town is not attractive, and any importance it has is due to the fact that it is the terminus of the Northern and North-Western Railroad, and the chief port of departure for the steamers on the Upper Lakes. Its principal local trade is in fish and lumber, and in the latter, particularly, there is much money invested. During the summer season the wharves present a busy spectacle, in the going and coming, the loading and unloading, of the various craft engaged in the passenger and carrying trade of the North-west. Lofty elevators and capacious warehouses give facility for the handling and despatch of this through trade; while an extensive harbour affords accommodation for the mooring and transhipment of the great rafts of timber that come down from the Algoma and Parry Sound inlets. The port statistics in grain of a single season would surprise "the uncommercial traveller," and open his mind to the wealth of the Occident. The tonnage of the iron ore from Lake Superior that passes this port in transit, would also be a revelation to him; and the shipments annually increase in volume and in value. Collingwood has active competitors for the commerce of the West, and more picturesque towns are likely to snatch from it the tourist trade.

Of the Georgian Bay we shall have more to say farther on, particularly of the romantic scenery about the islands of Parry Sound, and of the charming inshore excursion from the Sound to Penetanguishene. Meantime, leaving Collingwood, let us



SCENES ABOUT LAKE SIMCOE.



MIDLAND.

PENETANGUISHENE.

run down the "Northern," past the busy villages engaged in the lumber trade of Stayner and Angus, to Allandale and Barrie, where we shall meet the tourists from Toronto bound for the Muskoka Lakes. At the pretty station of Allandale, any fine morning during the months of July, August, and September, one is likely to meet stray pleasure-seekers, or family or camping parties, with the *impedimenta* of canoes, camp-stores, and cooking utensils, bound northward for a few days or weeks' relaxation in the labyrinth of waters that fill the hollows of Muskoka. Within easy hail of the Provincial capital there is no trip more delightful, or to the overworked business or professional man more invigorating, than a journey northward to the high latitudes and changeful scenes of Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau, or Joseph. We here name these waters alone of the region, simply because they are most reliably served by the steamboats on the lakes. The district, however, is, in miniature, like the west of Scotland, minus the mountains and the heather, a land of lochs and isles, hills and dales, and, "bar-

ring" the black fly and the mosquito, a veritable paradise for the devotees of the rod and gun.

But we are as yet some hours from Paradise, though the sheen of the waters at our feet beguiles us into the belief that we are within its portals. The view from the junction at Allandale, of Barrie opposite, the long sweep of Kempenfeldt Bay, and the wooded shores of either side, softly receding from the vision, is one of the most perfect bits of Nature the Province can boast. The outlook over the Dundas Valley, and that from the heights of Queenston, may be bracketed with it, in their appeals to the artist eye and the poetic instinct. Barrie has already been introduced in our pages in connection with the early military highway from Toronto to Penetanguishene. Its town records begin to date from 1819, when it became a depot for military stores for posts on the Upper Lakes, and for settlers' supplies in the neighbouring townships. In its annals is recorded the visit of the ill-fated Sir John Franklin, who, in



STEAMBOAT LANDING, ORILLIA.

1825, made a halt at the town on his way, by this overland route, to the regions of the Far North. Later, by a couple of years, John Galt accepted its as yet rough hospitalities on his land-exploring expedition, in the interest of the Canada Company, to Penetanguishene, which he refers to as "the remotest and most inland dock-yard that owns allegiance to 'the meteor flag of England.'" The town takes its name from Commodore Barrie, who commanded a British naval squadron at Kingston

during the War of 1812–15. At this period, and for some time after, the military post at Barrie was protected by an armed schooner on the Lake, kept in commission, it is said, by a family of U. E. Loyalists, until the piping times of peace supplanted the war-ship by the non-belligerent craft of commerce. The marine history connected with Lake Simcoe and the county town is really more interesting than that of Barrie itself; but we must pass it by, with much else of local concern. The present-day aspect of the town is singularly attractive. It is a delightful mixture of the *rus in urbe*, and its residences on the finely-wooded ridge, that forms the background to the town, have an Old World air of comfort and beauty. It has the advantages of a good market, a handsome town-hall, a court-house, many fine churches, a collegiate institute, with an able teaching staff, and an excellent model school. Its citizens have also been public-spirited enough to lay out and maintain a pleasure park; and private enterprise has supplied the conventional political organs, warranted to play the whole *repertoire* of party tunes.

At Lake Simcoe, or, if desired, at Holland Landing, Bradford, or Belle Ewart, the tourist can launch himself on the waters of that long chain of lake and river communication that stretches, by devious ways, for a hundred miles or so northward. With a canoe or light-draught sail boat, he can start from the Holland River, cross Cooks' Bay and Lake Simcoe, and make for the Narrows, at the entrance of Lake Couchiching, in one day's paddling or sailing. Resting for the night at Orillia, or, if he prefers it, on some island or point of land in the neighbourhood, another day's journey will take him over the beautiful waters of Couchiching, and down the windings of the Severn River, say as far as Sparrow Lake. From this central point he can continue his explorations, in one direction, throughout the length of the Severn to its mouth on Matchedash Bay, and so on, in and about the inlets of this estuary, or by direct flight northward through the maze of islands that gem the inshore waters of the Georgian Bay, to the archipelago of Parry Sound. In another direction, he can quit his camping-ground on the shores of Sparrow Lake, and, leaving the Severn River, strike northward through Morrison, Rice, Long, Deer, and Pine Lakes, into the southern waters of Muskoka; or, branching off at Leg Lake, by sundry portages, *via* Echo, Gull, and Clear Lakes, emerge in the vicinity of the beautiful Falls of Bala. Continuing this latter trip, he may descend the Muskosh River, a continuation of the Muskoka, on the western side of the Lake, and, by way of Go Home Lake, strike the Georgian Bay, in the township of Gibson. From Sparrow Lake another expedition might be determined upon eastward, by the River and Lake Kah-she-she-bog-a-mog, on by Housey's Rapids, Bass Lake, and Garter Snake River, to the heart of the township of Ryde, returning from Kah-she-she-bog-a-mog, by the northern branch of the river, past the Falls at Malta, and so on to the point from which he set out. In any and all of the expeditions he will have to be his own caterer. If attached to

a party, he may find one of the number willing to experiment in the culinary art, *pro bono publico;* if alone, and with no stomach for the food he cooks, he had better resort to some of the Indian villages on his way up the lakes, and hire a *chef de cusine*, who will also be useful as a guide and an aid in portaging.

To those making for the larger waters of the region, and with no craving for the novelties of camping-out, or relishment for an *al fresco* meal on a bare rock or burnt stump in the woods, we would bid them keep discreetly to their "Pullman" on the Northern, until they arrive at Gravenhurst and are transferred to the steamers on Muskoka, thence to one or other of the hotels at some point on the lakes. From Barrie (to return to our narrative), the "Northern" trends round the upper shores of the old *lac des Claies* (L. Simcoe), past the sombre woods of Shanty Bay, and on through Oro township to Orillia. Shanty Bay was first settled by Lt. Col. Wm. O'Brien, who came some sixty years ago to the district on a philanthropic mission in connection with a proposal, on the part of the British Government, to found a coloured colony in the township of Oro. The enthusiasm of the Wilberforce period dying out, the project was never prosecuted beyond the stage of giving its African name to the township. The region was subsequently in part settled by half-pay officers of the army and navy, Kempenfeldt Bay receiving its name from a retired naval commander, who was with Admiral Duncan in his engagements with the Dutch.

We now approach the pretty town of Orillia and the waters of Couchiching, which, being translated, means the "Lake of Many Winds." Here we begin to feel the exhilaration of a high latitude, the Lake being 750 feet above Ontario, and almost 400 feet above Superior. On either side of the high plateau the rivers run in opposite directions. Formerly, there was a steamboat service between Barrie and the Lake Simcoe ports and Orillia; but of late the railways have supplanted the steamers. The latter, however, are still to be chartered for excursion parties, and for the outing of the townspeople. As we draw up to the station, a well-known craft on these waters steams to the landing, and throngs the wharf with holiday folks, among whom the Indian silently stalks, selling his gay bead-work and birch-bark knick-knacks.

The settlement of the township of Orillia was begun about the year 1830, and from its thrifty homesteads have come many young men who have taken prominent positions in the ranks of the professions. The town, however, has been largely associated with Indian history. Near by was the fortified Huron town of Cahiaqué; and here, from 1828 to 1839, were located, under treaty, large numbers of the Chippewa tribe, who were subsequently removed to Rama, an extensive Indian reserve on the other side of the Lake. To this tribe Lord Dufferin, in 1874, paid a memorable visit. This act of vice-regal courtesy was much appreciated, and brought out on the Lake a large and vivid mustering of the wards of the nation. The modern town of Orillia is attractively situated on ground which shelves up somewhat

abruptly from the lake. From the heights the outlook on the Lake is charming, the scene, as the writer recalls it on a bright summer afternoon, being one of warm, soft



ORILLIA, FROM "THE NARROWS."

sunlight and glistening beauty. On the wharves every facility is given for boating, fishing, and general rusticating; the islands and points round the Lake are inviting; and trolling and angling is lively work. Magnificent hauls of sparkling brook-trout and the finest of bass, on a suitable day, will repay the sportsman; and, in the proper season, a good showing of partridge or duck can be bagged.

Opposite the town is a locality known as "The Narrows," the link of connection between Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching; and in the reeds and clear shallows of the place wing and fin congregate. On a beautifully wooded spur of land, close by, a company some years ago erected a spacious hotel, and laid out a number of acres in ornamental grounds; but not long after its erection the hotel, unfortunately, fell a prey to the flames. Over the Narrows the two railways pass by means of long swing bridges built on piles, and in passing afford to the traveller a pleasing glimpse of Orillia and its vicinity.

Leaving Orillia, and crossing the Narrows, our road by rail now lies along the east side of Lake Couchiching, through the township of Rama, until we come to Washago and Severn Bridge. At Washago the agriculturist, or even the cattle-grazier, will be appalled at the abrupt and startling change in the aspect of Nature. Here the Cyclops met the poor settler, with his heart in his mouth, as he took his first look of Muskoka through this stern gateway of the Free Grant Lands. Geologically, the district is singularly interesting; but such an uptilting of the ground-floor of primeval rock must have daunted the soul of the sturdiest intending settler. Yet this

mass of gneiss,—a compound of quartz, mica, and granite,—is but an abruptly jutting barrier, seemingly shot up to test his metal, and ere long mercifully to disappear, if he has courage to go forward. We have spoken of approaching a Paradise: the first impression of the immigrant must be that he has come to the confines of an Inferno.

At Severn Bridge, a few miles farther on, the granite frown upon Nature's face visibly softens; and as we cross the outlet of the waters of Couchiching, which here find their way to the Georgian Bay by the Severn River, we quit the county of Simcoe and enter the township of Morrison, the first block in the territorial heritage of the settler. Here, by the bounty of the Crown, a tract of land, with an area, in the districts alone of Muskoka and Parry Sound, of over six thousand square miles, has been set aside, under the Provincial Free Grant and Homestead Act of 1868, for the homes of Immigrants. Under the least irksome conditions of settlement, the male head of a family can acquire, "without money and without price," two hundred acres of cultivable land; and each son over the age of eighteen can become possessed of a hundred acres in his own right, for the purposes of *bona fide* settlement and cultivation.



ENTERING INDIAN RIVER, LAKE ROSSEAU.

The Free Grant Lands we are entering upon extend, or are designed to extend, from Severn Bridge, on the south, to Lake Nipissing and the French River, on the

north. Their longitudinal area comprises a belt of varying breadth, reaching from the Georgian Bay, through Muskoka, portions of Victoria, Haliburton, Nipissing, and Renfrew, to the Ottawa. For the most part, it is only honest to say, that the Free Grant territory is a wild region; but, though hitherto the abodes of solitude, the several districts are rapidly being brought within reach of civilization, and here and there under a fair measure of cultivation. The district we are at present concerned with affords the most convincing evidence of this. It is not many years since the rigours of residence in the district harrowed the heart of the humane, in British journals, to deter immigration hither. But the same journals that published the wails of English gentlewomen, who braved the early terrors of the region, have since given gratifying testimony to the improved conditions of its later life. "Misery loves company," says the old proverb, though the attractions of misery will hardly account for an increase in the population of the district from 300 in the year 1861, to 30,000 in the year 1882. But population has not been its only gain. Population, while giving the settler a neighbour, gives the neighbourhood the benefit of his work. The region has been opened up; clearings have been made; roads cut; mills started; boats chartered; and communication everywhere extended. The settler can now get not only into his clearing, but he can get out to a market. He can even have his daily mail; and in many quarters the morning city papers are read by thousands in the district each day before dark. This circumstance goes a long way in reconciling the settler to his lot, for in lonely regions there is no cheer more potent than the passing steamboat or stage carrying the mail-bag.

The truth about Muskoka is not now a matter of doubt: it has had its day of small things, and the settler his hour of trial. Isolated from his fellows, the pioneer's life was set in shadows. If he had to cross a stream, it was upon logs; and his nearest neighbour may once have been a weeks' journey off. We have heard of a settler who had lost count of the days of the week, and through a whole winter had been keeping Tuesday as the Day of Rest. Nowadays, unless as a protest against Sabbatarianism, there is little danger of the settler consciously repeating this mistake, for not only is he now surrounded by neighbours, but the permanent missions and the itinerant divinity student may be trusted to jog his memory in regard to the ecclesiastical calendar. His temporal well-being, whatever hardships he has had to undergo, is now beyond dispute. Within the space of ten or twelve years, men who have taken up land in the district, and who brought little with them save their families and their pluck, have each their homestead and clearing, with well filled barns and more or less stock. The climate is delightful, and, particularly round the lakes, has not the extremes of temperature experienced in the older settled portions of the Province. Wheat raising, it is true, is not always to be depended upon, but with the introduction of artificial fertilizers, this objection may soon be removed. Grasses, however,



SOUTH MUSKOKA FALLS.

grow luxuriantly, and coarse grains and root crops are an amazing success. The pasture, moreover, doesn't burn up in midsummer as it does to the south. Hence, for stock-raising and dairying, there is

no portion of the Province so suitable. Cattle live and fatten in the woods for seven months in the year. In the woods, indeed, they find their most succulent pasturage, and from choice they will leave a clover-field to browse on the shoots of the young basswood and maple. For sheep-raising the rocky land of the district is also excellent, as vegetation is both nutritious and abundant.

There are drawbacks, of course, to settlement in Muskoka, but only such as time will remove. There is want of increased railway communication, and the facilities which the cattle-raiser, in particular, is in need of in reaching a market. For his purposes, also, the command of capital is a necessity, to enable him to import into the district the means of improving his stock. With increased capital, there is also need of the dissemination of more liberal ideas on farming, for it will pay to drain and fertilize the land, and much of the best of it is yet to be reclaimed from the beaver-meadow and swamp.

The proportion of good land is said to be sixty per cent. of the whole, the soil for the most part being a sandy loam with clay subsoil, and in extensive tracts lying back of the lakes, generally free from stone. The root crops are unusually large, and, if we except the turnip, are unaffected by the attacks of pests. Potatoes yield some three hundred bushels to the acre, and turnips from six to nine hundred bushels. Oats, rye, barley, and Indian corn are the chief cereals; oats, the chief crop, generally yielding fifty bushels to the acre. Wheat, in the absence of lime and the scarcity of salt, rarely yields more than twenty-five bushels to the acre. The hay yield is from one and a half to two tons.

The lumberman, too, has his harvest in the district, and though the best of the hardwood is being rapidly thinned out, there yet falls to his axe many sturdy giants of the forest. The timber products of the region include white-oak, black-birch, black-oak, black and white-ash, red-pine, spruce, tamarack, and hemlock. The bark of the latter is to the settler no inconsiderable source of revenue at the hands of the tanner; and from the lumberman's camp comes much ready money for hay and oats sold to it during the winter operations. The settler who is a good sportsman has also in the district other means of keeping the pot a-boil. The winter brings him, if a Nimrod, many products of the chase, or if a trapper, a variety of more or less valuable fur. Though the bear and the wolf are receding with the advance of civilization, moose and deer are yet plentiful; and with a good dog and skill in wood-craft, the settler can supply his larder with no end of venison. The treasure of the trapper includes mink, beaver, marten, and muskrat. The lakes and streams, moreover, abound with fish, and even the novice can always make a good basket of trout, bass, pickerel, perch, and what is termed herring. Whatever his disadvantages, it will be seen, the lot of the immigrant in Muskoka need not be an unhappy one.

Passing from this enumeration of the resources of the region, let us now introduce



AT THE LANDING, ROSSEAU.

the reader to the lakes, at the approach to which we had for the time left him. Arriving at Gravenhurst, the railway journey is completed, and the train is shunted down by a side line to Muskoka wharf. Both at the town, which lies on the shores of Gull Lake, and at the wharf, the rough picturesqueness of the region is dominated by the lumbering operations of many saw-mills, and the eye is fain to seek the placid beauty of the water as a relief to the uncouth disarray of the scene on shore. Lake-ward all is inviting, and one at least of the trim little steamboats at the moorings is impatient to be off. Steam navigation on these water-stretches, thanks to the enter-prise of Mr. A. P. Cockburn, the Dominion representative of the district, was begun in 1866, when the "Wenonah" made her first trip to Bracebridge, whither she still plys, followed in 1871 by the "Nipissing," on board of which let us seek an appetizing

dinner and passage in the first stage of our excursion on the lakes. The "Wenonah's" service is confined to the lower Lake (Muskoka,) plying daily between Bracebridge and Gravenhurst, and semi-weekly between the latter port and Bala. The "Nipissing," in addition to her service on the lower Lake, makes a daily trip to the head of Lake Rosseau, and twice a week to Port Cockburn, at the head of Lake Joseph. The length of the single trip is about fifty miles; and the steamer is "timed" to make connection with the morning trains from Toronto and Hamilton, and, running the entire length of Lakes Muskoka and Rosseau, brings the tourist to the head of the latter, with its ample hotel accommodation, in time for the evening meal and a comfortable bed.

The tourist, if he is not absorbed in the scramble for dinner, as he leaves Gravenhurst will note the view that almost instantly opens up in fine panoramic effect before him. Passing the "Narrows," which seem almost to close the waters of the Lake from intrusion into the port, we begin to thread our way through a succession of islands little, if at all, inferior in romantic beauty to those on the historic St. Lawrence. The interest is varied at every turn. Now we are attracted by some tiny, moss-grown islet, a mere speck of rock above the water, but upon which, nevertheless, a few stunted specimens of the Red Pine of the region have contrived to gain foothold. Anon, we brush the margin of a densely wooded island, whose shady ravines and hillsides are clothed with a vegetation almost tropical in its undisturbed luxuriance. Artist or botanist, here is material in profusion for either! Yon glimpse, were we not hurrying by, how we should like to transfer to our sketch-book; and there! on the face of that cliff, we are sure there is much we should take away in our specimen-box. The region, as it has its own physical conformation, has its own distinctive flora. Many plants of more than ordinary interest to the botanist here find suitable conditions of growth. The beautiful White Fringed Orchis—the loveliest of all the Habenarias—and the splendid Cinnamon and Royal Osmund Ferns grow to perfection in low and moist situations, while the Polypody and the Shield-fern flourish in the higher grounds. In the district are also found in exceptional abundance Club-mosses of various species, and the curious Pitcher-plant nestles in its moss-setting along the margins of marshy pools. But to describe farther the Muskoka plant-world we should want our native "Macoun and Spotton" or the ample text-books of American botanists.

Meanwhile "The Nipissing" has traversed the long reach of gleaming water that fills the lower basin of Lake Muskoka; and for the next half hour we skirt on our left two of the largest islands in the Lake, their banks laden with a tangled luxuriance of brushwood, bramble, and wild-flowers. The first of these is called Browning's Island, and is partly owned, it will chill the heart of the lover of the picturesque to be told, by the Muskoka Mill and Lumber Company. The second is a veritable Eden, and the taste as well as the wealth of its owner, a well-known and much respected

member of the local judiciary, will, it may be taken for granted, long preserve "Eilean-Gowan" from the desecrating hand of Commerce. Lying, a mass of verdure on the Lake, the ledges of rock glistening under the afternoon sun, the stray glimpses we get of the interior beauty of the island are as many voices that cry a halt, and excite unappeased longing to land and invade its recesses. There are walks and drives in and round about this island of great attractiveness, and no little ingenuity has been displayed in blending art and nature in one harmonious whole. Wild masses of rock, fallen or decayed trees, hollows and irregularities in the surface, have been taken advantage of to secure effects as surprising as they are delightful; while landing-stages have been improvised, and cool nooks, commanded by grottoes and embowered lounging-places, engirt the island at successive stages, and woo the sojourner with irresistible attraction to one of the most beautiful of the many woodland shrines in this northern "Land of the Lotus."

Opposite the eastern front of "Eilean-Gowan" is the delta of the Muskoka River, and from the reedy shores that mark the river's outlet a bewildering haze of mist rises to confuse the helmsman, as the steamer makes a wide detour to strike the channel. The course of the river is tortuous and full of surprises; at times the steamer seems to be heading right into a precipitous cliff fringed with forest, at others to be "boomed" by a mass of rank vegetation in a *cul de sac* of green. For six miles we pursue our sinuous course until the echoes of the steamer's whistle are borne back to us in mocking notes from the cascaded heights in the heart of the village of Bracebridge, and for a time we pull up at the busy landing-place of the metropolis of the Free Grant District and the head of Muskoka River navigation.

The site of Bracebridge is elevated and well-chosen, and gives access to the sport and picturesque beauty of some ten townships, whose waters are drained by the two branches of the Muskoka River. To the immigrant it is a centre of importance, for here is the chief agency of the Immigration Bureau, and from here settlers are forwarded to their locations, either about the lakes, or distributed at near or distant points along the Government Colonization roads that penetrate the region. To the immigrant, in another sense, is Bracebridge important, for here is the local source of the settler's supplies, and here at need, too, is the doctor. It is, we believe, no uncommon thing for Æsculapius to receive a summons that will take him, it may be, fifty or sixty miles off through the wintry woods, to give his services to those who need them. At such disadvantage, equally hard is the lot of those who have to summon, and him who responds to the appeal for, the doctor.

In winter, when the lakes are frozen, and Parry Sound and the Georgian Bay are, too, in the grip of the Ice-King, Bracebridge more than ever asserts its supremacy, for it then becomes the sole dependence of the settler for his extraneous wants, and to and from it come the passenger stage and the daily mail,



LAKE JOSEPH.

together with the ample-robed conveyances of those who traffic in the woods. But Bracebridge has reason to hold up its head, for not only is it an important local centre, and a city set upon a hill in the great highway of northern travel, but it has the distinguishing characteristic of getting along without railway facilities, and is thus sufficient unto itself. Some day it will become in name, as it is now in reality, the county town, and may boast itself of a cathedral and an ecclesiastical endowment, as it already contains the see-house of a bishop. As a manufacturing centre, it has already made progress, and its excellent water-privileges supply the motive power for a number of woollen, grist, planing, and saw-mills, sash and door factories, etc., in addition to the indispensable industries of the blacksmith and wheelwright. The village, moreover, rejoices in the possession of one of the most complete and well-equipped tanneries in the country.

To counteract the materializing effect of a rapid industrial development, and to woo the lover of the picturesque, Bracebridge has not only in the neighbouring townships, but in its immediate vicinity, many natural attractions, and much in the way of fine scenery which, with the sport for which it is noted, give it preëminent position among the pleasurable resorts of the district. In full view of the tourist, the Bracebridge Fall, sixty feet in height, displays its allurements as we approach the landing;

and to those who are content with a superficial inspection of the cascade a view may be had without quitting the steamer. But a stroll to the bridge that spans it, and an excursion to the South Falls of the Muskoka, some few miles from the village, are well worth a day's sojourn at Bracebridge, even if the tourist is unwilling to extend his trip to the series of lakes that lie to the north-east. To the canoeist, as well as to the sportsman, the whole region is unique in its attractions; the chain of connected waters, reached by way of the south branch of the Muskoka River, embracing the Lake of Bays, Peninsula, Fairy, Vernon, and Mary Lakes, and returning by the northern waters of the Muskoka, opens a panorama of thrilling pleasure and delight to those who enjoy Nature in seclusion. Those unaccustomed to the amphibious life of the canoeist, and to whom the broken river navigation and the necessary portaging would be serious obstacles in taking this trip, may proceed by stage or private conveyance to Baysville, where they can board the steamer and make the circuit of Trading Lake; or they can drive to Port Sydney, at the foot of Mary Lake, take the steamboat for Huntsville, and make the tour of the three charming sheets of water in that region. To the sportsman, the territory embraced in the townships lying to the north-east of Bracebridge has a special charm, for in the lakes and streams trout are abundant, and in the woods, in season, will be found plenty of deer.



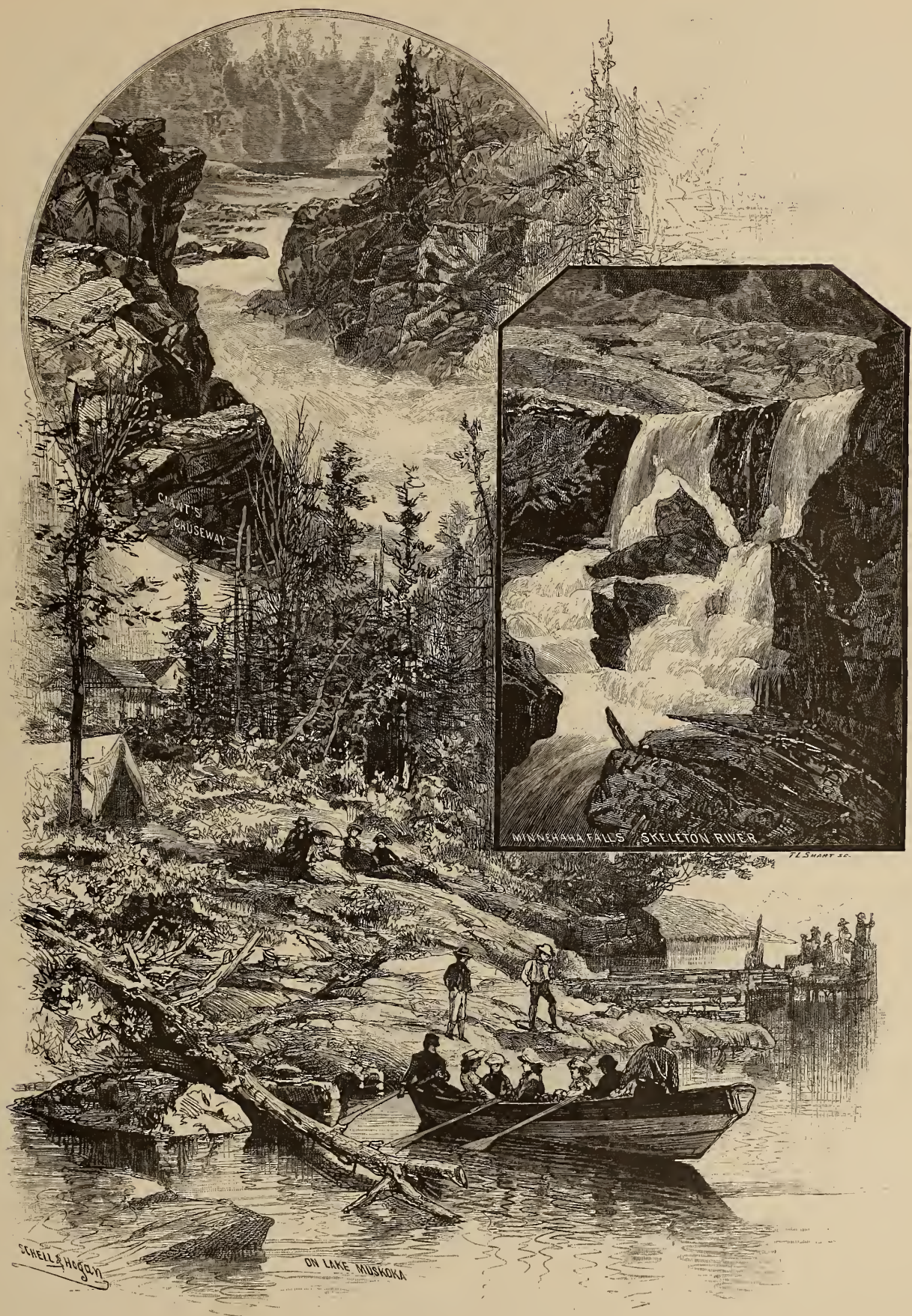
STAGE ROAD—
ROSSEAU TO PARRY SOUND.

Besides the Falls at Bracebridge, there are others on both branches of the Muskoka which well repay a visit—the High Falls, some four miles distant, being specially picturesque. But the honours are carried off by the South Falls, whose features are made familiar by the artist in our pages. They occur on the south branch

of the Muskoka, on the stage-road to Gravenhurst, and no visitor to the region should omit to see them. The scene is a wild one, the river shooting a series of ledges, and making a descent of a hundred feet in the space of three hundred yards. The tourist comes suddenly upon the cataract, for it is not seen until he pulls up on the bridge, a short distance above the upper basin. Here the river, which for miles has been sauntering along in idle dalliance, the dark forest crooning over the Stygian stream, suddenly awakes from its sleep, and flings itself headlong through a narrow, winding gorge, the sharp ledges of rock fretting it into foam, and here and there dashing the water up in spray with an impact that shivers it into beauty and lightens up the gloom of the beetling crags that overhang the torrent. At the foot of the cleft the river passes again into gloom and stillness, as it winds its way in swirling circles of white-bells to the Lake beyond. Approached by canoe from below, the view is a memorable one: the torrent, lashed into foam, hurling its mass of gleaming water down the ravine; the stern grandeur of the jutting cliffs, their grey walls moistened and black with the spray of ages; the bridge, clean cut against the sky, poised over the roaring abyss; and the weird pines on the summit singing eternal dirges in harmony with the scene. The vision while it delights also awes, and you are glad ere long to turn from it and get into the quiet beauty of still water, the sunshine glimmering softly down on the stream, or breaking in patches of light through the branches of the over-arching trees. But we leave the river and return by the highway, the air filled with the resinous odours of the surrounding pine. As we re-enter the village a great burst of colour in the west throws a tinge of softened red on the dark-green of the forest, and gilds the river with a flame of light.

On the morrow we continue our tour to the upper Lake, and board the steamer for Port Carling and Rosseau. Swinging from our moorings at Bracebridge, we pass down the Muskoka River, and, regaining the Lake, strike north-west for Beaumaris and Tondern Island, the Canadian Anglesea, which juts out from the upper water-front of the township of Monck. Just before reaching Beaumaris we pass the channel that admits to the western estuaries of Muskoka, to the village and Falls of Bala, and to the Muskosh River, the outlet into the Georgian Bay of the waters of the Lake.

The scenery on the western waters of Muskoka easily rivals, if it does not surpass, that on the south and east; and to the angler and camper-out there open bewildering attractions in the innumerable lakes, bays, and islands of the region. Here, as elsewhere on the lakes, islands of every size and form rise in picturesque beauty from their glassy setting, the largest of them dense with forest to the water's edge. Many of them bear names well-known in the business and social circles of the Provincial capital, and the summer-houses of their owners peep at you, in every form of rusticity, as you pass on the steamer. At Bala the Muskoka stage-road from Gravenhurst, on the west side of the lakes, here crosses the river and trends north-



MUSKOKA SCENERY.

ward, by way of Glen Orchard, to Port Cockburn and the head of Lake Joseph, thence to Parry Sound and the Georgian Bay. A mile or two to the west of the village the Moon River, one of the finest streams for maskinonge and brook-trout, branches off from the Muskosh, and loses itself in the unsurveyed township of Freeman, or turns up, a western Congo, in the township of Conger.

But we resume our upward trip on the Rosseau steamer, which by this time has reached the wharf at Beaumaris. Here the scene recalls in miniature the arrival of the Ramsgate boat from London, the summer-lodgers at the hotel close by having gathered at the wharf, each spouse looking for her lord and master, while crowds of little ones, in every conceivable boating-costume, hail chums on the steamer, as it draws in to discharge its living freight, together with the necessary supplies for the hotel larder. But presently we set off again for the upper end of the Lake, and thread our way through the Seven Sister Islands, an archipelago lying to the south of Point Kaye,—on past Idlewild, One Tree, and Horse-Shoe Islands,—into the converging channel of the Indian River and the lock at Port Carling, which admits to the waters of Rosseau and Joseph.

A glance at Mr. Rogers' excellent maps of these lakes, which no visitor to the region should be without, will indicate the peculiar land conformation we are now approaching, and enable the tourist to appreciate the ingenuity which devised a route for the navigation of Muskoka waters. Were the lakes such as the English or Scotch tourist is familiar with, hollows or basins, of tolerable regularity of form and shape, the navigation, though varied and picturesque, would not be tortuous and erratic. But they are unlike anything else, and their coast-line is indented in the most irregular and fantastic manner. At one part of the route we pass a great estuary, at another a shallow inlet; now we round a high bluff, anon, we steam past a low marsh,—island and peninsula, strait and river, all meet us in succession, as if the place had been submerged that its elevations may form a pictorical chart, descriptive of the geographical terms that represent the divisions of land and water. Varied as the coast-line is in its configuration, the disposition of the crust-surface is hardly less unequal. The islands are of every height and shape: in one direction, they tower up in stupendous masses of black rock, with a dark crown of green; in another, "scorched by the lightning's livid glare," their only covering is the gaunt spectres of burnt timber. Nothing in the district can surpass in effect the beauty of some of these little islands, which Nature does its best to clothe, but which man, in his heedlessness, often allows to become food for the flames. The devastation caused by fire in the bush is one of the most melancholy sights which the lover of Nature can witness. A hot summer scorches the edge of the woods, and if the fall be dry, a fire is readily started, which will run through the bush with amazing rapidity—the thick carpet of dry leaves and the fresh cuttings of the lumberman acting like a powder-train in

igniting the whole region. In Muskoka many square miles of beautiful forest annually fall a prey to the devouring element. This with care might be avoided, and the timber preserved for shelter and ornamentation, and the important atmospheric purposes which the forests so well serve. When the sportsman and camper-out can appreciate the economic advantages of growing timber, and realize the loss to a settler, even where there is much forest, of a burnt bush, scrupulous pains will be taken to extinguish fire on quitting a camp. Even the settler has need to be more careful than he is, for he has been known to let fire run through a bush, to save the toil of chopping, regardless of the injury he is doing to the soil. His greed, too, has sometimes to be put under restraint, when the lumberman offers him the bait which is to denude the land of its glory and the farm of its wealth.

But we are recalled from this digression by the steamer's whistle as we approach Port Carling, the Government lock on the Indian River, which gives access to the waters of Rosseau. The village is perched on a mass of Laurentian rock, the "Polar Star Hotel," close by, reminding us of the northern latitudes we are now coming to. The lock has evidently been a difficult bit of excavating, and Irish muscle and Irish dynamite have here been put to legitimate and laudable use. A few stores and houses, and two or three churches, which veritably have been built upon a rock, comprise the buildings of the place. An unpretentious swing-bridge over the lock supplies the link of connection between Port Carling and Bracebridge. The scenery in the neighbourhood is wild and uncouth, though there is a pretty by-path through the woods to Rockhurst, opposite Port Sandfield.

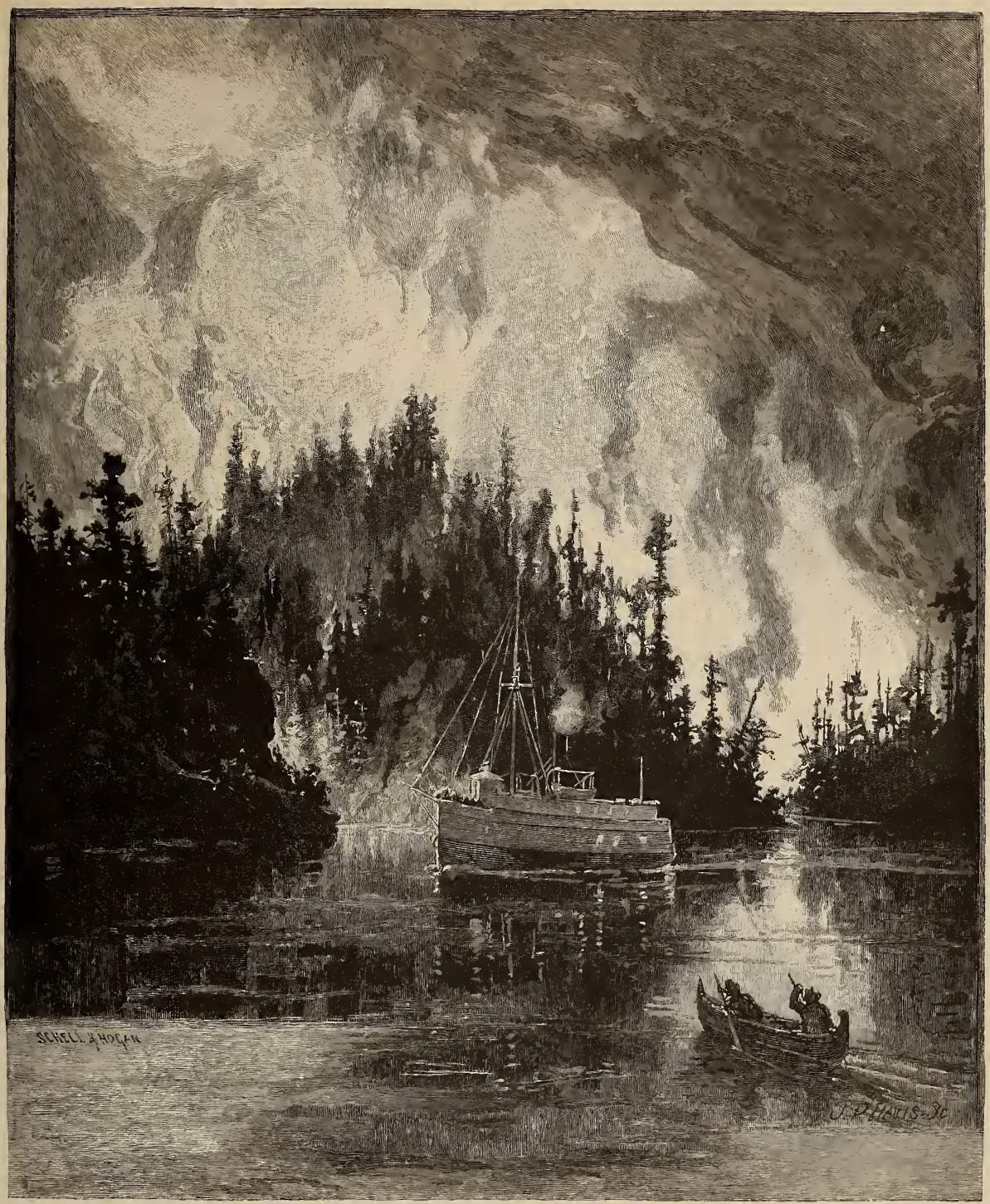
Passing through the lock at Port Carling, the steamer traverses a finely wooded basin, in which there is good fishing; and a sharp turn brings us into the upper entrance of the Indian River, and another bend leads into Lake Rosseau. Here we come to what many consider the prettiest part of the lakes. From Baker's Island, round to Fairy Land Island and the "Eagle's Nest," and on to Port Sandfield, Lake Rosseau is fairly gemmed with a profusion of islets, many of which are owned by Toronto citizens, of known aquatic tastes, and whose summer cottages peer out of their sylvan settings at every bend of the Lake. As we pass the foot of this channel, on our way to Windermere, the evening sun paves it with gold: if ever there was an Eden, we think, we must find it here. Seldom has our eye lit upon a lovelier scene, and never, to our mind, has Nature made a more effective use of her materials. Sky, and land, and water, here all combine—as we have often seen—to make a perfect picture, the effect of which, particularly when the woods are ablaze with the colouring of a Canadian autumn, is almost indescribable. Here the hemlocks mass up, in spots familiar to us, with an effect that would ravish an artist's heart, their lighter colours and more graceful forms relieving the sombre character of the intermingling spruce and pine.

Presently we touch at Windermere, which has no visible attractions to remind one of its English namesake, though, some little distance back of it, is an alluring sheet of water, bearing the name of Three Mile Lake. For the next hour, we skirt the eastern flank of Big Island, which looks as if it had fallen accidentally from the shoulder of some giant aloft, and had escaped being chopped into the little islets which strew the Lake with their tree-tufted beauty. The coast-line on the right, as we proceed northward, preserves its pleasing irregularity, and in parts is quite pretty. Jutting out, on the left, is the peninsula, with its wharf and post-office, of Juddhaven, and a little higher up, on the right, is Skeleton Bay, the *entrepôt* for the waters of the beautiful lake and river of that name extending some miles inland. The fishing on both lake and river is the delight of those who have been born under the constellation of Pisces, and the region, with the Rosseau River higher up, is the frequent resort of visitors to these high latitudes. On Skeleton River are the beautiful Minnehaha Falls, which are well worth a visit.

But we approach the head of the Lake and the high wooded bluffs which give it character and beauty. The dark shadows of evening have fallen as we approach Rosseau, but suddenly we catch sight of a glitter of lights that bespeak comfort and good cheer in the hostelry of Pratt. It is said that amusing, and sometimes peppery, *contretemps* are the result of the *brusquerie* of the proprietor of this hotel. Hence, it is well to know that, in the "Monteith House," there is another resort, if it is the humour of the owner of "The Rosseau" not to suffer invasion from the fashion of the south.

The visitor will here naturally seek to note his surroundings. In the season, he can hardly come to so favourite a resort and fail to meet with some one he knows. Should he not have this luck, he will find atonement in the scene out-of-doors. Only an artist's eye could have chosen the spot. The features of the scene are few and simple. The water, the sky, and the distant woods. Besides these, there are the usual accessories of a Muskoka watering-place—the shelving rocks, and the muslined womanhood that people them; the boats, and the young paddlers that swarm about them; the islands, and the boating and fishing parties that resort to them. Already, there go three boat-loads to "do" Shadow River! Leaving the wharf, two or three craft are hoisting sail for the trolling-fishing of the Lake. Approaching, is a boatful of campers come to the village to forage. The scene in all directions is full of play and movement.

Animated for the time as is the scene we have been looking at, its winter aspect is a sharp contrast. Yet it is solacing to learn that the spot, remote as it is from civilization, is still within reach of the outer world. Rosseau is one of the most northerly links in that electric chain that girds the globe, though, with the solitudes about, we little expect the place to be reached by the hand-bell of Commerce. But



A BUSH FIRE BY NIGHT.

the village is as the hem on the garments of the north. Away inland stretches a kingdom that in winter might be ruled by a Jarl-King of Norway, and in summer by a successor to the Doges of Venice. In the Parry Sound and Muskoka districts there are some seventy townships, covering an area of six or seven thousand square miles. Of these townships, less than seven are watered by the Muskoka Lakes: we are therefore only on the frontier of a realm of solitude. The colonization road

to the Magnetewan, and on to Lake Nipissing, which runs almost due north from Rosseau, gives access to much of this territory, and is now increasingly frequented by the tourist, as well as by the lumberman and settler. The Magnetewan region is the Mecca of sportsmen, for here, in lavish plenty, is to be found every variety of fish and game. The river traverses an immense tract of country, and, with its affluents, may be said to water half the district of Parry Sound. It is the objective point of all lovers of the gentle craft, and no water teems more fully with fish. Pickerel, ten or twelve pounds in weight, speckled trout, from two to four, and bass, from four to eight, can be caught in the streams of the region, while the sport can be varied by the use of the gun. There is excellent duck shooting, and, in season, the best of moose and deer. To insure good sport a guide should, of course, be of the party. In the neighbourhood of Rosseau one can usually be hired

"who knows the bush
As the seaman knows the sea."

To return from the Magnetewan region, the visitor may either retrace his steps on the Nipissing highway, by way of Seguin Falls, to Rosseau; or, he may continue his canoe voyage westward on the Magnetewan River until he reaches the intersection of the Great Northern Road, in the neighbourhood of Whitestone Lake. Here he will be tempted to tarry, making his headquarters at Dunchurch, to enjoy the sport at the Narrows, either of herring and pickerel on the lake, or, if the season be advanced, of deer in the woods. Round this neighbourhood the deer seem to have their favourite haunts, though the brutal system, not unknown to the "Dunkirkers," of herding them into "yards" and knocking them on the head, should make the deer chary of frequenting the place and of furnishing venison for the pot-hunter.

From Dunchurch, the tourist may descend to the Georgian Bay in two easy stages, first, by the colonization road to the village of McKellar, and secondly, from that Venice of the North, by a series of natural canals and the Seguin River, to Parry Sound and the Canadian Adriatic.

To the sportsman, if an explorer, there are two other ways of reaching the outer world from the Magnetewan. First, he may go north from the water-stretches that link the townships whose names are dear to the student memory,—of Chapman and Croft,—until he comes to Commanda. From this point his route will lie, by lake and creek of the same name, to the French River, and so on to the Georgian Bay; or, proceeding still northward from Commanda, he may make for Lake Nipissing, thence down the Mattawan River by the old trapper's route to the Ottawa. Whichever is his choice, despite the solitude, he may be assured of both pleasure and sport. If, as cicerone, we are responsible, however, for his safe-keeping, we shall conduct him by the speediest route to Rosseau and to Pratt.

The route homeward from Rosseau may either lead us directly down the lakes to Gravenhurst; or, taking the steamer as far as Port Carling, we may there transfer ourselves to the "Kenozha," which plys on Lake Joseph, and with it proceed to Port Cockburn, at the head of the Lake.

Emerging once more from the Indian River, on the latter excursion, we round the peninsula, whose water-front in Rosseau is bestrewn so charmingly with islands, and reach Port Sandfield and the Government canal that cuts the sand-bar which the waters of Joseph and Rosseau have jointly thrown up to estrange the lakes. Passing through the canal, at which there is an excellent summer hotel, with good fishing in the neighbourhood, we again proceed northward, though there is little to interest until we reach Hemlock Point, the woodland home of the hydrographer of the lakes. Here Lake Joseph begins to fascinate, and, as it broadens, to enclasp in its jewelled embrace a galaxy of islands, a summer sojourn upon which must be a perpetual and delirious pic-nic.

Threading our way through these clumps of green in a setting of silver, for the waters of Joseph are unlike those of Muskoka and Rosseau, which are dark and tawny, we come to the long water-lane of Little Lake Joseph, and to the islands of the Ponemah group that stand warder at its entrance. The larger of the group, called Chief Island, is owned by a veteran pioneer of the lakes, who, it is safe to say, extracts more pleasure from his domain than do the collective crowns of Polynesia. Just beyond this group lies another, the apple of the eye of the Muskoka Club, an early organization of campers, whose advent and many summers' visits to the region haunt the memory of the discoverers of the group with yet unchilled delight. The group is called "Yohocucaba," a strange mouthful, derived from the fusion of the first letters in the surnames of the original owners. Passing this, and Morris and Maclennan Islands, which nestle under the lea of Equity Crest, an hour's steaming brings us to Port Cockburn and the head of Lake Joseph. Here the tourist will find comfortable quarters, and a vista of rare beauty looking down the Lake.

As a summer resort, Port Cockburn vies with Rosseau in attracting to the region those who have been accustomed to spend the holiday months by the "multitudinous seas." Both resorts are within easier hail of the cities and towns of Ontario than are the watering-places of the St. Lawrence or the coast of Maine. There may not be the same tonic to the system as in a sojourn by the sea, but the change is delightful, and there is no end of sport. In many respects, Lake Joseph is more attractive than the other lakes, and, but for the many burnt islands that disfigure its upper waters, would decidedly have the advantage.

The stage-road from Port Cockburn to Parry Sound is rough but picturesque, and skirts stretches of water, which freely meander through Foley Township, alternating with belts of large oak, birch, and red pine. The lumbering operations of Parry Sound and

neighbourhood are greatly facilitated by the waters which vein the region in every direction, but at times they successfully detract from the effects which Nature strives to produce in her water-courses. But for this, Parry Harbour and Sound would be an unrivalled possession; though, once out on the Georgian Bay, Nature asserts herself in regal fashion. The coast-line from Byng Inlet at the mouth of the Magnetewan, or rather from the French River, a little to the north, down to the outlet of the Severn, in the Matchedash Bay, is chafed and frayed in a marvellous manner, and ten thousand islands are said to bestrew the path of the steamer from Parry Sound to Penetanguishene. The calamitous story of the early French Missions at Penetanguishene, and the British naval occupation of the place in the opening years of the present century, have already been touched upon in our pages, and need not now detain us. Both Penetanguishene and its rival, Midland City, are rapidly making new history for the region, aided by the railways which at each of these points tap the waters and the commerce of the inner shores of Lake Huron. Going south by the Midland Line, the tourist can diversify the route which brought him to the district we have been describing, and, by way of Orillia, Beaverton, and Lindsay, make a descent upon the picturesque scenery that lies to the north-east of the Provincial Capital and in the lines of travel that wend sea-ward. In this new region, if our pen has been faithful, the reader of these pages will be slow to dismiss from his mind the beauties of Muskoka, or to forget, if he has ever visited the spot, the most attractive of Ontario's forest shrines, encircled

"by the laughing tides that lave
Those Edens of the Northern wave."





THE HARBOUR-MOUTH, COBOURG.



CENTRAL ONTARIO.

AT the dawn of our Provincial History,—two hundred and odd years ago,—when the first light was breaking on Lake Ontario, you might have discovered an Indian village a few miles to the west of Whitby Harbour. The village looked out upon a wide and land-locked mere, which every summer was fringed anew with floating milfoil, and embroidered with pond-lilies. This peaceful bayou was so little moved by the Great Lake, that the stormiest wrath outside awoke but a soft response within. It was a welcome retreat in wild weather for lake-birds when "blown about the skies." Sedges and sweet-flag, and tall reed-mace so concealed the entrance that it was known only to the Seneca Indians of the village within. Out of this quiet bayou Pickering Harbour has in our day been formed, and the entrance has been dredged, and widened, and lighted. But, two centuries ago, these blue lake waters had not yet been vexed by merchantmen; and a sufficient beacon was found in the natural features of the



WHITBY, FROM ONTARIO LADIES COLLEGE.

land. When twilight was coming on, the returning water-fowl and canoes would seek the low, receding shore midway between Scarboro' Heights and Raby Head,—that glooming water of Moore's lines,—

> "Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
> Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed."

In 1669 the Indians of this shore would have called the village that lay beyond them to the west not *Toronto*, but Teyoyagon. This we know from the contemporary maps of Sulpician Missionaries—the first Europeans who explored and mapped the north shore. "Toronto" was then applied to the water that is now Lake Simcoe; afterwards, by extension, the name of the lake described also the western portage that led thither; and finally, in the fur-trading era, it described the southern end of the portage, which, as early as 1673, is described by La Salle as the chief trading place of the Ottawas with the Northern Iroquois. In reducing the scale of the early maps some geographers carelessly neglected the precise sites of Indian villages; and succeeding geographers, having at hand neither the explorers' maps nor narratives, attempted by conjecture to restore these sites. French fur-traders had meantime transferred "Toronto" to the southern end of the Simcoe portage. The true Indian name, Teyoyagon, being thus cut away from its moorings, drifted down the lake, and stranded at Port Hope. But Port Hope had already an Indian name, Ganeraské, which, being now dislodged, floated down the lake and was cast ashore at Trenton. By 1744, Bellin, the Hydrographer to the French Navy, found the chart of the lakes in hopeless disorder. Disregarding, therefore, altogether the maps of Sanson, Coronelli, Delille, and their plagiarists, he went at once to the archives of the Department of Marine, and collated the original maps and reports of exploration. Bellin had also the great advantage of Charlevoix's recent travels, which had been written, compass in hand, and after observations taken for latitude. So Bellin's *Carte des Lacs* leads us back once more to solid ground; it also vindicates the general accuracy of the Sulpician maps of 1669–70.

The Senecas of Pickering Harbour called their village Gandatsetiagon; so the Sulpician Trouvé, who visited the place in 1670, represents the sound. Phonetic variants of the name appear in contemporary maps, and in official documents that passed between Louis the Fourteenth and his Canadian Executive. The tribal homestead of these Senecas, as of the four other Iroquois Nations, lay southward beyond the Great Lake, and within the vast forest that stretched from the Niagara to the Hudson. This colony of warrior-sportsmen was doubtless attracted northwards by the sheltered shore and the easy landings, as well as by the endless fishing and deer-stalking there to be had. To the west were the well-wooded Heights of Scarborough, which

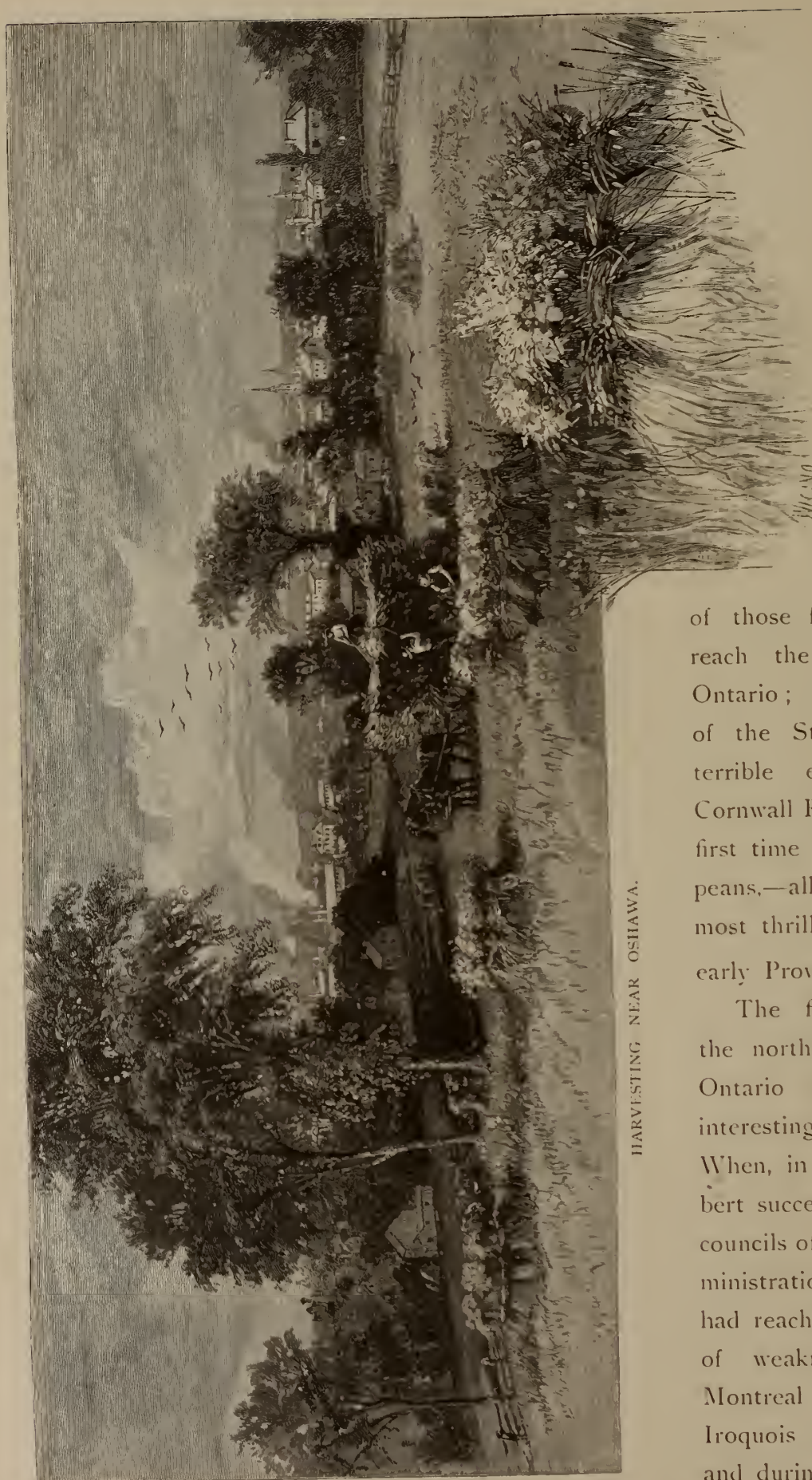
early French explorers called *Les Grandes Écores.* This the Loyalists englished into "The High Lands," so that the stream flowing through the Heights is still called "Highland Creek." A little to the west of the Seneca village was a stream that gave kindly shelter to distressed canoes; and so by Indians of the next century, and of a different race, it was named *Katabokokonk*, or the "River of Easy Entrance." In making its way to the lake it pierced a hill of red tenacious clay, which sufficiently colored its waters to justify the old French name, *Rivière Rouge.* In his attempt to reproduce in Upper Canada the east coast of England, Simcoe re-christened this stream the Nen, just as he had converted *St. John* into the Humber, and *La Grande Rivière* into the Ouse. But, like the Grand River, the Rouge fortunately survived the palimpsest maps of Governor Simcoe; it is still the Rouge, and the name is interesting as the sole trace now remaining on this north-west shore, of the old Sulpician Mission and of Louis the Fourteenth's domain.

Eastward of the Seneca village flowed into the lake a considerable stream, which for about a century has borne the name of Duffin's Creek. An early French name was *Rivière au Saumon;* and the name was well deserved. A roll of birch-bark, lighted and thrust into a forked branch in the bow of a canoe, brought within reach of the fishing-spear shoals of the choicest lake-salmon. Then short portages through a famous deer-park led up from the Whitby shore to the bass-fishing on Lakes Scugog and Simcoe, anticipating the railroads that two centuries afterwards would lead the wayfarer over the same trails to Port Perry and Beaverton. The generation and race of fishermen whom Champlain, in 1615, found between these lakes had been swept away in the Iroquois invasion, but the conquerors, no doubt, deigned to imitate the old ways of the neighbourhood. They would encamp at the lake-outlets and ambuscade the fish within such osier-weirs as gave Lake Simcoe its early French name of *Lac aux Claies*, or "Hurdle Lake." In "Oshawa," the name of the busy manufacturing town between Whitby and Bowmanville, there is still a twilight memory of the ancient days, and of the old portage that led up from this shore to Scugog Lake; for *Oshawa* means "The Carrying-Place."

The Iroquois confederates had now beaten down all resistance from native races; they had become the tyrants of the Upper St. Lawrence, of both shores of the Great Lake, and the magnificent peninsula which in our day forms Western Ontario. From the Great Cataraqui Creek to the Grand River Portage the Five Nations occupied a chain of outposts, whose sites foreshadowed the future Kingston, Napanee, Belleville, Port Hope, Whitby, Toronto, Hamilton, and Brantford. Lake Ontario was now in fact, as it was in contemporary French maps, the "Lake of the Iroquois." A dreadful retribution had been exacted for the foray which Champlain half a century ago led into the heart of Iroquois Land. The Hurons who were his allies on that fatal expedition had been exterminated or dispersed; their corn-fields and populous villages

were now deserted wastes. Gone, too, were their stalwart kinsmen, the Neutrals and the Tobacco Indians, who had dared to shelter some of the Hurons in their last agony. And vanished were the Algonquin races who dwelt between the Lake of the Manitou and the River of the Ottawas; even the dread Nipissings themselves, that nation of sorcerers who spent their lives in communion with *okies*, when not serving at gruesome Feasts of the Dead. Magicians though they were, they could not turn aside the evil eye of the Iroquois. Like their Huron allies, the Nipissings had already become mere historical shadows, haunting at early dawn the lake that still bears their name. The Jesuit Missions on Lake Huron and Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe were now silent and blackened ruins,—mere heaps of embers in the midst of rank jungles that once were smiling fields and gardens. Several of the most eminent of the Jesuit missionaries had fallen in the effort to Christianize Western Canada; Garnier had received from a stone-axe his *coup-de-grace;* the fires of Brébeuf's martyrdom lit up the woods of Medonte.

Exultant in their victory over the native races, the Iroquois seriously menaced the French colonists on the St. Lawrence. Frequent attempts were made to conciliate or to divide the Five Nations. In 1654, that is within five years of the massacres at the Huron Missions, a Jesuit was found bold enough to undertake an embassy to the stronghold of the Onondagas, the torturers and murderers of his brother Jesuits. This Iroquois Nation dwelt, according to the journal which Father Le Moine kept of his mission, five days' journey back from the south-east angle of Lake Ontario. Their canton inclosed the now famous salt-deposit, which Le Moine was the first of Europeans to visit. He recovered what he tells us were treasures more precious than a silver or gold mine,—Brébeuf's New Testament, and Garnier's little Book of Devotion. With mingled joy and grief he recognized Christian women of the Huron race, some of whom in happier days he had himself instructed at the Huron Mission. They were now wearing out their lives in servitude. Among their fellow-captives was his ancient host of the Tobacco Indians and a girl of the Neutral Nation. On the friendly assurances of the Onondagas, confirmed by the usual exchange of wampum belts, a French settlement was begun in their midst; also a number of Hurons, with their wives and children, came up from the St. Lawrence, and accepted the urgent invitation of the Onondagas to reside in their canton. On the 3rd August, 1657, a general massacre of the Christian Hurons took place; it was now evident that the French Mission had been tolerated only as a decoy. The scene of this massacre seems to have been the very Onondaga town that forty-two years before witnessed the assault and the disastrous repulse of Champlain and his Hurons. It was surely glutting even Iroquois revenge to entice the French and the poor remnant of their ancient allies to this fatal spot, and prepare for both a common slaughter! Fortunately the Quebec Hurons had not yet accepted Onondaga hospitality; this delay saved them and afforded the French



HARVESTING NEAR OSHAWA.

settlers time to plan their escape. The wild Indian revel which was to be but the prelude to the French massacre; the stealthy withdrawal of the intended victims at the dead of a winter's night; the struggle of those forlorn refugees to reach the outlet of Lake Ontario; their winter descent of the St. Lawrence; their terrible experience of the Cornwall Rapids,—then for the first time descended by Europeans,—all form one of the most thrilling passages in our early Provincial annals.

The first exploration of the northern shore of Lake Ontario arose out of an interesting group of events. When, in 1661, the great Colbert succeeded Fouquet in the councils of Louis XIV, the administration of Canadian affairs had reached the last extreme of weakness and disorder. Montreal now barely kept the Iroquois out of its streets, and during the preceding sum-

mer and autumn Quebec itself had been closely invested. The civil administration was in open conflict with the ecclesiastical. To save the colony from annihilation, Laval himself would go over to France and appeal to the compassion of the young monarch. Just then, at the touch of Colbert's genius, France had awoke; had become conscious of her wonderful powers, and was entering on the most brilliant epoch in her history. It was part of Colbert's policy to strengthen and extend the colonial system, so that in the new Comptroller-General Laval found a warm friend of Canada. It so happened, too, that the statesman's hand was forced by English aggression. Charles II had claimed the Dutch possessions in North America; he had even by anticipation bestowed them on his brother, the Duke of York and Albany. In 1664 an English fleet appeared off the shore of New Netherland; New Amsterdam became New York, and Fort Orange became Fort Albany. Almost simultaneously, the English colonists took the Iroquois under their protection, which, under the circumstances, was almost equivalent to a declaration of war against the French Canadians. On the following spring the Carignan-Salières regiment was despatched to Canada; forts were during the summer erected on the Richelieu, and a winter campaign was carried into the heart of the Mohawk country. The vigour and rapidity of these military movements overawed the Iroquois; one Nation after another made proposals for a treaty, and in 1667 a general pacification ensued, which lasted for a dozen years.

It was during this precious interval of peace that Lake Ontario was first opened to French exploration and settlement; that the north shore was planted with Sulpician Missions; that La Salle discovered the Niagara, and penetrated to Burlington Bay; that Jolliet added to geography our Western Peninsula and the shore line from the Grand River to the Sault Ste. Marie; that Fort Frontenac and Fort Niagara sprang up; that the *Griffin* inaugurated the commerce of the Great Lakes. Then, too, it was that Lakes Michigan and Superior were explored; that the great copper mines were discovered; that Jolliet found the Mississippi; that the French established themselves on Hudson's Bay. All this intense activity was created, directed, sustained by that silent, toiling, morose man of the hollow eyes and black shaggy brows, who, while insisting that he was a mere subaltern, governed the most powerful kingdom in the world; who officially reproved Frontenac for styling him "My Lord" instead of "Sir," though Colbert was nevertheless by sheer force of intellect the over-lord of the Grand Monarque himself. As accounts of explorations in Western Canada are read at the French Court, we watch with eager interest the gradual uprising of the mist that so long veiled the fair features of our Province. As the maps and reports arrive, we see coming into view the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, the Thousand Islands, the gateway of a great fresh-water sea, Kingston Harbour, the romantic Bay of Quinté, then a panorama of bays, streams, wooded headlands; and, back from the lake-shore, a chain of lovely sylvan lakes gleaming through vistas of majestic forest. As the great



PORT PERRY, FROM SCUGOG ISLAND.

minister peruses the despatches of Talon, Courcelles, and Frontenac, he sees growing up beyond the ocean a new and a fairer France, and even his cold temperament is fired to enthusiasm. He often writes on the margin an emphatic "bon!" or he records his determination to strengthen the hands of the Canadian executive. The despatches, with Colbert's autograph notes, are still preserved in the archives at Paris; but in the lapse of even two centuries how faded alike are the statesman's handwriting and his Colonial Empire!

From Colbert's instructions to the Intendant Talon, and still more from his cipher correspondence with Frontenac, it is evident that it was the policy of the French Court to hold back the Jesuits from Western Canada, and push forward the Sulpicians. In the autumn of 1668, two Sulpicians, MM. Fénélon and Trouvé, established a mission at a village of the Cayugas on the Bay of

Quinté. This M. Fénélon has often been mistaken for the celebrated Archbishop of Cambray. The Canadian missionary's labours in Central Ontario are commemorated by the recurrence of the name Fenelon in the county of Victoria. On the eastern edge of Fenelon Township a river of the same name discharges the overflow of



BOWMANVILLE, FROM THE WEST.

Cameron Lake into Sturgeon Lake, and at the head of the river there is a pretty cascade which has shared its name with the prosperous village of Fenelon Falls. Under the misapprehension above noticed a village towards the south-west of the township has been called *Cambray*. The historical error implied in this name originated with easy-going Father Hennepin; then it passed into Cardinal Bausset's *Life of Archbishop Fénélon*. Our Canadian Abbé was not the Abbé Fénélon who wrote *Télémaque* and became Archbishop of Cambray; the missionary-explorer of our lake-shore was the archbishop's elder brother. They were both sons of Count Fénélon-Salignac, though by different marriages. Both bore the name of Francis, though the younger bore the addition Armand; both entered the order of St. Sulpice; and both looked wistfully to Western Canada as the Mission-Land of Promise. The younger Fénélon, being of delicate constitution, was dissuaded from following in his brother's



MAKING PORT HOPE IN A STORM.

steps and undertaking the privations and dangers of a life among the Northern Iroquois. While the elder brother was teaching the Indian children of our Whibty shore, the younger was teaching Louis XIV's grandson and heir apparent; while the elder was enduring more than the toils of Ulysses, the younger was inditing the *Adventures of Telemachus*. Young Burgundy was explosive enough; but the heir of a Seneca Chief had a more volcanic temper than any prince in Christendom. Leaving the new mission of Quinté, Abbé Fénélon—first of all Europeans—explored the lake-shore, and reached the Seneca village that overlooked Pickering

Harbour. What Indian name was then borne by that quiet mere we know not; but thenceforward for two centuries it was "Frenchman's Bay." There Fénélon spent the last months of 1669 and the early months of 1670. Educationist as well as evangelist, his labours would extend from the village outwards to the lodges that lay scattered in the great wilderness. He was undoubtedly the first teacher of languages



A GLIMPSE OF PORT HOPE.

in the County of Ontario—this young scion of most ancient French nobility—and he had for pupils as lithe, and bright-eyed, and keen-witted young Canadians as ever were. But whether Abbé Fénélon's labours foreshadowed Pickering College, or the Whitby Ladies' College, or the Collegiate Institute of Whitby, or the High School of Oshawa,—is a question that we must reluctantly leave to local antiquarians.

From a political view as well as from an educational and ecclesiastical, this Sulpician enterprise was interesting. Richelieu and his generation of French statesmen had hoped for great national advantages from the labours of the Recollects and the Jesuits in Upper Canada. But now, after half a century of most devoted toil, France possessed but the most shadowy influence over the native races. Her Indian allies had been exterminated; her fur-trade was all but ruined. Talon, Courcelles, and Frontenac all blamed the Jesuits for their impolicy in teaching the natives through the Indian dialects, instead of moulding them through the French language to the service of France. The Jesuits themselves were perplexed at the disastrous issue of all their heroism and sufferings; they laid their failure to the abnor-

mal activity of the Powers of Darkness. Both parties went too far for a reason. They overlooked the enormous chasm that separates civilized life from barbarism,—a chasm which, as Canadians have since learned, centuries of earnest toil are insufficient to bridge over. Louis the Fourteenth's pride was touched by this Indian problem. To him, and his ministers, and courtiers, it was inconceivable that Iroquois wigwams could hold out against French civilization, when even the Turk had bowed in its presence. The new Canadian policy, as expounded by Colbert, was to make the French language the sole means of communication, and, by this means, "detach the native races from their savage customs;" in short, to fuse aborigines and colonists "into one people and one race, having but one law and one master." M. Olier had in 1645 founded at Paris the Order of St. Sulpice, and a branch of his Seminary had been already established at Montreal. Still unwedded to precedents or traditions, Sulpicians were thought to be more receptive than older orders of the principles that were to govern the new colonial policy. Young men of rank and fortune had already enrolled themselves as students of the Seminary, and it was expected that they and their friends would defray the expenses of the Mission without burdening the public exchequer. The headquarters of the new enterprise were to be on the peninsula which now forms our County of Prince Edward. A colony of Cayugas had established themselves on the lakeward side of the peninsula, within the cove which, in our time, is called West Lake, but by the earliest French explorers was named after the Indian village *Lac de Kenté*. In the lapse of two centuries this name has been converted into the Bay of Quinté, and transferred to the romantic water that separates the peninsula from the Counties of Hastings and Lennox. In 1668 a numerous deputation had been sent by the villagers of Kenté to Montreal, urging the settlement of a Missionary in their midst. September brought down Rohiaria himself, the aged chief of the village, to support the application, and, if he should succeed, to escort the "Black Robe" to Kenté. MM. Trouvé and Fénélon eagerly volunteered for the new enterprise, and procured the consent of their Superior, M. de Queylus. But in the days of Louis XIV a French Missionary was an ambassador in a political, as well as a spiritual sense; and, like Livingstone in our day, the Sulpician was to be explorer as well as evangelist. He would on occasion negotiate and conclude treaties in behalf of France with the native races; and, on discovering tracts hitherto unexplored by Europeans, he would in solemn form set up a cross bearing the Arms of France, and appropriate the territory to His Most Christian Majesty Louis XIV. Through an anticipation, we have already witnessed the annexation of the north shore of Lake Erie by the Sulpicians Dollier and Galinée. The north shore of Lake Ontario was now to be annexed by other members of the same Order.

MM. Trouvé and Fénélon went down to Quebec to obtain their credentials from Bishop Laval; also from the Civil Government, then represented by Governor Courcelles

and the Intendant Talon. The two latter, with Colbert's instructions fresh in their memory, eagerly forwarded the Mission. Bishop Laval, too, was much interested in this new scheme which was to *franciser*, or Frenchify the Indians. Acting on Colbert's suggestion, he had just founded at Quebec his *Petit Séminaire*, and had selected eight French boys and six Indians to live under the same roof and to be carefully trained together. The research of Abbé Verreau has brought to light a private letter written by the bishop to Fénélon for his direction in the Kenté Mission; it recommends the young missionary when perplexed to write for advice to the Jesuits. This letter would have made interesting reading for Talon or Colbert!

From the scattered annals of this Kenté Mission we obtain our first knowledge of Central Ontario; we obtain at the same time most interesting glimpses of life among the ancient Iroquois Nations.

It was the second of October before the Sulpicians got away from Lachine. Two Cayugas were to form their entire convoy. With occasional portages and towings of canoes they surmounted the obstacles that lay between Lakes St. Louis and St. Francis. Smoke was noticed in an inlet of Lake St. Francis, and, on repairing to the spot, the explorers discovered two emaciated squaws and a boy ten or twelve years old. These unfortunates had been driven as slaves to the Oneida village that lay westward near the lake of the same name. They made a desperate attempt to escape to the French settlements, and had now been forty days in the wilderness without other food than a few squirrels, which the boy had contrived to shoot with rude arrows made by his mother. Ravenously they devoured some biscuits that the Sulpicians gave them; but, their hunger allayed, they were now in terror lest they should suffer the dreadful penalty of fugitive slaves among the Indians,—roasting to death at a slow fire. It was with the utmost difficulty that the missionaries saved these poor creatures from the tomahawk of their Iroquois guides, one of whom maddened himself for murder by drinking from a little keg of brandy procured in Montreal. Through many dangers the fugitives made good their flight, and joined the poor remnants of tribes that had escaped the general extermination in the west. To the Sulpicians this was no holiday excursion. Sometimes wading rapids with bruised and bleeding feet, sometimes swimming streams and inlets, these weary wayfarers reached Kenté on the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, (28th October), 1668.

Chateaubriand, in a cynical epigram, observes that of all Indian virtues, hospitality is the last to yield to European civilization. Indian larders were, nevertheless, subject to wide vicissitudes, ranging all the way from a stifling feast to gaunt famine. The pilgrims happened into Kenté on rather a lean day. Their first meal was chopped pumpkins fried in suet. With the ancient sauce of hunger, the worthy fathers found the entertainment excellent! Another day brought a pottage of maize and sunflower-seeds. This alarming preparation was called *sagamité*. It would sadly disconcert the

chef of the "Arlington" or the "Dafoe;" but, in the pre-historic gardens of Central Ontario, *æstheticism* was cultivated, and sunflowers lorded it over squashes, and pumpkins, and Indian corn. In the woodland kitchen, sunflower-seeds gave strength and character to weaker flavours; and in beauty's bower sunflower-oil disputed the place of honour with vermilion.

There were three outposts of this Kenté Mission: the Seneca village on Frenchman's Bay already noticed; Ganeraské, the Indian village on the future site of Port Hope; and Ganneious, the Iroquois representative of our Napanee.

In the spring of 1669 the Abbé Fénélon went down to Montreal and brought back with him as a reinforcement M. D'Urfé, who remained during the winter at Kenté, while Fénélon explored westward and wintered at Frenchman's Bay. Two other Sulpicians, Dollier and Galinée, spent, it may be remembered, the same winter in the forest between the Grand River and Long Point; they thankfully contrast the mildness of their season with its excessive rigour elsewhere. In Central and Eastern Canada the winter of 1669–70 was of unprecedented length and severity. June found the ground still frozen in the gardens of Montreal, and all the orchard trees dead. Unlike the tribes across the lake, who kept droves of swine, and stored up maize in large



RAILWAY VIADUCT, PORT HOPE.



ON THE BEACH, COBOURG.

granaries, these Northern Iroquois had seemingly laid up nothing for winter. The missionaries were forced to range the forest for food, thankful for a squirrel or chipmunk, and sometimes gnawing even the fungi that grew within the shade of the pines. Fénélon's experience by the Whitby shore must have been worse than his brethren's at Kenté, for he had no one to share his thoughts or his sufferings. He died within ten years, at the early age of thirty-eight; and it is probable that his constitution was broken by the hardships of that memorable winter. To this delicately-nurtured son of the old *noblesse* what an appalling change from the *salons* of Paris, and from the refined luxury of the ancestral castle at Périgord! He would have been either more or less than human not to have been at times profoundly depressed. And he had sacrificed so much that his rank would have ensured to him! His uncle, the Marquis de Fénélon, was a distinguished soldier and statesman; the Marquis' daughter would presently marry into the great house of Montmorency-Laval. Another marriage alliance would secure for him the influence of the great Colbert. One of his uncles was Bishop of Sarlat; his brother would become the illustrious Archbishop of Cambray; and for himself, had he but yielded to the passionate entreaties of his uncle of Sarlat, and remained at home, the highest offices in Church or State were open to his legitimate ambition! The life of these warlike Iroquois was an alternation between wild revels and absolute destitution. Even amid their savage festivities Fénélon must have felt greater loneliness and dejection than Cædmon, the poet-recluse of the older Whitby shore tells us he felt amid the pagan revels of the Norsemen.

In the Huron-Algonquin era, this north shore was without doubt more thickly



PETERBOROUGH.

villaged than the Sulpicians found it. The Iroquois desolation had swept over it, and we learn from a letter of Laval's that only in 1665 did the conquering race begin colonization. In the earlier era there would certainly be fishing villages at Whitby, Oshawa, and Port Darlington. We feel confident that, from a very early period, grist machinery and agricultural implements were manufactured at Oshawa; though primeval machinery was no better than the Huron stump-mills figured by Champlain; while the sole agricultural implements were mattocks, fashioned from red-deer's antlers. Ages before the Bowman of 1824 settled on that hill-side, a bowman of different lineage chose for his village the winding stream and the shadowy elms. The burghers of ancient Bowmanville did not build organs and pianos; nor make luxurious furniture: delicately-pencilled sprays of hemlock served for their repose; and as for sweet symphonies, had they not the forest with its clustered organ-pines?

After Frenchman's Bay, the next easterly station of the Sulpicians was at Ganeraské. We have already been at some pains to trace the error by which, in some later French maps, the name "Teyoyagon" was marked at Port Hope, displacing "Ganeraské" the real name of the Indian village. Teyoyagon was later on discovered to be identical with Toronto; but as the former name now had shifted eastward, the latter name must follow. Thus it happens that in early conveyances covering the site of Port Hope the place is called Toronto; indeed, it was to end the confusion that this

eastern Toronto was, in the official post-office list of 1817, named "Smith's Creek." An examination of contemporary maps removes all doubt as to the correspondence of the ancient Ganeraské with the modern Port Hope. Even so lately as 1813 the mill-stream which races through the town was called in our official maps and gazetteers Ganeraska River. But, towards the close of the last century, Peter Smith,—an honest trapper and fur-dealer,—set up his log hut by the river near the site of the great Viaduct that now carries the Grand Trunk Railway across the valley; and then Ganeraska River began to shrink and modernize into *Smith's Creek.* The stream now babbled night and day of Smith's fair commerce, and to the lingering shades of Indians and Sulpicians became the very River of Oblivion; even the ancient elms as they lapped of its hurrying waters forgot the past, and ceased

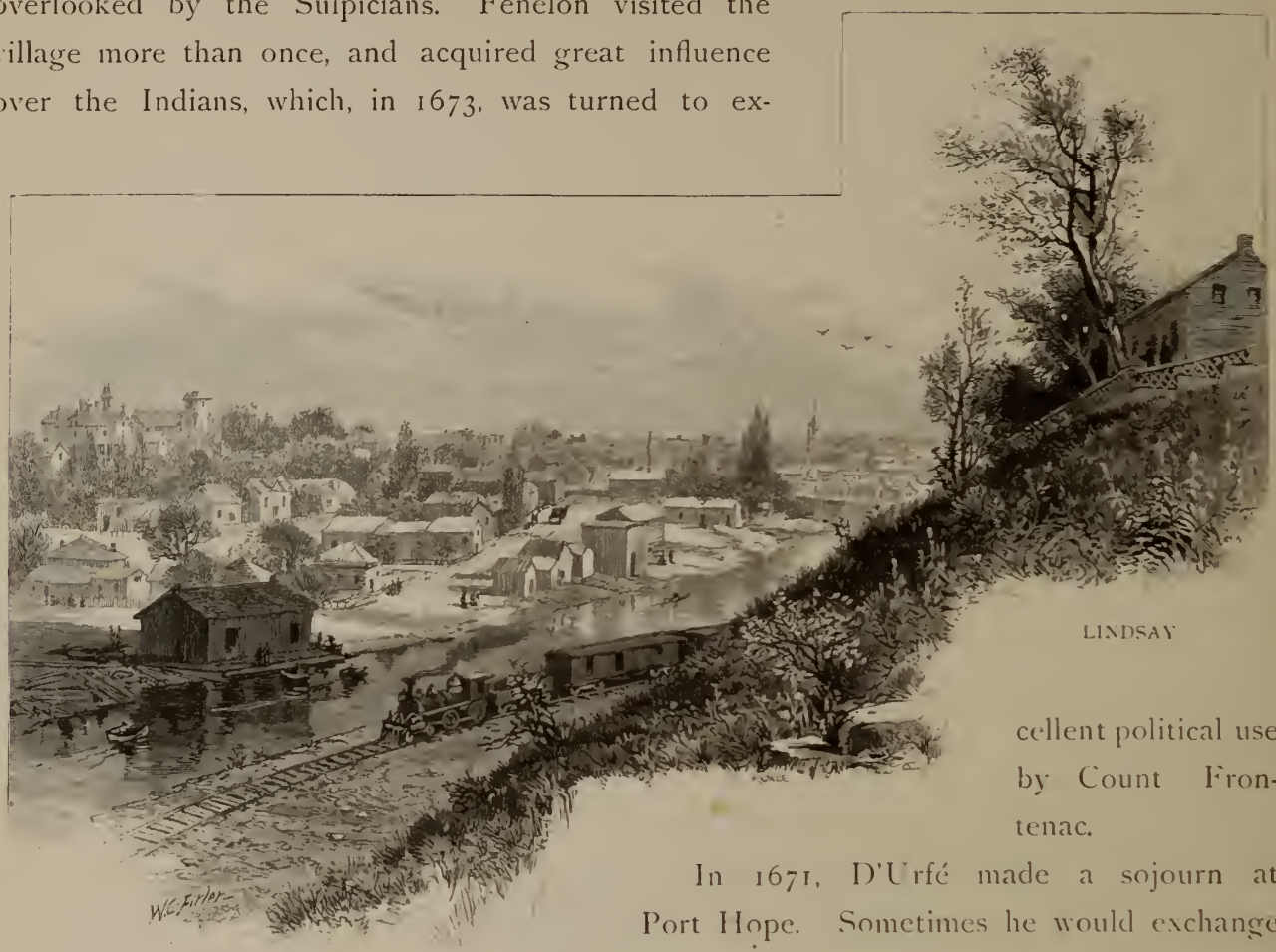
"repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind."

Where the Ganeraska entered the lake there was time out of mind a natural covert whither canoes flew for shelter. Canoe-voyages are over, and now lake-birds of longer and stronger flight haunt these waters; but, if a storm breaks, it is just as it



STONY LAKE, NEAR PETERBOROUGH.

was of old: steamers and sail-craft scud and flutter towards the ancient covert. This natural gateway to the new-discovered land was not overlooked by the Sulpicians. Fénélon visited the village more than once, and acquired great influence over the Indians, which, in 1673, was turned to excellent political use by Count Frontenac.



LINDSAY

In 1671, D'Urfé made a sojourn at Port Hope. Sometimes he would exchange places with the Superior at Kenté; and the two Sulpicians would often range the forests and neighbouring shores "*chercher les brebis égarées*,"—"to seek the lost sheep,"—that Laval's pastoral had so solemnly committed to their charge. In such excursions these pioneers must have become familiar with the sites on which have since arisen thriving towns and villages, and which even in pre-historic times were singled out for their natural advantages. Where the ivied tower of the Collegiate School now looks down upon Port Hope, the Sulpicians have no doubt often stood and looked out upon a waving landscape, of which the neighbouring pine-grove still whispers a reminiscence. As of old, Pine Street leads down to the harbour; but otherwise, how altered the scene! For the silence and romantic gloom of sylvan ravines, we have all the bustle and circumstance of a young city, through whose arteries is throbbing the trade of the midland lakes.

The Sulpicians must have been well acquainted with the Cobourg Beach, which was but a couple of leagues eastward. Two centuries ago, it was in great esteem for salmon fishing. So the Marquis de Denonville wrote Louis XIV in 1687. The Governor-General had rested on the site of Cobourg when returning with his army from the campaign

in Seneca Land. A force of two thousand men assembled at Fort Cataraqui (Kingston), and embarked on a flotilla of nearly two hundred *bateaux*. This expedition brought together names that have since become household words in Canada. The veteran Callières commanded under the Governor; then came the Chevalier de Vaudreuil, ancestor of the Marquis who governed Canada in the day of Montcalm; among the junior officers were Berthier, and Longueuil le Moyne. They coasted along the south shore of the Lake, and rendezvoused at the mouth of the Genesee. Here they were joined by Tonty, commandant of Fort St. Louis, with his contingent of Illinois Indians; by Durantaye, commandant at Mackinac; and by Du Luth, who was then commandant of Fort Detroit, and whose own fort on Lake Superior is still commemorated by a city on those waters.

Years afterwards this raid into Seneca Land was traceable by its ruthless devastation. Leaving a force to rebuild and garrison Fort Niagara, the expedition returned by the north shore. After an encampment on Burlington Beach, and then at Toronto, where they were detained by a storm of wind and rain, they reached Frenchman's Bay.



WATCHING FOR DEER.

There the Christian Indians feasted our warriors with a double hecatomb of deer, after which the flotilla of *bateaux* ran before a light south-west wind to Cobourg Beach;

and here the expedition encamped to reinforce the commissariat with lake salmon. It was the sixth of August, 1687. Denonville and Callières would pace the broad strand together. They would at times stop short to watch the restless lake rocking like a mighty loom, and weaving into endless patterns the gray, and purple, and black sands; while coquettish eddies, like Penelope, ran their fingers through the web and ravelled it all out again. When night closed in, the Governor would sit by the water watching the canoes of the fire-fishers shooting like meteors across the harbour. His eyes and his thoughts would involuntarily be borne towards that southern horizon so lately reddened by the burning of the Seneca villages. But no thought of remorse for thousands of helpless women and children left homeless and hungering! He is bethinking him in what terms he will set forth this business so as to flatter his royal master, and advantage himself. Two years hence such an anniversary of this August night will come as shall balance up the reckoning, and close Denonville's administration with that page of blood and flame, entitled *The Massacre of Lachine.!*

Charming lake and landward views may be had at Cobourg. For them you may ascend to the campanile of Victoria Hall, as the stately municipal building here is called; or, better still, get President Nelles' permission to climb to the roof of Victoria University. The University which, from the inscription over the portal, was established more than fifty years ago as the "Upper Canada Academy," lies nestling in a leafy covert, like Plato's lecture-room in the grove of Academus. Faraday Hall is a vigorous off-shoot of the older curriculum, showing the President's resolution to keep his University abreast of modern research. A saunter through the laboratories and museums brings into startling neighbourhood the slumberous past and the feverish present. Here we found a powerful Gramme machine in process of evolution; there calmly slept an Egyptian mummy. Almost at a stride we passed from the era of electrical tension into the presence of a pyramid-builder!

The people of Cobourg feel a pride in telling you how many of their college boys have won distinction and influence; they tell you, also, how many students have left the old law-offices there to become judges, law-givers, and Cabinet Ministers. And pray observe in the local names the fires of United Empire Loyalism still glimmering. The village-nucleus of the proposed district-town used to be called Amherst; but when it was conjectured that the Prince of Coburg-Gotha might become the husband of the Princess Victoria, the Loyalists grasped the forelock of time, anticipated even the domestic diplomatist Baron Stockmar, and called the new district-town *Coburg*, which has since been unnecessarily amplified in the spelling. By an auspicious coincidence, the Prince of Wales was with us in 1860 when Victoria Hall was ready to be inaugurated; and he threw himself into the occasion with refreshing heartiness.

As the Sulpician pioneers ascended from the Cobourg shore and climbed the water-shed that separates the streams of the Trent Valley from those of Lake

Ontario, by gentle undulations the ancient lake-margins would be reached with their sandy soil and growth of pines and oaks. When the highest ridge was gained, the wayfarers would face about and view the great lake now six or seven hundred feet below. To these first European explorers the lake might well seem boundless. Yet, often by mirage,—and sometimes in actual presence, as Colonel Strickland declares,—might have been seen, away in the southern horizon, the farther rim of the primeval lake-basin. Of yonder dim ridge, Colonel Rochester would, more than a century afterwards, make a "coign of vantage" for a great city. Pursuing their route and descending the northern slope, they would see gleaming through aisles of stately forest a great link of that noble lake-chain which, for centuries of centuries before the Trent Valley Canal was thought of, must have led the forest-ranger from the Bay of Quinté to Georgian Bay. As our pilgrims approached the water, they found it deeply fringed with wild rice, over which hovered clouds of wild fowl,—beautiful wood-duck, with summer glistening in their plumage; also fall and winter duck just returned from the north. Nor did the birds take amiss the presence of a few red-men who were threshing some ripened rice into their canoes. Throughout the lake were scattered conical islets wooded with maples, already aflame with the hectic of the dying summer; and at times their bright leaves would fall on the water like flakes of fire. So Champlain had found this lake in September, 1615; and so, more that half a century later, the Sulpicians saw it,—for in Rice Lake their explorations mingled with the earlier current of adventure.

In the days of the Sulpicians there stood by the north shore,—apparently within the present Indian Reserve on the Otonabee,—the Iroquois village of Kentsio, so that early French geographers called Rice Lake *Lac de Kentsio.* Next century, when Kenté became Quinté, Kentsio became Quintio; and, at the word, English geographers taking a long stride eastward, called the water "Lake Quinté." But, as already seen, Lake Quinté was a cove on the lakeward side of Prince Edward County. Of this confusion the notable result was that *neither* of the litigants ultimately got the English title; it was bestowed on a bay known to the early French as *Lac St. Lyon.* This is but another instance of the disentanglement necessary before we can recover the early history of our Province.

The map of Lake Ontario has within historic memory been over-written with five series of names and settlements: those of the Huron-Algonquin era; those of the Iroquois domination; those of the French occupation; those of the Mississaga or Ojebway Conquest; and those of the English occupation. Of the Huron-Algonquin period, but slight trace survives on Lake Ontario beyond the name of the lake itself. After alternate *fanfares* and *disgrâces,* it had been rechristened Lake St. Louis, and Lake of the Iroquois; Frontenac's Lake and Lake Cataraqui; but the grand old Lake went calmly back to the simplicity,—the majestic simplicity,—of its ancient name.

Even in Charlevoix's day,—a hundred and sixty years ago,—the undisputed name was once more *Ontario*, "The Great Lake."

Of the Iroquois domination, also, but few traces remain,—a few sonorous names like Niagara and Toronto. The race of athletes who lorded it over half the Continent, whose alliance was eagerly courted by France and England, were, after all, unable to maintain their foothold against the despised Ojebways. Of these, the Mississagas became specially numerous and aggressive, so that their *totem*, the crane, was a familiar hieróglyph on our forest trees from the beginning of last century. One of the oldest of Greek legends relates the war of the Cranes and Pygmies. Though the foes of our northern Cranes were not Pygmies, but giants, they possessed not the craft of the little ancients who lived by the ocean shore. The Mississagas so multiplied in their northern nests that presently, by mere numbers, they overwhelmed the Iroquois. Most desperate fighting there was, and the battle-fields were still clearly traceable when English pioneers first broke ground. Colonel Strickland, in his explorations of the County of Peterborough, found near the Otonabee River the field that gave the Mississagas the lordship of Rice Lake and Stony Lake, and the other lakes beyond,—a domain now all but shrunken to the little village of Hiawatha. These old tragic scenes are fast fading into the twilight of a Homeric legend. With propriety, probably unconscious, a township on the lower edge of Rice Lake has been named Asphodel,—no unfit name for well-watered meadows, where the shades of Indian heroes may still linger! While thus sauntering over our ancient battle-grounds, one's thoughts find words in the sonnet-dirge of our native poet, Sangster:—

"My footsteps press where, centuries ago,
The Red Men fought and conquered; lost and won.
Whole tribes and races, gone like last year's snow,
Have found the Eternal Hunting Grounds, and run
The fiery gauntlet of their active days,
Until few are left to tell the mournful tale;
And these inspire us with such wild amaze
They seem like spectres passing down a vale
Steeped in uncertain moonlight, on their way
Towards some bourn where darkness blinds the day,
And night is wrapped in mystery profound.
We cannot lift the mantle of the past:
We seem to wander over hallowed ground:
We scan the trail of Thought, but all is overcast."

The Mississagas, though not endowed with either the Mohawk verve or intellect, were no more destitute of poetry than of valour. Take the names of some of their chiefs. One chief's name signified "He who makes footsteps in the sky"; another was



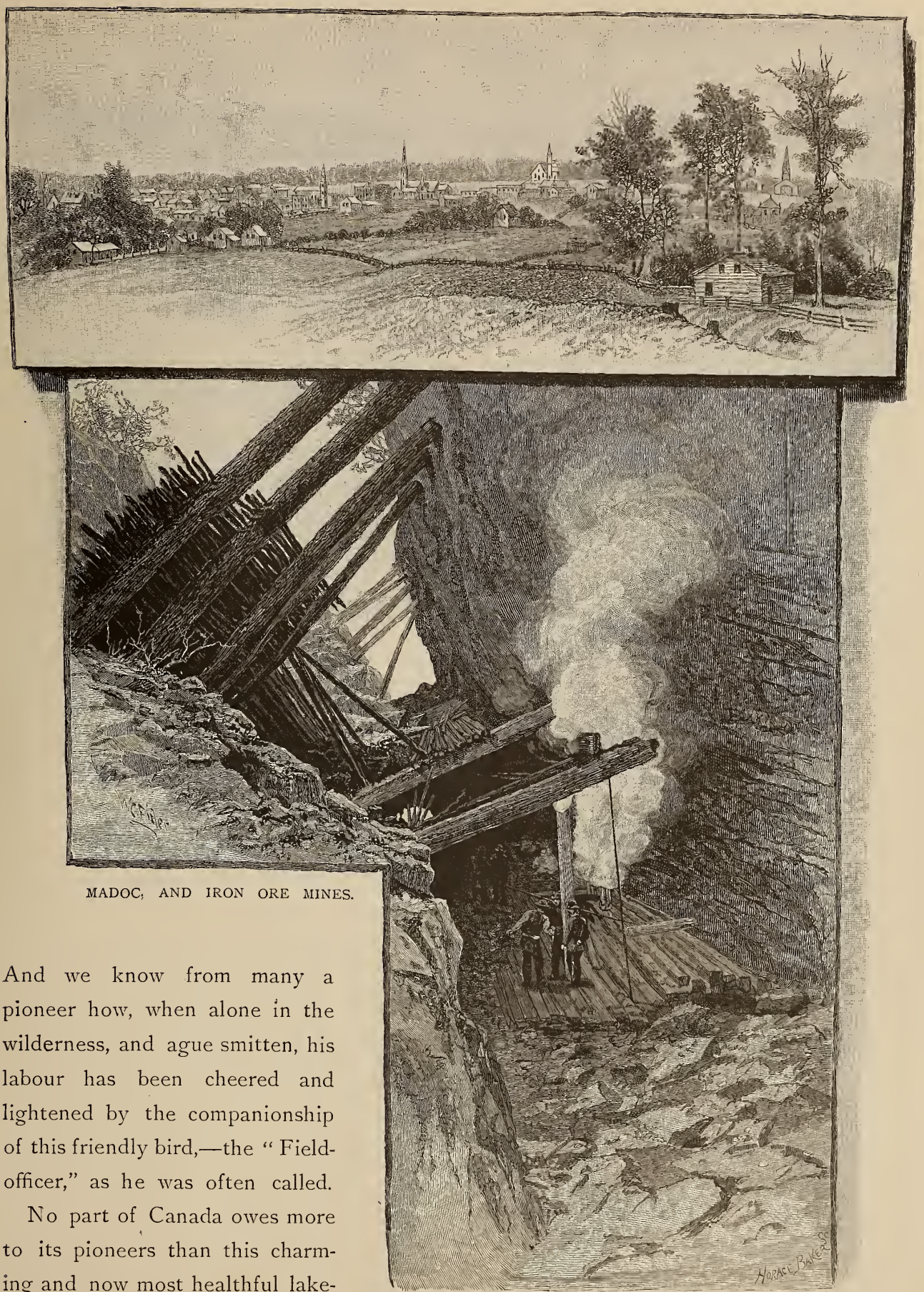
ENTRANCE TO IRON ORE MINES, MADOC.

Wawanosh, "He who ambles the water." The Rev. Peter Jones was, through his mother, descended from a famous line of poetic warriors; his grandfather was *Waubuno,* "The Morning Light." On occasion, the Mississaga could come down to prose. *Scugog* describes the clay bottom and submerged banks of that lake, which, taking a steamer at Port Perry, we traverse on our summer excursion to Lindsay and Sturgeon Lake. Chemong aptly names the lake whose tide of silt sometimes even retards our canoe when we are fishing or fowling. *Omemee,* "the wild pigeon," has given its name not only to Pigeon Lake and its chief affluent, but to the town where Pigeon Creek lingers on its course to the lake. Sturgeon Lake is linked to Pigeon Lake by a

double gateway. This "rocky portal" the Mississagas described by *Bobcaygeon.* In our time the name has been transferred to the romantic village on the upper outlet, and the latter is now the "North River." By a reprehensible levity, the lower outlet is now called "The Little Bob." The steamer *Beaubocage*, which plies between Lindsay and Bobcaygeon, would evidently take us back for the latter name to the old French explorers, and to their outspoken admiration of the *lovely woodlands* on these waters. At the south-west corner of Stony Lake the overflow of the whole lake-chain is gathered into a crystal funnel, well-named "Clear Lake," and thence poured into Rice Lake through the Otonabee. This fine river flows south-westerly, expanding at Lakefield into Ketchewanook, the "Lake of the Rapids"; thence, between bold and rocky banks, the Otonabee races rather then flows to Peterborough, the channel descending, according to Rubidge's survey, a hundred and forty-seven feet within nine miles. Riding on this current, even the massive rafts of the olden time used to gallop the distance within an hour. The wise millwrights at Lakefield and Peterborough grasp the mane of this wild river, and make him take many a turn at their wheels. By the time he has escaped the millers of Peterborough and Ashburnham, his tawny back is flecked with foam and sawdust, and his spirit is somewhat quelled. Were we to follow him over an erratic course some twenty-five miles farther, we should find him champing the sedges around a delta at Rice Lake. From this delta the river got its Indian name, Otonabee,—"Mouth-Water."

On Rice Lake, the chief Indian settlement is Hiawatha, named after the Hercules of Ojebway mythology, whom the American poet has immortalized in his melodious trochaics. At Hiawatha and on Scugog Island, you may still find, in the ordinary language of the Ojebway, fragments of fine imagery and picture-talk, often in the very words which Longfellow has so happily woven into his poem. And the scenery of this Trent Valley reproduces that of the Vale of Tawasentha. Here are "the wild rice of the river," and "the Indian village," and "the groves of singing pine-trees, ever sighing, ever singing." At Fenelon Falls we have the "Laughing Water," and not far below is Sturgeon Lake, the realm of the "King of fishes." Sturgeon of portentous size are yet met with, though falling somewhat short of the comprehensive fish sung by Longfellow, which swallowed Hiawatha, canoe and all!

Among these forests, too, dwelt once Megissogwon, that "mightiest of magicians," who, "guarded by the black pitch-water, sends the fever from the marshes." Our fathers and grandfathers knew this magician only too well; felt him far off, and shook at his coming! They fought him, not like Hiawatha with jasper-headed arrows, but with the woodman's axe. Like the Indian hero, our pioneer was often "wounded, weary, and desponding, with his mittens torn and tattered." A friendly woodpecker cheered on Hiawatha to the contest, and, by his timely hint to aim at the magician's head, won a tuft of crimson feathers as his share of the bloody spoils which followed.



MADOC, AND IRON ORE MINES.

And we know from many a pioneer how, when alone in the wilderness, and ague smitten, his labour has been cheered and lightened by the companionship of this friendly bird,—the "Field-officer," as he was often called.

No part of Canada owes more to its pioneers than this charming and now most healthful lake-land. Some of the finest towns



A VIEW IN BELLEVILLE.

were, two generations ago, jungles reeking with malaria, and infested by wolves, black-flies, black snakes, and black bears. All honour to the men whose hands or brain worked the transformation! Their services were but seldom remembered in the naming of our towns. "Port Perry," by an after-thought, revived the memory of the founder of Whitby. Lindsay is named, well and worthily, after a poor axe-man, who perished in the survey of the cedar swamp, through the heart of which Kent Street was carried. Peterborough is now entering on the dignity of a city; but the name very properly takes back our thoughts to 1825, and to the condition of Scott's Plains, when Peter Robinson led thither his first band of Irish immigrants. After building a long boat, he made a preliminary ascent of the Otonabee with twenty native Canadians and thirty of the healthiest of the immigrants. Mr. Robinson adds: "Not one of these men escaped the ague and fever, and two died."

Among its first settlers, Lakefield received no less than three of the literary Stricklands,—Colonel Strickland and his sisters, Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Traill. By their graceful contributions to our native literature, Lakefield and Rice Lake became known

far beyond the limits of Canada. Dr. Poole's *Early Settlement of Peterborough* is also an important contribution to the county annals.

In the Counties of Peterborough and Hastings, we find the borderland between the oldest sedimentary rocks and the still more ancient Laurentian series. The Silurian limestones are expressed in the music of rich woodlands, or in rounded knolls of verdure; but some of the most charming lakes owe their wild beauty to the Laurentian formation, which often abruptly closes the vista with beetling crags of red or grey gneiss. At Stony Lake, this red granitic gneiss rises through the lake-floor, forming the islands lately whitened by the tents of the American Canoe Association. That was a joyous occasion not soon to be forgotten. If you ask how the time was spent, Emerson must answer:

"Ask you, how went the hours?
All day we swept the lake, searched every cove
North from Camp Maple, south to Osprey Bay,
Watching when the loud dogs should drive in deer;
Or whipping its rough surface for a trout;
Or bathers, diving from the rock at noon;
Challenging echo by our guns and cries;
Or listening to the laughter of the loon;
Or in the evening twilight's latest red,
Beholding the procession of the pines;
Or, later yet, beneath a lighted jack,
In the boat's bows, a silent night-hunter
Stealing with paddle to the feeding-grounds
Of the red deer, to aim at a square mist.
Hark to that muffled roar! a tree in the woods
Is fallen; but hush! it has not scared the buck
Who stands astonished at the meteor light,
Then turns to bound away,—is it too late?"

Farther eastward, in the township of Madoc, we apparently find the transition from the fused sediments of a lifeless world to the first dawn of life; for overlying the Upper Laurentian rocks are slaty limestones, containing the now famous *Eozoön Canadense*—whose name Dr. Dawson devised, and whose character he triumphantly vindicated. Exteriorly, this fossil resembles a handful of petrified floss-silk, but, carefully examined with a microscope, it betrays the food canals of a structure once animated. To the miner and metallurgist, Madoc Township became in the fall of 1866 an object of the keenest interest from the discovery of gold on the upper course of the Moira, at the point thenceforward known as the Richardson Mine. Over a tract following the river for sixteen miles, gold has been found in considerable quantity diffused through arsenical iron pyrites, as at the gold mines of Reichenstein in Silesia.



CHARLES STREET, BELLEVILLE.

This auriferous mispickel may well yield large profits; but the separation of gold from sulphur and arsenic, and iron and lime is a process of great delicacy,—one therefore not to be intrusted to *bulls and bears*. From wild speculation, Madoc has most undeservedly suffered. A better time is coming. At the works of the Consolidated Gold Mining Company, the scientific difficulties have been honestly grappled with, and, we believe, completely solved. The process employed is based on the chlorination method of Plattner, but carried to a degree of refinement never attempted by the famous Freyberg professor. Of the by-products, the most important is arsenic, which is obtained in tons, and is in constant demand for calico-printing, as well as for the manufacture of glass, Paris green, and aniline dyes.

Iron mining in this district has long been associated with the township of Marmora, but deposits, of either magnetite, or hematite have been found in workable quantity at various points in the Laurentian rocks, from the rear of Belleville to the rear of Kingston.

From the Seymour mine, magnetic iron ore has been largely drawn to supply the Cleveland furnaces; for, unfortunately, Seymour's blast-furnace in Madoc has long been cold, and the proposed steel works at Belleville have not yet been erected. Cleveland also takes largely of the hematite of this Madoc district, which is found to yield iron of great purity and tensile strength. The ore occurs chiefly in red amorphous masses, but often inclosing specular iron in lustrous crystals. This mining district of Central and Eastern Ontario has hitherto been somewhat difficult of access; but, with the Ontario and Quebec Railway carried through the heart of the district,

and intersecting the railroads from Belleville, Napanee, and Kingston, there will be no difficulty in delivering minerals at any desired point.

Important auxiliaries will, of course, be found in the Trent Valley Canal and in its necessary complement, the Murray Canal. This latter project, which takes its name from the adjoining township, was seriously discussed by our great-grandfathers; but only in this day, after nearly a hundred years of talk and squabble, has the project ripened into performance. The Murray Canal will divide the narrow neck of land that joins Prince Edward County to the mainland, thus opening a western gateway into the romantic Bay of Quinté, and making lake-ports of what were before secluded bay-inlets.

Of the Trent Valley, as it was two hundred and seventy years ago, Champlain gave such glimpses as must have stirred the sportsmen at the court of Mary de' Medici and Louis XIII. The fish and fishing of the Midland Lakes were, he said, of undoubted excellence; and "it is certain that the whole region is very charming and delightful." Along the lake and river margins the trees seemed planted for pleasure-grounds, suggesting to this first explorer whether, in a by-gone age, the country had not been peopled by a race who had abandoned it only through stress of invasion.



BARLEY HARVEST.

Vines and walnuts grew in profusion. As to game, there was no counting the deer and bears. Four or five hundred Indians of his party would form into two columns, widely divergent at the base-line of the hunt, but converging to a point on the Trent. Some active sportsmen would now beat the woods, and, raising the game with their cries, would drive it within the lines of the wedge. Any game that escaped at the outlet must take to the river, where Indians armed with spears were waiting in canoes. Captivated with the ingenuity of this primitive *battue*, Champlain must needs join in the sport with his *arquebuse*. This ponderous piece of antiquity, when brought into action, was supported on a rest and held to its place by an iron brace; and our old Governor, taking aim with his ordnance, would now suggest a surveyor taking levels with a theodolite. Then the old blunderbuss was subject to dangerous illusions; for among some undoubted deer, Champlain found with dismay that he had brought down an Indian! Not killed, fortunately; and the Indian's wounds were presently healed over by generous *largesse*. So our merry-men made the greenwood echo with their sport until they reached the Bay of Quinté. But, like the famous hunt of Chevy Chase, this sport was leading up to serious business; and, as the old English ballad said:

"The child would rue that was unborn
The hunting of that day."

A raid was designed against Onondaga Land across the Lake. In Prince Edward County there is a headland that well remembers the crossing; for from that occasion it got its name Point Traverse. Reaching the site of the future Oswego, Champlain struck inland and delivered his attack on the Onondaga stronghold. But, despite blunderbusses, and the impetuous assault of the Hurons, and a most desperate effort to fire this hornets'-nest, the lithe inmates beat off their assailants with loss, and lodged their barbs in Champlain's leg and knee-pan. There was nothing for it but retreat. Packed in a hamper, and strapped to a Huron's back, he was borne to the lake-shore in frightful torment,—or, as the bluff old sailor himself exclaims in his antique French, *iamais ie ne m'estois veu en vne telle gehenne*. Champlain's wounds soon healed; but not so the breach with the Iroquois, who thenceforward waged a merciless border-war on the French Colony.

Belleville offered in the original form of its name,—*Belleville*,—a compliment to Arabella, the wife of Governor Gore; just as the *Gore* District was designed to immortalize Sir Francis himself, and as the County of Halton still commemorates his secretary, Major Halton. For its altered name, Belleville finds ample justification in the beauty of the city and its neighbourhood. As to the French aspect of the name, we may still find on the River Moira, French Canadians girt with red sashes, and

lightening their log-rolling with quavers of *voyageur* songs. Many of the streets are shaded, and some are even overarched with trees. Hard by these aisles of towering maples are the domestic sanctuaries of wealth and fashion. The transition to this romantic twilight from the glare and bustle of Front Street, is a very delightful experience of an August day. Of public buildings, this young city has a full share; the Post-Office and City Hall are notably good. When the lofty clock-tower of the City Hall is lit up at night, the dial can be seen far down the Bay of Quinté, and is a welcome beacon to mariners hurrying homewards. Belleville is the seat of Alexandra College and Albert University. A little beyond the city limits lies the extensive pile of buildings, occupied by the Provincial Institution for Deaf Mutes. Straying into one of the sacred edifices that give Church Street its name, we find on the wall a memorial tablet to the Rev. William Case, and are thus reminded that the Bay of Quinté was the cradle of Canadian Methodism. As early as 1791, the Cataraqui Circuit had been established, covering Kingston and the Quinté shores; but in 1795 the headquarters of the Circuit were definitely placed on the Bay of Quinté. Radiating from this focus of energy, the movement spread over all the land, attaining in the end the vast dimensions of the United Methodist Church of Canada.

A morning excursion down the Bay from Trenton or Belleville to Picton and the Lake on the Mountain, is one of those delightful summer memories that one likes to lay up for winter use. Among these winding and romantic shores, the more destructive form of enterprise has happily stayed its hand, so that much of the primitive beauty survives. And then the charm of this famous Bay is in no slight measure due to cloud effects and the changeful humour of the sun. An hour ago he rose without a cloud, and even now "he fires the proud tops of the eastern pines"; but presently he will be revealed only through rifts in the cloud-wrack, or by broken shafts of light; and in the afternoon we shall have a delightful season of dreamy, vaporous sunshine, like sweet hours stolen from Indian Summer. These inlets and the wooded headlands, and the waving barley-fields beyond, keep time, like old Polonius, to the fitful humour of their prince. Sometimes, under the joyous sunlight, these wrinkled coves break into peal on peal of youthful laughter, as though they had not assisted in laying the very foundations of the world; at other hours they answer the uncertain sun with no more than a sad smile; while, in his hours of gloom, you may hear these ancient shores grieving and wailing over some mysterious and tragic sorrow.

The old Indian names along the Quinté shores were nearly all trampled under foot in the shameless tuft-hunting of our early Governors; one instance will suffice. At Belleville, the ancient River Sagonaska was re-named to flatter the Earl of Moira; and even his baronies were detailed in the County of "Hastings," and the Townships of "Rawdon" and "Hungerford." The front townships are of an older christening, and

manifestly point to the year 1783, when Lord Sydney was Foreign Secretary, and Thurlow was Lord Chancellor in the first cabinet of the Duke of Portland. On the south shore the names form a kind of family group of George the Third's children. Prince Edward County was named from the King's fourth son, Edward, Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria. Then the first seven townships,—or "towns" as they were called,—in Upper Canada, were dedicated to George III and his family; so we got King's Town (Kingston), Fredericksburgh, Ernest Town, Adolphus Town, Marysburgh, Sophiasburgh, and Ameliasburgh. Amelia?—every one who has read Thackeray remembers her,—the pretty little maiden prattling and smiling in the arms of the fond old King, her father,—and then her death in the bloom of womanhood, and the shock to the father's reason: "the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'"

In our course down the Bay, the *Varuna* has touched at Mississaga Point, in Ameliasburgh, landing at their favourite picnic-ground holiday-makers from Belleville. Thence onward between the shores of Sophiasburgh and Tyendinaga. The latter is named from that regal son of the forest, whose English name is enclosed in *Brantford*.

A notable Mohawk chief of the last century,—and a cousin of Brant,—has lent his sonorous name to Deseronto, the busy flour-and-lumber port we have now reached. On asking a Mohawk resident to spell the name, he wrote it *Day-say-ronth-you*, and translated it, "Thunder and Lightning." A more familiar English title for the chief was "Captain John"; an insular fragment of his once extensive demesne lay but a little ago under our bows, and abreast of us, on the north mainland, lay his Indian church and grove. At Deseronto, log-rafts from the Trent, Moira, and Napanee, are sawn into planks and boards, and lath and shingles, which are shipped chiefly to Oswego for American consumption. No raw material is wasted at this mill. After laths are taken out of the "slabs," the residue is cut into kindling-wood and faggoted; then, by an ingenious cable-railway, passed to the water's-edge, and shipped to lake-cities for starting their breakfast fires.

As the steamer swings out of Deseronto, we get a noble perspective of the Long Reach, which, crossing our late path, extends from Napanee River to Picton Bay. Dr. Canniff, who has not only collected the domestic annals of the Bay of Quinté, but with a loving eye studied its scenery under all lights, considers this perspective of the Long Reach the most enchanting view of all.

Nine miles beyond the head of the Reach, stands the ancient town of Napanee on a dark and deep river, which is subject to a curious two-hour tide, representing a variation of sixteen inches in mean level, but sometimes reaching as great a fluctuation as thirty inches. Napanee River is navigable for 3-masted schooners up to the old Cartwright mill, which formed the nucleus of the modern town, and suggested to the Mississagas the name *Nau-pau-nay*, "Flour." We have already noticed the existence



PICTON.



LAKE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

here of an early Iroquois village, Ganneious, which, in 1668 or 1669, became an outpost of the Kenté Mission. The present Indian name is not unhappily chosen, for despite several important manufactures, Napanee's chief trade is in breadstuffs. Above the old mill is a beautiful cascade, most picturesquely broken by

ledges of limestone; and, still higher up, the river is spanned by a fine viaduct-bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway.

At the southern end of the Long Reach, the water contracts within two lofty shores into Picton Bay, on entering which we find the town itself closing the lovely vista. Picton is named after Major-General Sir Thomas Picton, who led the 5th Division at Waterloo, and fell in the action. The High Shore, which has accompanied us since we were abreast of Hay Bay, reaches its greatest elevation at the celebrated Lake of the Mountain. Here we disembark and fall to climbing the steep ascent. The outlook from the top well rewards the pilgrim; it would be difficult to find a lovelier panorama of lake and woodland, greensward and waving harvest. Within the heart of the mountain is the singular lake, whose source of supply is an enigma. Generally full, and even brimming over, it has no apparent feeder. Being on a level with the far distant Lake Erie, it has long been conjectured that there may be a communication between them, just as the Stymphalian Lake in an older Arcadia was supposed to have an underground pipe into Argolis. Our lake measures five or six miles round, and abounds in fish,—perch and black bass, pickerel and pike. The "water-privilege" here attracted pioneer millers, but gristing in those days differed as much from the "gradual reduction" process now going on at the foot of the hill, as the old water-wheel did from the scientific turbine. By an iron flume, no more than seventeen inches in diameter, power is drawn from the lake above to drive a model grist-mill, a plaster-mill, a horse-shoe factory, a foundry and machine shop. The entire machinery of the two last is driven by a three-inch stream and a "Little Giant" turbine, which would easily revolve in one of the workmen's dinner-pails. The performance of this bottle-imp is a genuine curiosity.

On the lakeward side of Prince Edward County, *The Sandbanks* are very remarkable objects of interest. Lofty ridges of sand, appearing from a distance as white as snow, were originally in some obscure way thrown up at the water's edge; but, by a kind of glacier movement, which proceeds only in the winter, they have now withdrawn from the shore and are encroaching on the adjacent farms at the rate of about 150 feet a year. The active agent in the movement appears to be the drifting snow which entangles the sand and carries it forward. On the hottest day snow may be found a short distance down, as we proved by repeated trial at various points of the banks. Historically, too, Big Sandy Bay is most interesting. It was on the cove within, now called West Lake, that in 1668 the Kenté Mission was established. There began the exploration of our Lake Ontario shore, and there, following in the wake of the Sulpicians, our exploration now ends.



BAY OF QUINTÉ, FROM ABOVE STONE MILLS.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

PASSING down the quiet waters of Quinté, shut in from the great Lake outside by the long low-lying shore of Amherst Island,—formerly called Isle of Tonti, in memory of De la Salle's trusted lieutenant, — the grey mass of the city of Kingston is seen crowning the slope of the curving shore. From the western extremity of the curve, the setting sun crimsons the wide expanse of Lake Ontario. Eastward, the channel of the St. Lawrence begins to be defined by a line of islands. To the north extends a reach of what anywhere else would seem a noble river—the Cataraqui, which gave to the place its early name.



LAKE OF THE ISLES, THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Towards this point, "where the lake and river meet," on a midsummer's day more than two centuries ago, there steered its way, up through



KINGSTON, FROM BARRIEFIELD.

the mazes of the Thousand Islands, a flotilla of a splendour never seen before in these remote waters. First, came four lines of canoes, then two large and gaily-painted flat-boats or *bateaux*, adorned with quaint and mysterious devices, followed by a long train of canoes, a hundred and twenty in all. In the first canoe of the train was a cluster of French officers, conspicuous among them the stately figure of the Count de Frontenac, Governor of New France. The bright sun shone on gold-laced uniforms, and the measured beat of the paddles kept time to the strains of martial music; but it was no holiday cruise that had been experienced during the fortnight that had intervened between the embarkation at Lachine and the arrival at Cataraqui. The ascent of such a river as the St. Lawrence involved long and toilsome portages, and the labour—now of dragging the flat-boats along the shore, and now of stemming the fierce current in water more than waist deep. Frontenac, in person, spurred on his men to their task, sharing their privations, losing a night's sleep from anxiety, lest the water should have got in and spoiled the biscuit, but never leaving his post even while,—amid drenching rain,—the crews struggled with the wild rapids of the Long Sault. When the last rapid had been safely passed, the flotilla glided in among the placid labyrinths of the Lake of the Islands, past rugged masses of lichened, pine-crested granite, through glassy inlets mirroring the varied green of birch and beech and maple, edged with soft velvety moss and waving ferns, fringed with reeds, and starred, here and there, with the snowy flowers of the water-lily. Beyond this enchanted land the islands grew fewer and larger, and now the blue expanse of Ontario loomed wide in the distance.

As the miniature fleet approached the point where the Cataraqui joins the St. Lawrence, it was met by a canoe containing some Iroquois chiefs, magnificent in feathers and wampum, accompanied by the Abbé d' Urfé. In the language of the journal of the expedition, "they saluted the Admiral, and paid their respects to him with evidence of much joy and confidence, testifying to him the obligations they were under to him for sparing them the trouble of going farther, and of receiving their submission at the River Katarakoui, which is a very suitable place to camp, as they were about signifying to him." Then they conducted him to "one of the most beautiful and agreeable harbours in the world, capable of holding a hundred of the largest ships, with sufficient water at the mouth and in the harbour, with a mud bottom, and so sheltered from every wind that a cable is scarcely necessary for mooring."

The expedition landed and pitched tents on the spot now occupied by the *Tête du Pont* Barracks, commanding the outlet of the Cataraqui River, and protected by the high banks opposite from the eastern winds. The main shore, curving out south-westwardly, sheltered it from the west winds that sweep so strongly down the lake. From the northward, the Cataraqui wound between high and curving banks, begirt with marshes, inhabited by water-fowl, beaver and muskrats, while to south and west,

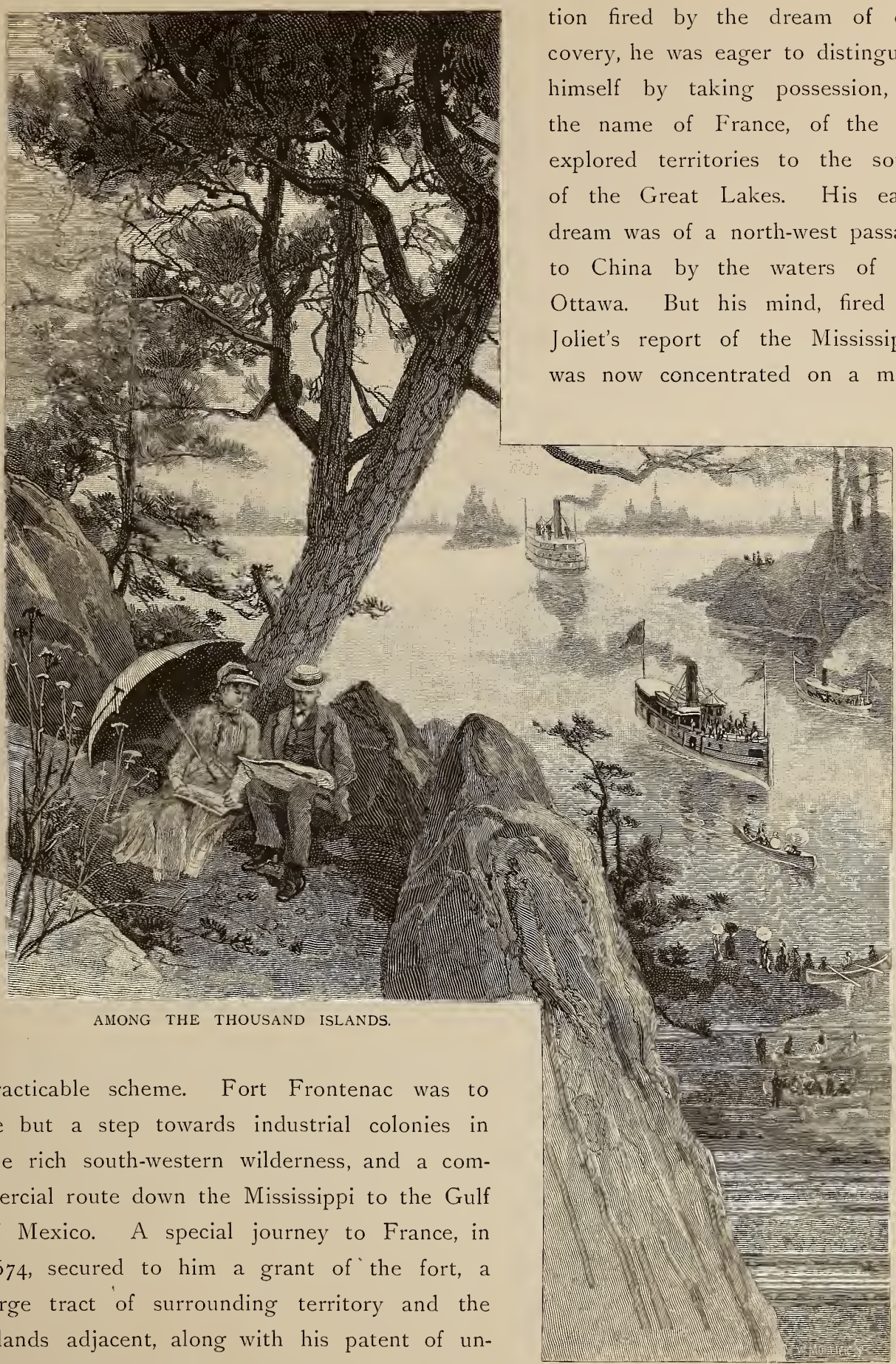
hill, headland, and long wooded islands closed in the noble harbour, the manifest site of a future centre of trade and shipping.

This spot had been marked out by the Intendant, M. de Talon, during the *régime* of M. de Courcelles, for "a fur depôt with defences," to protect the great trade, and check the formidable Iroquois. M. de Courcelles had himself undertaken an exploring journey to Cataraqui in a canoe, and his last official act was to call a convention of the Indians to secure their assent to the erection of the proposed fort. Frontenac, probably prompted by La Salle, was not less alive to the importance of an outpost at the entrance of Lake Ontario, which should check the Iroquois raids, and intercept the flow of the fur traffic towards the Dutch and English settlers of New York.

At daybreak, July 13, 1673, at beat of drum, the French force, some four hundred strong,—including Indians,—was drawn up under arms, and the Iroquois deputies advanced, between a double line of men, to the tent of the Governor, who stood, in full official state, surrounded by his officers. After the usual formula of smoking the pipe of peace in silence, the council was opened by a friendly chief named Garakontié, with the usual expressions of respect for the Great Ononthio. Frontenac replied in his grand paternal style, expressing his pleasure at meeting his Indian "children," and the pacific spirit which animated him; and, with gifts of tobacco and guns for the men, and prunes and raisins for the women and children, the pow-wow broke up.

Meantime, the site of the fort was marked out,—trees were cut down, trenches dug, and palisades hewn, with such energy and industry that,—four days later,—sufficient progress had been made to admit of calling a grand council of the Indians, at which Frontenac, after a judicious preface of exhortation and veiled threats, announced his intentions,—as a proof of his affection,—of building a storehouse, where they could be supplied with goods, without the inconvenience of a long and dangerous journey. His address seemed to give general satisfaction, and, a few days after, the assembled Iroquois departed to their homes. The expedition also was sent back in detachments; Frontenac with his guard outstaying the rest, in order to receive a deputation from the villages to the north of Lake Ontario. In reporting to the minister, Colbert, the successful accomplishment of his object, he intimated that while this fort at Cataraqui, with a vessel then in progress, would give the French control of Ontario, a second fort at the mouth of the Niagara would command the whole chain of the upper lakes.

This, indeed, formed part of the comprehensive scheme of the man to whom the command of Fort Frontenac was assigned,—Robert Cavalier de la Salle. The son of a wealthy burgher family of Rouen, De la Salle had come to Canada at the age of twenty-two. Brave, enterprising and enthusiastic, endowed with indomitable firmness and inexhaustible perseverance, his naturally strong constitution, hardened almost to iron by a ten years' course of discipline among the Jesuits, and with an imagina-



AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

tion fired by the dream of discovery, he was eager to distinguish himself by taking possession, in the name of France, of the unexplored territories to the south of the Great Lakes. His early dream was of a north-west passage to China by the waters of the Ottawa. But his mind, fired by Joliet's report of the Mississippi, was now concentrated on a more practicable scheme. Fort Frontenac was to be but a step towards industrial colonies in the rich south-western wilderness, and a commercial route down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. A special journey to France, in 1674, secured to him a grant of the fort, a large tract of surrounding territory and the islands adjacent, along with his patent of untitled nobility. Within two years he had re-

placed the original wooden fort by a much larger one, "enclosed on the landward side by ramparts and bastions of stone, and, on the water-side, by palisades. It contained a range of barracks of squared timber, a guard-house, a lodging for officers, a forge, a well, a mill and a bakery." The walls were armed with nine small guns, and the garrison consisted of a dozen soldiers, two officers and a surgeon, while an additional contingent of some fifty labourers, artisans and *voyageurs*, added to its strength. In the shadow of the fort, where now stands the oldest portion of the city of Kingston, a small French village of colonists grew up. A little farther on was a cluster of Iroquois wigwams, and near them the Chapel and Presbytery of the Recollet Friars, Louis Hennepin, the well-known explorer, and Luie Buisset.

Here La Salle reigned supreme over his little kingdom, and here he might have remained, amassing a colossal fortune, and, perhaps, making Fort Frontenac as important a settlement as Montreal. But his ambition still pointed westward and southward, and, despite the persistent opposition of Jesuits and Canadian merchants, he secured, on a second visit to France, permission to undertake the exploration of the country with a view to a route to Mexico, and to build as many forts as he required, provided they were built within five years. His cherished design was eventually to build a vessel at some point on the Mississippi, with which he might follow it to its mouth, thus opening a new commercial route to the Gulf of Mexico. How, in pursuit of this *ignis fatuus*, he built his brigantine at Fort Frontenac, in which he sailed to Niagara to erect his fort or "palisaded storehouse," and build and launch the ill-fated *Griffin*,—lost with her first cargo of furs in the stormy waves of Lake Erie,—how, after reaching at last the Gulf of Mexico, and taking possession of Louisiana, he fell in the wilds of Texas, by the bullet of a false follower, is known to all who have read the history of New France.

Under M. de Denonville, Fort Frontenac was the scene of an act of treachery that stamps his name with an indelible brand of infamy. By the influence of two devoted missionaries to the Oneidas and Onondagas, he inveigled a number of their chiefs into the fort, under the pretext of a pacific conference; and, as soon as they were within the precincts, had them put in irons and carried in chains to Quebec, thence to be transported to France, to wear out their lives in the dismal confinement of the galleys. Strange to say, the outrage was not avenged on the missionaries. The elders of the tribe sent them away with a safe convoy, lest the younger members of the tribe might be less forbearing, "and we, aged and feeble as we are, shall not be able to snatch thee from their vengeful grasp."

A terrible retribution followed ere long, in which the innocent suffered with the guilty. The Iroquois swept the country around Cataraqui, burning the cabins and destroying the crops of the settlers, covering the lakes with their canoes, and blockading the garrison. The hostilities culminated in the midnight massacre of Lachine

and the capture of Fort Frontenac, which, like Fort Niagara, was demolished by the Indians. De Frontenac, recalled to supersede the weak and treacherous De Denonville, found the colony laid waste, its villages heaps of smoking ruins, and his favourite fort in ashes, while an ominous war-cloud was rising between New England and New France. Another expedition under his command was soon marshalled at Cataraqui, embracing, besides Indians and Colonial troops, a number of staunch veterans who had followed the standards of Condé and Turenne. Frontenac, disregarding the opposition of his Intendant, M. de Champigny, undertook and completed the reconstruction of the fort before contrary orders could arrive from France. It cost about £600,—a large sum for those days,—and is said, in an old record, to have "consisted of four square curtains, 100 feet each, defended by four square bastions, but without either ditches or palisades." A wooden gallery was built round it, leading from one bastion to another,—the platforms of these bastions being mounted on wooden piles, and the curtains pierced by loopholes.

During the tranquil half century which followed Frontenac's death, we almost lose sight of the fort and settlement at Cataraqui. Father Picquet's complaint, in 1758, of the quality of the provisions he got there, shows how far the settlers lagged behind in agriculture. But the conflict was impending which was to wrest from France her possessions in the New World, and Fort Frontenac soon felt the shock. It had been repaired and strengthened to meet the storm. But Abercrombie seized the opportunity when its garrison was drawn off to protect another point, and sent Colonel Bradstreet to take it, with 3,000 men and eleven guns. He landed near Cataraqui, on the 25th of August, 1758, and quickly erecting a battery on the site of the present market-place, besieged the little garrison of seventy men, commanded by the aged and chivalrous M. de Noyau. The garrison held out as long as possible, but, ere the coming reinforcements could arrive, M. de Noyau was forced to capitulate, stipulating, however, for the safety and transport of his troops, and of the "sacred vessels of the chappel" to Montreal. Besides the fort, Colonel Bradstreet's prize included the entire French navy in Canada, including two twenty-gun ships, with supplies for other outposts, 80 pieces of cannon, and a quantity of smaller arms.

Traces of the old fort, and also of the breastwork thrown up by Colonel Bradstreet, were visible many years after the Conquest. The remains of the inner tower were not removed till 1827, and vestiges of the fort were still visible when the Grand Trunk Railway line was opened into the city. A few French and Indian families clung to the site; but the place was scarcely heard of again until its permanent settlement by the U. E. Loyalists at the close of the American War of Independence. A party of these loyalist refugees, undecided where to go when driven from their old homes, were guided by a leader who had formerly been a prisoner in Fort Frontenac, and who considered it an eligible site for settlement. Coming from New

York by the circuitous route of the St. Lawrence, the men of the party, only, at first penetrated to the banks of the Cataraqui, where no habitation was to be seen save "the bark-thatched wigwam of the savage, or the newly-erected tent of the hardy loyalist." They returned for the winter to Sorel, where they had left their families, and, when spring had once more set free the blue waters of the St. Lawrence, they made their way up the river in *bateaux*, took up their grants of land, and, in their loyal zeal, changed the name of the place from Cataraqui to *Kingstown*. Their leader, Captain Grass, observes in a tone worthy of the men of the *Mayflower*: "I pointed out to them the site of their future metropolis, and gained for persecuted principles a sanctuary, for myself a home." Other settlers ere long followed, bearing names still well-known in Kingston, and founding families, imbued with strong Tory predilections, communicating to the place a conservative character, which it long retained.

For years, life at the new settlement was primitive enough. For lack of a mill, the settlers had to grind their corn with an axe on a flat stone, or with pestle and mortar. The clumsy axes and unpractised hand of the military settlers made but slow progress in clearing the land. Their farms, too, were often sacrificed to their necessities, sold sometimes for a horse or a cow, or even half a barrel of salmon.

The first beef, accidentally killed by a falling tree, was long remembered by those who had the privilege of sharing it. In 1788, "the famine year," the dearth was so great that starving families flocked in from the surrounding country where roots and leaves were eaten by the people.

Gradually, Kingston became a place of some consequence. The original log-cabins gave place to houses of limestone, of which there was abundance to be had for the quarrying. A grist-mill, built by the Government in 1782, about six miles up the Cataraqui, and worked by a pretty cascade tumbling out of a picturesque gorge, added to the importance of the town. As the settlers grew a little richer, and able to replace their home-made clothing by imported fabrics, and the exports of flour and pork increased, new shops were started, and the principal thoroughfare—now called Princess Street—received the name of Store Street. The place resumed much of its old consequence when it became a military and naval station under the British flag. This honour was at first conferred on Carleton Island, near the opposite shore, where the ruins of extensive fortifications excite the wonder of picnic parties to this day; but when the island was discovered to be within the American lines, Kingston was chosen, and it retained the distinction, until the final withdrawal of the British troops from Canada.

"The War of 1812" brought Kingston to the front, as the chief Canadian stronghold on Lake Ontario, and the rival to the American arsenal at Sackett's Harbour. The Government dockyard occupied the low-lying peninsula opposite the town, which is now graced by the fine Norman structure of the Royal Military College and its



HEAD OF GRENADIER AND SPORT ISLAND, AND NEAR ALEXANDRIA BAY



A NOOK.

dependent buildings. The dark green reach of deep water between the college and the glacis of Fort Henry was the naval mooring ground. Where, in our days of piping peace, nothing more threatening than the skiffs of cadets training to be future Hanlans are seen, lay formidable battle-ships. One of them,—the St. Lawrence,—built here in 1814, cost the British Government half a million sterling. In all probability, the wood was sent out from England! During this same war, Fort Henry—the modern successor of old Fort Frontenac—was commenced, at first as a rude fort of logs with an embankment. The woods, which clothed the long sloping hill and the

adjacent country, were cut down to prevent the possibility of surprises, and a chain of those essentially Colonial defences, known as block-houses, connected by a picket stockade, defended the city. One ancient specimen of the little wooden forts still remains. Subsequently, the block-houses gave place to a cincture of massive Martello towers and stone batteries, which present an imposing appearance on approaching Kingston from the water, though to modern warfare they are no more formidable than the old defences of logs. Twenty years after the war, the present Fort Henry was also built, a most important fortification in those days, with its heavy guns and mortars, its advanced battery and its casemated barracks, providing accommodation for a large garrison. The embrasures of the fort look askance at the foundries and enginery on the opposite side of the harbour. The cannon confronts the locomotive; and, fit emblem of our time, a solitary warder guards the decaying fort, while in the locomotive shops, between four and five hundred skilled workmen are employed. Still, Kingston retains a military look, not unpleasing to the tourist's eye. There is the fort crowning the glacis. Full in front, a round tower covers the landing. At its base, a semi-circular bastion pierced for artillery is ready to sweep the water. The tower, with its conical red cap and circling wall of compact ball-proof masonry, looks well. It would have scared the Iroquois. It could have defied the raiders of 1812. Against modern artillery, it is as good as an *arquebuse*. Hard by is the military college, with its fifty or sixty red-coated, white-helmeted cadets. Where the olive-green of Cataraqui Creek blends with the blue of the bay, still stands the old naval barracks, where Tom Bowling and Ned Bunting were wont to toast "sweethearts and wives." A little up the creek is Barriefield Common, once gay with the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, but now seldom marched over by anything more militant than the villagers' geese. From the Common, a causeway, nearly half a mile long, extends across the creek to the *Tête du Pont* Barracks, the headquarters alternately of the very efficient A and B Batteries. Thanks to the gentlemen cadets and the battery men, the streets of Kingston still have a sprinkling of red, white and blue. The Royal Military College is the West Point of Canada. To train young men for a profession that can hardly be said to exist or to have any ground for existing in the New World, to educate officers before any one thinks of enlisting soldiers—save on a scale suited to the ancient grand-duchy of Pumpernickel—is perhaps to put the cart before the horse. What is still more anomalous, the Government seems to have no policy on the subject, for it takes no pains to utilize the services of the graduates of the institution it has established. Still, if we must spend three-quarters of a million annually on a militia department, it is well that some of the money should be spent on education. The greater the number of scientifically trained men a new country has the better. The cadets get a capital training, for the college is admirably officered.

Kingston has long had a just pre-eminence as an educational centre. The first

Grammar School in Canada was established here in 1786, under Dr. Stuart,—the first teacher as well as the first clergyman in Upper Canada; and the schools of Kingston are noticed by Rochefoucauld on his visit in 1805. There were elementary schools, on the Lancasterian principle, for the poorer classes, long before our Common School system was organized. In higher education it has an honourable record. The University of Queen's College, whose new local habitation is one of the architectural adornments of the city, was founded in 1840 by a number of clergymen and laymen of the Church of Scotland in Canada. "Queen's," as it is affectionately termed by its sons, has grown with the growth of Canada,—has a noble record of work done in the past,—and, in its new halls and the throng of eager students who fill them, and its largely increased and distinguished staff,—it rejoices in greater usefulness in the present, and has still brighter hopes for the future.

Kingston is the seat not only of the Royal Military College, and of Queen's University, with its Faculties of Arts, Science, Law, and Divinity, but also of the Roman Catholic College of Regiopolis, which has been closed since the withdrawal of the government grant in 1869. Two other excellent institutions, the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, and the Women's Medical College, are affiliated to Queen's University. The Collegiate Institute represents two older High Schools; and among the school-boys educated in them, Kingston boasts the premiers of the Province and the Dominion.

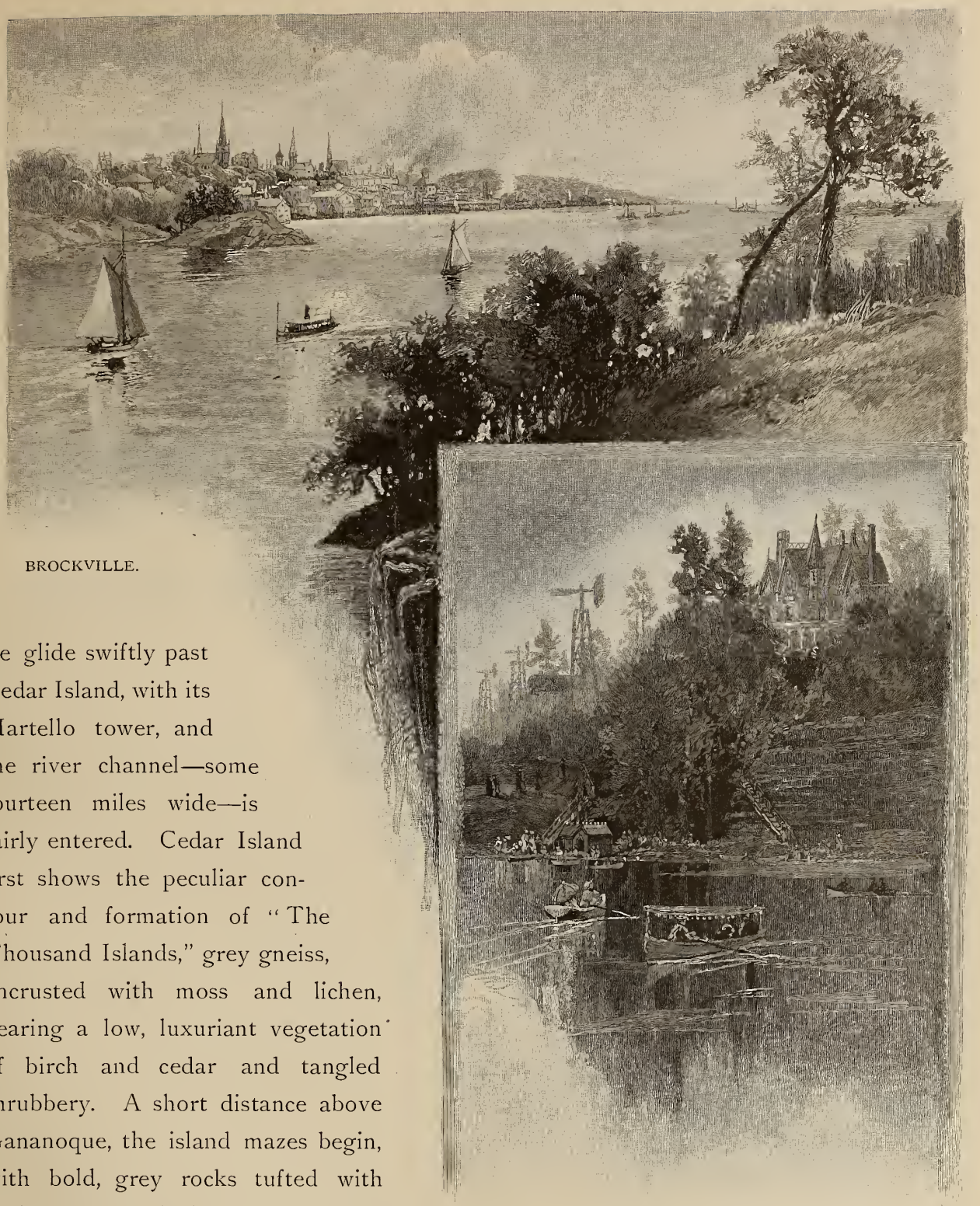
When Upper Canada became a separate province, Kingston might be said to have been the first capital, for it was here,—in an old wooden church fronting the market-place,—that Governor Simcoe was sworn into office, his first cabinet chosen, and the writs issued to convene the Legislative Assembly which met at Niagara, previous to meeting more permanently at York. The city also had the distinction of being the seat of Government of the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, from the union in 1840 until 1844, the Legislature meeting in the edifice opposite the new buildings of Queen's College, which is now, perhaps, more usefully occupied as the City Hospital. The impetus received from the residence of the government officials was followed by a corresponding depression on their removal. Nor was the prosperity of the place increased by the building of the Grand Trunk Railway. It has been benefited much more by the Kingston and Pembroke Railway, a new line that opens up a region formerly inaccessible, of much natural beauty and great natural riches, though at first sight it looked unpromising enough. To this wild and rocky district the well cultivated townships on the Bay of Quinté offer a striking contrast, not often seen within the limits of one county, even in Canada. It is studded with picturesque little lakes, one of which, Sharbot Lake, is already a favourite resort on account of its scenery and its resources as a fishing ground. Rocky tracts and ridges, that at first were considered worthless, contain lead, phosphates, and immense deposits of iron. When all

this country in the rear is fully developed, Kingston, the natural port of transhipment for everything that comes by rail, or by the winding way of the Rideau Canal, will attain a greater degree of importance than it has yet dreamed of.

Just above the long bridge which spans the *embouchure* of the Cataraqui, there stretches a reach of placid river, between green, sloping, and often wooded banks, a rank growth of reeds and rushes in many places nearly filling up the stream. Here, a boat may wind its way for miles in an absolute solitude,—only a wild duck or a heron breaking the stillness of the scene. Following this quiet river for six miles from its junction with the St. Lawrence, we reach a bold, rocky gorge, framing a foaming cascade, which, even yet, is a pretty waterfall, though hemmed in by artificial surroundings, and made to look like a sort of appendage to a mill. The abrupt rocky banks are the most romantic feature of the scene, rising almost sheer above the river, clad with a tangle of foliage and creepers. Just below are the gates of the Rideau Canal which begins here, and is carried by five locks up an ascent of forty-five feet. Suspended above the gorge is the iron line of the Grand Trunk Railway bridge, two of the greatest public works of Canada being thus represented at this point. Walking across the bridge, we get from its giddy height a pretty bird's-eye view of the winding Cataraqui, with Kingston in the distance, beyond marshy flats, whose yellow tint in autumn contrasts richly with the soft blue of sky and river.

There is nowhere to be enjoyed a more delightful day's sail than that from Kingston down the river. The traveller starts in the early dawn of a summer morning, as the sun rises golden over the line of high land on the opposite shore of the harbour,—the wide lake stretching calm and glassy in the blue distance to the west. The opposite islands stand out clear in their relative positions, Garden Island, with its cluster of shipping in front, behind it Simcoe Island to the west, with the *Batcau* Channel between it and Wolfe Island, whose green fields and clumps of shady trees and scattered farm-houses extend down the river for twenty miles. Kingston rises on its gentle slope, the cool grey buildings and slender spires catching the warm glow of the level sunbeams. Far to the right, beyond the long bridge, the winding Cataraqui shows a misty blue between the high green banks that end in the gorge at Kingston Mills. The city buildings, the Court House, and the tower of Queen's University, catch the eye as it travels back along the fringe of shipping towards a point, flanked by a Martello tower, at the extreme left, while, farther back, the outlines of the Asylums can be traced in the distance. Opposite to the city rises the slope of Barriefield, with its grey church-tower, and the undulating "common" rising gradually into the Fort Hill, while between this and the city, runs out the long level promontory, on which—irradiated by the early sunshine—stand the old and new buildings of the Military College.

Turning the point made by the Fort Hill, with its embankment and sally-ports,



BROCKVILLE.

THE RIVER-SIDE, BROCKVILLE.

we glide swiftly past Cedar Island, with its Martello tower, and the river channel—some fourteen miles wide—is fairly entered. Cedar Island first shows the peculiar contour and formation of "The Thousand Islands," grey gneiss, encrusted with moss and lichen, bearing a low, luxuriant vegetation of birch and cedar and tangled shrubbery. A short distance above Gananoque, the island mazes begin, with bold, grey rocks tufted with dark pines, or little bosky clusters of foliage nestling close to the clear blue waves. On a calm summer morning, when the rich and varied colourings of granite rocks, with overhanging foliage of every shade of living green, are reflected in the glassy river, which the steamer's swell raises—*not breaks*—into long heavy undulations, the scene is like fairy-land.

The first mention of these islands is made in the report of the expedition by

M. de Courcelles against the Mohawk Indians in 1665–6, where they are spoken of with anything but admiration. We are told that they "have nothing agreeable beyond their multitude," and that they "are only huge rocks rising out of the water, covered merely by moss, or a few spruce or other stunted wood, whose roots spring from the clefts of the rocks, which can supply no other aliment or moisture to these barren trees than what the rains furnish them," and the locality is farther referred to as "a melancholy abode." From these hints it would appear that, two hundred years ago, the comparatively young vegetation, that now makes the chief beauty of the scenery, may have been only beginning to establish itself, and that, with but a scanty and stunted foliage, the rocky wilderness presented but little attraction. From the French explorers—it is said from Champlain—the archipelago took its name of "*Lac des Mille Isles*," though the "thousand" is far under the real number. Recent travellers, however, including the Duke of Argyll, have been disappointed in the comparative tameness and monotony of the "Thousand Islands" as cursorily seen from the deck of a steamer. And, indeed, forty miles of them is apt to produce the *toujours perdrix* feeling which attacks the traveller even on the Rhine, after a long, unbroken course of ruined castles. The beauty is that of a succession of charming vignettes, rather than of any one grand picture, and the way to see and feel it is to sojourn among them, watching their ever-changing aspects from day to day. You should see them glorified in the exquisite ethereal tints of dawn before they "fade into the light of common day," and watch *that*, again, deepen into the rosy sunset glow, which often makes the placid river reflect their beauty from "a sea of glass mingled with fire," ere it merges into the purple gloaming through which the fire-fly darts its living light, and the plaintive refrain of the whip-poor-will adds pathos to the beauty of the summer eve. Or, when the full moon rises behind one of the dark islands, throwing its mysterious chiaroscuro over the scene, making a broad, quivering pathway of fretted silver, on which the islands show like silhouettes,—their wavy outlines of foliage marked out in shadow on the silver sea below. Better, still, if you can



OLD LIGHT-HOUSE, PRESCOTT.

wander day after day among the hidden rocks and recesses of the island labyrinths, exploring the myriad beauty of lichened granite, and moss, and vine, and flower, and



LONG SAULT RAPIDS, FROM THE CANAL.

berry, as well as of the foliage that clusters in rich masses of verdure, or dips into the glassy wave; or, guiding your tiny skiff through the narrowest of channels, or the most fairy-like of coves, where the limpid water ripples over the pure white sand, or holds in its shaded and shadowy basin a cluster of deep-green leaves and snowy water-lilies. Then, indeed, their gentle beauty grows on you, and in the *coup d'œil* from any elevated point the eye unconsciously reads into the distant outlines the picturesque details with which it has already grown familiar. Nor must we forget the richer beauty which the mellowing touch of autumn throws over the scene, when it turns the delicate green of the birch to gold, and clothes the maple in flame colour and scarlet till it seems like the burning bush of Moses, and flushes the oak to a rich russet or winey red,—while the deep blood-red hue of the low sumach marks some of the smaller islands with a line of crimson.

One of the pleasantest points for making a closer acquaintance with the islands,—on the Canadian side,—is the thriving village of Gananoque, about which they are picturesquely grouped. The name of the place is, of course, Indian, signifying "rocks in deep water." A small river of the same name, which winds through the back country, finds its way here into the St. Lawrence between high abruptly-sloping banks, and descends a steep ledge in what was once a spontaneous waterfall, but now is put into harness and made to serve as so much "water-power" to drive numerous factories. Some twenty miles back, near the source of the Gananoque River, lies a prettily wood-



RUNNING THE LACHINE RAPIDS.

ed sheet of water called Charleston Lake,—a resort of sportsmen during the shooting season.

Perhaps the most picturesque bit of the island labyrinth lies about a sudden bend, called Fidler's Elbow,—where the channel is too narrow for the larger steamboats, but down which an arrowy little excursion-boat darts and winds,—passing close to rich masses of foliage mirrored in the still waters, or bold ruddy rocks flecked with the exquisite pale greys or greens of encrusting lichens, or still, shadowy bays, kissed by overhanging birch and cedar-boughs, or bristling weather-beaten crags, tufted with solemn pines. Or, suddenly, we come upon a Chinese-looking cluster of summer villas, with pagodas, bridges, and the other well-known features of the willow-pattern plate; or long avenues of tents and cottages and the busy dock of a bustling summer resort, like the "Thousand Island Park" on Wells' Island; or the large gay hotels of Alexandria Bay, where one may step from the untouched wilderness of Nature's solitudes, into all the artificial developments of American fashionable life. The "Thousand Island Park" is a unique collection of tents, light-wooden summer-houses, and a handsome Norman hotel, with a long street of boat-houses extending from its pier along the water's edge. It has also a large "Tabernacle" or canvas church,—its original plan as a Camp Ground including a series of religious meetings. At the lower end of the same island, about eight miles distant, is the quieter "Westminster Park," showing a tall church-tower above the trees. This island was the scene of the burning of the *Sir Robert Peel*, in 1838, by a band of American outlaws, headed by "Bill Johnson," a kind of political Robin Hood, who had conceived the idea of bestowing on Canada the boon of freedom and a Republican Government. The story of his daring and devoted daughter "Kate," who rowed him from hiding-place to hiding-place among the islands, and kept him supplied with food, give a touch of the charm of legend and adventure to these rocky mazes. Cooper has chosen them as one of the scenes of his novel, "The Pathfinder"; and Moore has also touched them with his silver-tongued muse.

Below Well's Island, away to eastward, the St. Lawrence opens in a wider vista, with here and there a distant island softly outlined against the soft turquoise blue. Down this widening channel the large river steamers glide on, still amid granite isles on either hand, till at last the long succession ends, and we steam up close to the line of pretty villas that skirt the town of Brockville. Here the river fairly parts company with the rocky isles amid which it has been dreaming, and becomes for a time a comparatively straightforward and prosaic stream, with nothing very striking about it or its slightly rising shores.

About a mile below the town of Prescott, chiefly notable as the terminus of the Prescott and Ottawa Railway, we pass a point of land on which stands a white-washed stone tower, pierced by narrow loop-holes, and now used as a light-house. This is the historic "Windmill" which, in November, 1837, figured as the stronghold of the

"Patriots," under the command of a Polish adventurer, called Von Schultz. They held the mill for several days against the British forces, under Col. Dundas, but were at last routed and compelled to surrender at discretion. During the action the opposite shore was lined with spectators, who cheered whenever the insurgents appeared to have the advantage. Poor Von Schultz, with nine others of the hundred and ten prisoners, was hanged at Fort Henry after a court-martial,—a victim to the political treachery of those who had led him to undertake the mad enterprise and then abandoned him to his fate. In our days he would have met with no harder measure than that meted to Arabi Pasha.

A few islands in midstream, some of them prettily wooded, are all that vary the blue stretch of river until the quickening current of the Galoups Rapids breaks the dreamy calmness of the stream,—a pleasant foretaste of the larger rapids to come. A canal runs along the shore for the accommodation of small boats. At its eastern extremity lies the prosperous village of Cardinal, formerly Edwardsburg,—notable for its conspicuous starch factory. Near this place the river quickly narrows, till at one point it is only five hundred feet wide.

We are now passing, to the left, the old county of Dundas, associated, like Kingston, with the first settlement of the country by the staunch U. E. Loyalists, as well as with some of the most stirring of Canadian warlike associations. Our experiences are of a far more pacific character,—memories of bowery orchards laden with blushing blossoms, of quiet, sequestered farm-houses, of green fields, with lambs and calves at play. Just as we come in sight of Morrisburg, with its many slender spires rising above the embosoming woods, the river, sweeping round a curve, discloses beautiful wooded islands marked with white birchen stems, around which the crested waves of the Rapid Du Plat are seen, swirling in deep-green eddies beneath the luxuriant foliage that overhangs the stream. Some two or three miles below the village, close by a house that stands embossed in foliage, is a curving point, and near it a low, irregular ravine. This, with the adjoining ground, is the scene of the decisive action of Chrysler's Farm, gallantly contested on November 11, 1813, between American troops and a small body of British regulars, reinforced by Canadian volunteers and militia and a handful of Indians. Many of the dead were buried in common graves, where now green orchard-boughs bend over dappled stretches of emerald turf.

Passing a number of little scattered villages, a picturesque point, called Woodlands, catches the eye. Ere long, the increasing rapidity of the current and the bolder shore, give token that we are nearing the grand rapid of the Long Sault. Anon we see the white coursers in the distance, tossing aloft their snowy manes, and feel the strong grip of the current. A densely-wooded island divides the foaming waters. We rush at headlong speed down the south channel,—the other, called the "lost channel," seeming to toss its waves in defiance of the bold hand which might try to guide a

boat down the raging waters. Those over which we safely ride are grand enough. Great crystal masses of emerald water leap to meet us, catch us on their breasts, and carry us on with a swift undulatory motion like that of a race-horse, while a shower of foamy spray dashes over the vessel. The green-crested waves seem to be rushing in the opposite direction to the current, an effect caused by the retreating eddies it creates in dashing over the hidden rock below. But our great sea-horses carry us on, till, all too soon, the foaming crests are left behind, and we glide into smooth water and past the steep sides of the island of St. Regis, inhabited by a little colony of Indians, who look very prosaic in their ordinary civilized attire.

At the eastern entrance end of the Cornwall Canal, which all craft must use on the ascending journey, since none could hope to stem the Long Sault, stands the town of Cornwall, which, in recent years, has developed into a manufacturing centre,—its enormous blanket factory and cotton-mill being the conspicuous features of the place. Near it runs the "Province Line," and we pass out of Eastern Ontario into Quebec. Near the same point, also, the boundary line, which divides Canada from the United States, recedes from the St. Lawrence. Both sides of the river, gradually opening into the wide expansion of Lake St. Francis, are prettily diversified with woods and farms, while bosky islands at intervals afford a welcome retreat for campers,—white tents and light summer residences gleaming pleasantly under the trees by the river-side. On the left bank, we pass the little town of Lancaster. Some miles inland, are the old Scotch settlements of Martintown and Williamstown. On the right shore are Dundee, Fort Covington, the Salmon River, a region originally peopled also by refugees from Connecticut or the green valley of the Mohawk,—or by sturdy Scotch immigrants, who have given to their new homes names that perpetuate the old ones. One settlement is called the "Isle of Skye," from the number of colonists from "Thule" who farm its fertile acres.

But the chief glory of the sail down Lake St. Francis is the distant mountain range, blue against the horizon, filling up the lack which the eye has vaguely felt in the flat, unbroken horizon which bounds the greater part of Ontario. It is the Chateauguay range,—a spur of the Adirondacks,—sometimes drawing nearer, sometimes receding into cloud-like indistinctness. At the lower end of the lake, we draw up by the long wooden pier of Coteau du Lac, whose straggling row of little French houses, looking still smaller in contrast with the great stone church and gleaming spire, gives evidence that we are now in French Canada. A charming picture does this old Coteau make as seen at sunset on the return trip,—when Lake St. Francis, still as a mirror, reflects the rich crimsons and purples of the descending sun, while the old brown timbers of the pier, and the equally old and brown French Canadian houses, with the rather Dutch-looking boats moored by the pier,—"compose" a picture to which only a Turner could do full justice.

On the southern shore, opposite to the Coteau, is the distant town of Valleyfield, with its huge cotton-mill, at the upper end of the Beauharnois Canal. A little farther down, the shore grows bolder, and we see and feel the quickening current of the "Cedars" Rapids. We sweep past a richly-wooded island,—the foliage almost dripping in the tossing waters, fly past a sharp curve, and the eddying water springs forward as if to oppose our progress,—in vain, the last foam-crested wave is behind, and a calm stretch intervenes. A little farther on, the silvery "Cascades flash" in the sun,—broken only by rocky islets, round which the rapids toss and rave, while high on the shore, a picturesque church-tower rises above a mass of deep-green woods. Soon, we find ourselves out upon Lake St. Louis, while far to our left is the famous St. Anne of the Boat-song, where the great brown stream of the Ottawa comes out from its dark hills, mingling, not blending, with the blue St. Lawrence, and sending a portion of its stream round the northern side of the triangular island of Montreal which we are approaching. On the southern shore, on a high mound, stands a cross for mariners to look to in time of peril,—a mute witness of human need and aspiration. Calm and shadowy the mountain range lies behind undulating masses of wood, lighted up by the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, or deepened in tint by the shadow of a passing cloud. Far ahead looms a blue shadowy mass, the "mountain" of Montreal. By and by, other cloudy blue hills rise on the horizon, Belœil, St. John, and the sugar-loaf of Mount Shefford. The traditional Indian pilot, in a suit of black, glides out in his boat from Caughnawaga, and the steamer slackens speed to take him on board. The current of the river grows swifter, breaks in curves, and circles past flat, bushy islands;—then, sweeping round a curve, we see ahead a glittering sheet of snowy breakers, in which nestle two little green islets washed by the spray. The headlong rush of the river bears us towards the treacherous ledge-broken rock, in some places left bare by the foaming rapids, shelving on one side, boldly abrupt on the other. We fly rapidly through the eddies, between Scylla and Charybdis, and in a few moments are gliding into water calm by comparison. This rapid has not the grandeur of the Long Sault, nor the glittering rush of the Cascades; but the treacherous swirling waters, and the half-hidden rocks that we seem almost to graze, make it one of the most fascinating and dangerous.

But we speedily forget the perils of the rapids as we pass the beautiful wooded shore of Nun's Island, with its shady green pastures, and come upon the royal-looking city. On the opposite shore, behind the villages of Laprairie and Longueuil, rise the isolated mountains of Montarville, Rougemont, Shefford, and the nearer Belœil, "bathed in amethystine bloom." We take a wide sweep in front of the city, and come into port near the island of St. Helen's, past great hulls of ocean steamers and full-rigged ships, where the old weather-stained Bonsecour's Market, and still older Bonsecour Church, bid us welcome back to Montreal.



BOLTON PASS.



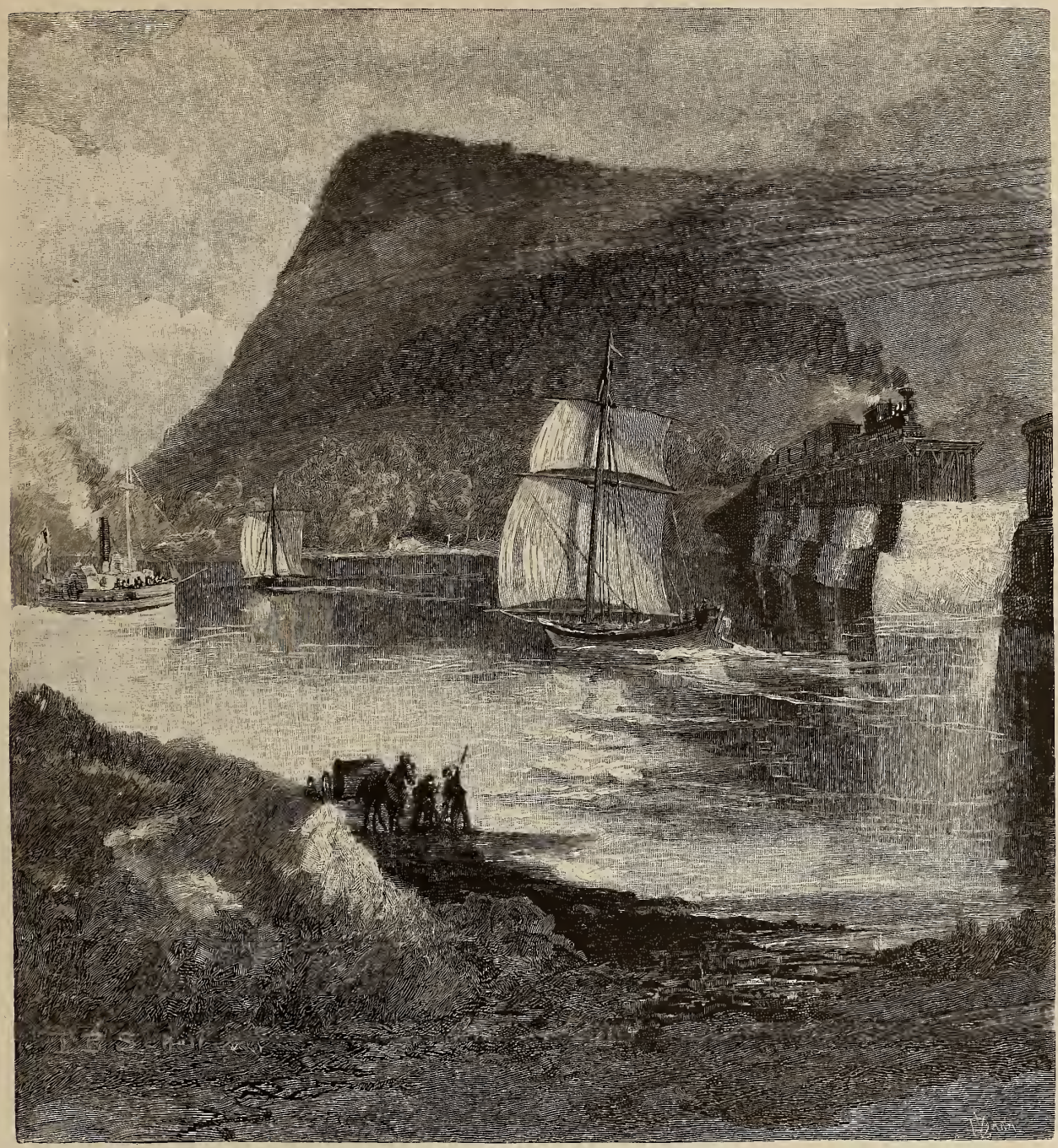
ROUGEMONT AND VALLEY.

SOUTH-EASTERN QUEBEC.

STRETCHING away south-easterly from the St. Lawrence to the New England frontier, and on other two sides bounded by the Rivers Richelieu and Chaudière, lies one of the fairest tracts of Old Canada. Forming the core of it, lie the freeholds of the Eastern Townships; and they are fringed on three sides by the old fiefs of Louis XIV. Altogether, there may be ten thousand square miles in the tract. A land of river and plain; of mountain, and tarn, and lake, and valley; but first and chiefly a river-land. Along its northern shore sweeps the mighty St. Lawrence, now deploying

into a lake ten miles wide, and then calling in his battalions for that majestic, resistless march to the sea. And down to the swelling tide of the St. Lawrence hasten—besides brooks or streams innumerable—half a dozen goodly rivers, the Richelieu, Yamaska, St. Francis, Nicolet, Bécancourt, Chaudière. Were we to climb these rivers through their beautiful winding glens, we should meet foaming rapids and dizzy cascades; then quiet pools within lofty walls of verdure, and delightful shadowed reaches where speckled trout still linger; yet higher among the mountains we should find such romantic lakes as Brome, Memphremagog, Massawippi, and Megantic.

Throughout this land, the strata have been much shaken and changed by some Titanic force,—seemingly steam heated beyond the scale of any pyrometer, and tortured under pressure which would be inadequately gauged by thousands of tons to the square inch. Sir William Logan traced a line of dislocation from Missisquoi Bay on Lake Champlain to Point Lévis, along which the wrenching asunder of strata is equivalent to a vertical displacement of many thousands of feet. Westward of this line of rupture,—which we shall call Logan's Line,—the sedimentary rocks that were directly exposed to incandescent steam softened, rearranged their elements, and ran to a glassy or stony paste. Under the enormous pressure below, the surface strata presently cracked and sometimes opened wide. Instantly, into the cracks and fissures rushed the pasty rock, forming dykes of trachyte or diorite. In places, the very granite foundations of the world seem to have softened, and followed the sedimentary rocks to the surface. Where the ground yielded most, stately pyramids of mountain-protoplasm were born. It is to such throes of Mother Earth we owe the beautiful sisterhood of Belœil Mountain and Yamaska, Rougemont and Mount Monnoir; the Boucherville Mountains, and Mont Royal itself. Eastward of Logan's Line, more intense still must have been the energy that girdled Lake Memphremagog with such soaring peaks as Mount Orford, Owl's Head, and Elephantis. Within historic times, some severe earthquakes have shaken this area, but even the most violent were gentle pastime compared with the elemental wars of geological antiquity. To be sure, every one was frightened by these earthquakes, but then no one was killed. From the records of the old Jesuit Mission on the St. Francis, we learn that on the fifth of September, 1732, the Indian Village was so rudely shaken as to destroy its identity; of this "bouleversement," traces are still discernible on both sides of the river. More general, and far more violent, was the famous earthquake of 1663. On the fifth of February, began a series of convulsions which did not quite disappear till midsummer. Land-slides occurred all along the river-banks, and the blue St. Lawrence ran white as far down as Tadousac. Every one explained the phenomenon in his own way. At Montreal, not a few consciences were smitten for having sold fire-water to the Indians. The Indians, however, declared that the shades of their forefathers were struggling to return to the earthly Hunting Grounds; and, most undutifully, they kept firing off their muskets to scare their



BELŒIL MOUNTAIN, FROM RICHELIEU RIVER.

unquiet sires; for, quoth the musketeers, it's plain to see there's not game enough on earth for both of us!

Some ancient hurly-burly of the rocks has here brought within convenient reach a vast variety of things useful or ornamental. If you are house-building, you have limestone for the foundation, clay for bricks, and sand and lime for mortar; granite for the lintels and window-sills, or for the whole house if you like; magnesite for cements; slate for your roof; serpentine and verd-antique for your mantles. Then, as for metals, we find chromic iron at Melbourne, and in Bolton and Ham; manganese in Stanstead; the copper ore of Acton has long been famous; and gold has been found

in notable quantity on the upper course of the Chaudière, and around its fountain, Lake Megantic. Not even are gems altogether absent: jasper is found at Sherbrooke; and beautiful little green garnets, like miniature emeralds, have been picked up in Orford.

This land was first seen of Europeans three centuries and a half ago. Let us for a little view it through the keen, searching eyes of Captain Cartier, the famous St. Malo seaman. He had a few days ago reached Stadacona, the Indian precursor of Quebec. Donnacona, the Indian lord of the soil, tried to dissuade him from going farther; but, laughing aside all fears and obstructions, Cartier would explore for himself the great river of Hochelaga, and would see that Indian metropolis of which the fame had reached him down by the Gaspé shore. On the 19th of September, 1535, leaving the two largest of his three vessels in the River St. Charles, the explorer pushed up stream with two boats and the *Émerillon*. This ship was named from the little falcon that in England was called the Merlin:—indeed, a craft of forty tons would seem to us a land-bird, rather than a bird of the ocean. Over the St. Lawrence now hover great sea-fowl, of more than a hundred times the *Merlin's* tonnage; but pray remember it was the *Merlin* led the way. The staunch little ship had bravely ridden the violent storms of the outward passage; outliving one of her consorts, she would return to France; and, six years hence, she would again be put in commission for Cartier's third cruise to Canada.

In the discoverer's party were not only weather-beaten tars of Normandy and Brittany, but some of the young *noblesse* of the court of Francis the First. There were Claude du Pont-Briant,—Chief Cup-bearer to the Dauphin,—Charles de la Pommeraye, and others of the *jeunesse dorée* of that gay epoch. Their dreams were of romantic adventure, and, at the farther end, rich Cathay, or, as they called it, *La Chine*; to these Argonauts La Chine was the land of the Golden Fleece, and now they were surely on the road thither. If you ascend the St. Lawrence on a sunny afternoon in the autumn, the chances are that you, too, may fall into some such day-dream. As the rock of Quebec faded from sight, the river-banks became clothed with such loveliness as stirred the St. Malo seaman. There were park-lands wooded with "the most beautiful trees in the world"; and the trees were so trellised with vines and festooned with grapes that it all seemed the work of man's hand. Indeed, human dwellings now became numerous, and fishermen were seen taking frequent toll of the river. With great heartiness and good-will the natives brought their fish to Cartier's little squadron. Presently a sharp current was felt on reaching the river-elbow that now bears the classical name of *Pointe Platon*. Just above was a *sault*, as yet only known or named of Indians, but a century later its hurrying waters would reflect the unquiet spirit of the time, and be called the Richelieu Rapid. It is still the custom with our sailors to wait for the flood-tide in taking this dangerous gateway. The little *Merlin* wisely dropped anchor.

"Scarce could Argo stem it: wherefore they,
It being but early, anchored till mid-day,
And as they waited, saw an eddy rise
Where sea joined river, and before their eyes
The battle of the waters did begin.
So, seeing the mighty ocean best therein,
Weighing their anchor, they made haste to man
Both oars and sails, and therewith flying, ran
With the first wave of the great conquering flood
Far up the stream, on whose banks forests stood
Darkening the swirling water on each side."

While the French explorers still lay at anchor they were encompassed by a flotilla of canoes. One brought the *Grand Seigneur*—as Cartier calls him—of the country, which is now occupied by the Eastern Townships and the enclosing seigniories. His village on Pointe Platon was called Ochelay. By signs and gesticulations the Indian chief pictured the dangers of the rapid. As a conclusive proof of his sincerity, the lord of Ochelay offered the French commander two of his children for adoption; and Cartier chose a little girl of seven or eight years. The poor mother's heart seems to have been ill at ease; for, when the explorers returned to Quebec, she went down the river to see how it fared with her child.

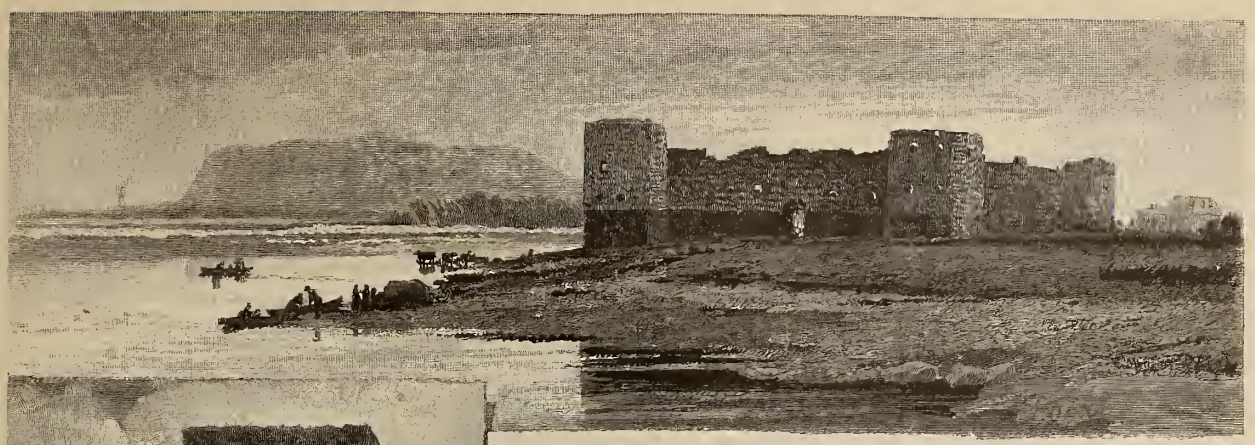
Cartier's journal and description of the Ste. Croix River were, two centuries and a half ago, read to mean that the discoverer spent the woful winter of 1535–6 under Pointe Platon, and that his vessels lay in the estuary of the river which enters the St. Lawrence from the opposite bank. So that to this day the parish on the south bank is called Ste. Croix, and the opposite river is called Jacques Cartier. But Champlain, in 1608, cleared up this question by finding near Quebec the remains of Cartier's winter encampment, and three or four cannon-balls. When, despite the Convention of Susa, Admiral Kirkt pounced on Quebec, it set Champlain thinking that if ever he got Canada back, the country would have more than one bastion for its defence. Restoration having been made by the Treaty of St. Germain, the Governor set to work, in 1633, and fortified the little island that commands the gateway of Pointe Platon,—calling island and fort "Richelieu," in honour of the great Cardinal who had just chartered the "New Company of One Hundred Associates." More than two centuries ago, Champlain's Fort Richelieu had already mouldered into oblivion, but river pilots still call the swirling water here the Richelieu Rapid. In early days the island produced such a profusion of grapes, that Cartier's description of Orleans Island was misapplied to Isle Richelieu, thus completing the confusion in the discoverer's narrative. And this brings us back to 1535.

After passing the rocky gateway of Pointe Platon the St. Lawrence widened, and then the country seemed to our Jason and his Argonauts a very land of enchantment.

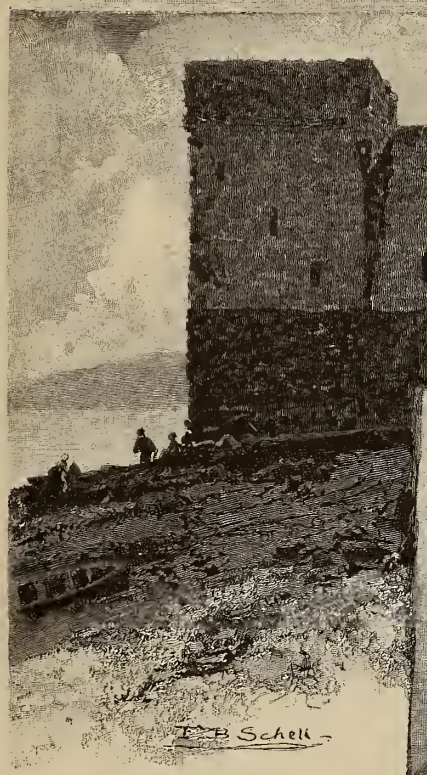
No wonder. The genial September sun, the cloudless skies, the blue waters of the mighty river here gently drawing the shores miles apart; and then the towering forests on either bank with their long vistas of verdure and romantic gloom,—the St. Malo seaman might well declare it "as fair a land as heart could desire!" Cartier and his brother-in-law, Mark Jalobert, were practised pilots. With their yawls and sounding-lines they would speedily find that the channel lay half a league off the south bank. At times they were near enough to distinguish our native trees. There were seen lordly oak-forests, the memory of which is still preserved in the two *Rivières du Chêne*. As the *Merlin* climbed the river, the south bank fell, and then there were stately elms whose long tresses swayed in the breeze and toyed with the laughing water. Within recesses of the shore were descried wild swans swimming among the willows. From the marshes beyond rose cranes and the great blue heron, disturbed in their dreams by this inauspicious Merlin, startled from their ancient haunts by the spectre of civilization! The young "*geutilz hommes*" must go ashore and spy out this Land of Promise; and like those who in the ancient days spied out Canaan, our adventurers returned from this Valley of Eshcol fairly borne down with a load of grapes. In their excursions they thought they had seen the sky-lark soaring from the meadow-land. While within the shadow of the walnut-trees, day-dreams of dear Old France came strong upon them, and they declared that in this New France there were the same sweet warblers as they many a time heard—but, alas, some of them, poor lads, would never hear again—in the royal parks of St. Germain and Fontainebleau,—linnets, and thrushes, and blackbirds; aye, and *roussignolz*,—"nightingales"! Our melodious song-sparrow was mistaken for a nightingale; so to this hour you may hear in old French Canada, and in the Eastern Townships, the sweet notes of the "rossignol."

Nine of these delightful September days were loitered away in exploring the St. Lawrence from the rock of Quebec to the foot of a lake into which the river now opened. But to many, if not most, of those gallant fellows,—"*les principaulx et bons compaignons que nous eussions*," says Cartier, brushing away a tear,—this would be their last summer upon earth; then why begrudge them a few sunny hours? Their commander called the water into which they now glided *Lac d'Angoulême*,—doubtless after the ancestral earldom of Francis the First. Sixty-eight summers later, Champlain was exploring the river anew, and, as he then supposed, for the first time. He reached this point on St. Peter's Day,—29th June, 1603,—and so from that hour to this the water has been called Lake St. Peter.

What the earlier navigator viewed from the top of Mont Royal, Champlain explored in detail. And first, that arrowy river which, after shooting past the towering Belœil, entered Lake St. Peter. When the great Cardinal-Duke of Richelieu became "*Chef, Graud Maistre, et Sur-Intendant General* of French Commerce and Navigation," the River of the Iroquois and the archipelago at its mouth took his name; but in 1603, and all through Champlain's narratives and maps, this water-course is *Rivière des*



CHAMBLY—THE OLD FORT, AND CHAMBLY RAPIDS.



BASTION OF FORT.



MONUMENT TO DE SALABERRY.

Yrocois. It led directly to the land of the Mohawks, the most easterly of the Five Nations; and, as the most easterly, the Mohawks were, in Indian metaphor, the "Door" of that "Long House" which stretched from the Hudson to the Niagara.

But these sprightly door-keepers were not content to stand at their arms. In 1603, Champlain found that they were preparing an invasion of Canada, and that, by way of precaution against them, an inclosure had been strongly stockaded by the Algonquins at the junction of the Richelieu and St. Lawrence. It formed a kind of naval depôt, and thus anticipated by nearly three centuries the present river-fleets and ship-yards of Sorel. As he ascended the Richelieu, Champlain, finding the current too strong for his boat, attempted to make his way along the banks:

> "Through woods and waste lands cleft by stormy streams,
> Past yew-trees, and the heavy hair of pines,
> And where the dew is thickest under oaks,
> This way and that; but questing up and down
> They saw no trail."

With the aid of a light skiff, Champlain got two leagues farther, but here met

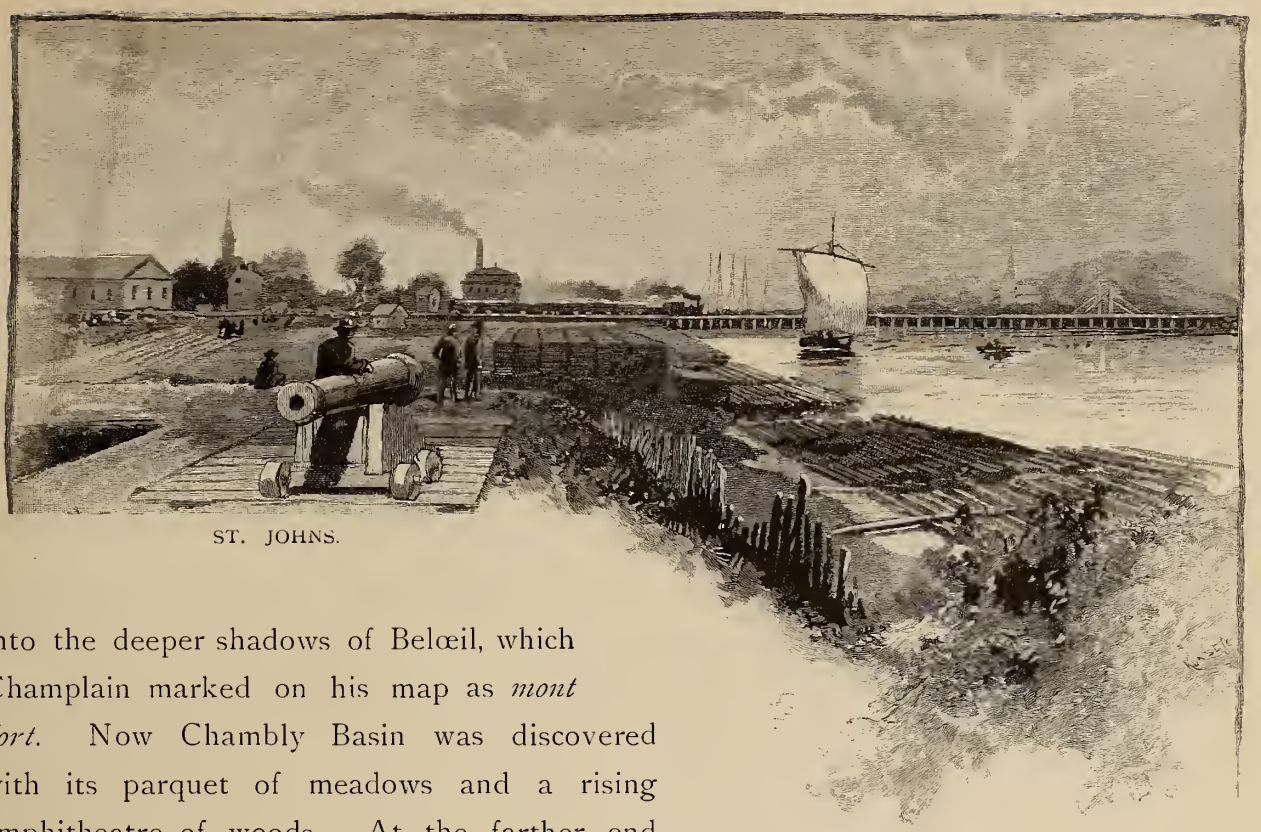
violent rapids, which have since been levelled up by the great dam at St. Ours. For the present his exploration must be abandoned; but six years later he was here again. He must meantime content himself with questioning the Indians as to the undiscovered country to the south and west. In language that he but imperfectly understood they told him of a chain of lakes; and sounding through these lines of his narrative, we, in 1603, for the first time recognize the mighty voice of the distant Niagara. (*Il descend un grandissime courant d'eau dans le dict lac.*)

At his second visit, (1609,) Champlain coasted in a more leisurely way the south shore of Lake St. Peter. He explored for some little distance the rivers Dupont (Nicolet), and Gennes (Yamaska), admiring their scenery and the luxuriant vegetation of their banks. The Dupont we take to have been named, seventy-four years before, as a compliment to Dupont-Briant, whom Cartier mentions among the young *noblesse* of his Hochelaga expedition. More than a century afterwards—probably in 1643—this beautiful and romantic river was named anew; this time, "Nicolet," after a much nobler and more serviceable fellow than the Chief Cup-bearer to his Highness the Dauphin. By the way, our Most Serene Dauphin found a sudden death in his cups. Francis the First declared that his son had been poisoned by the contrivance of his great adversary, the Emperor Charles V; but the cooler view of the matter is that the young man took cramps from gulping down ice-water. So pass off the stage Dauphin, his Ganymede, and our River Dupont!



OLD CHURCH AT IBERVILLE.

At his second visit Champlain rested two days at the mouth of the Richelieu. The Iroquois of the Mohawk Valley were making determined efforts to regain their ancient control of the St. Lawrence. To the Algonquin tribes now in possession the arrival of a few French warriors was a lucky windfall. Champlain above all things desired to explore the country, and was thus beguiled into leading an Algonquin foray into the undiscovered land that lay to the south. After his party had heartened themselves for coming toils by abundant venison, fish, and game, he began the ascent of the Richelieu. It was early in July, 1609. On the lower river-islands oaks and walnuts towered aloft, and groined out into great domes of foliage. Into their shadows glided the flotilla; then



ST. JOHNS.

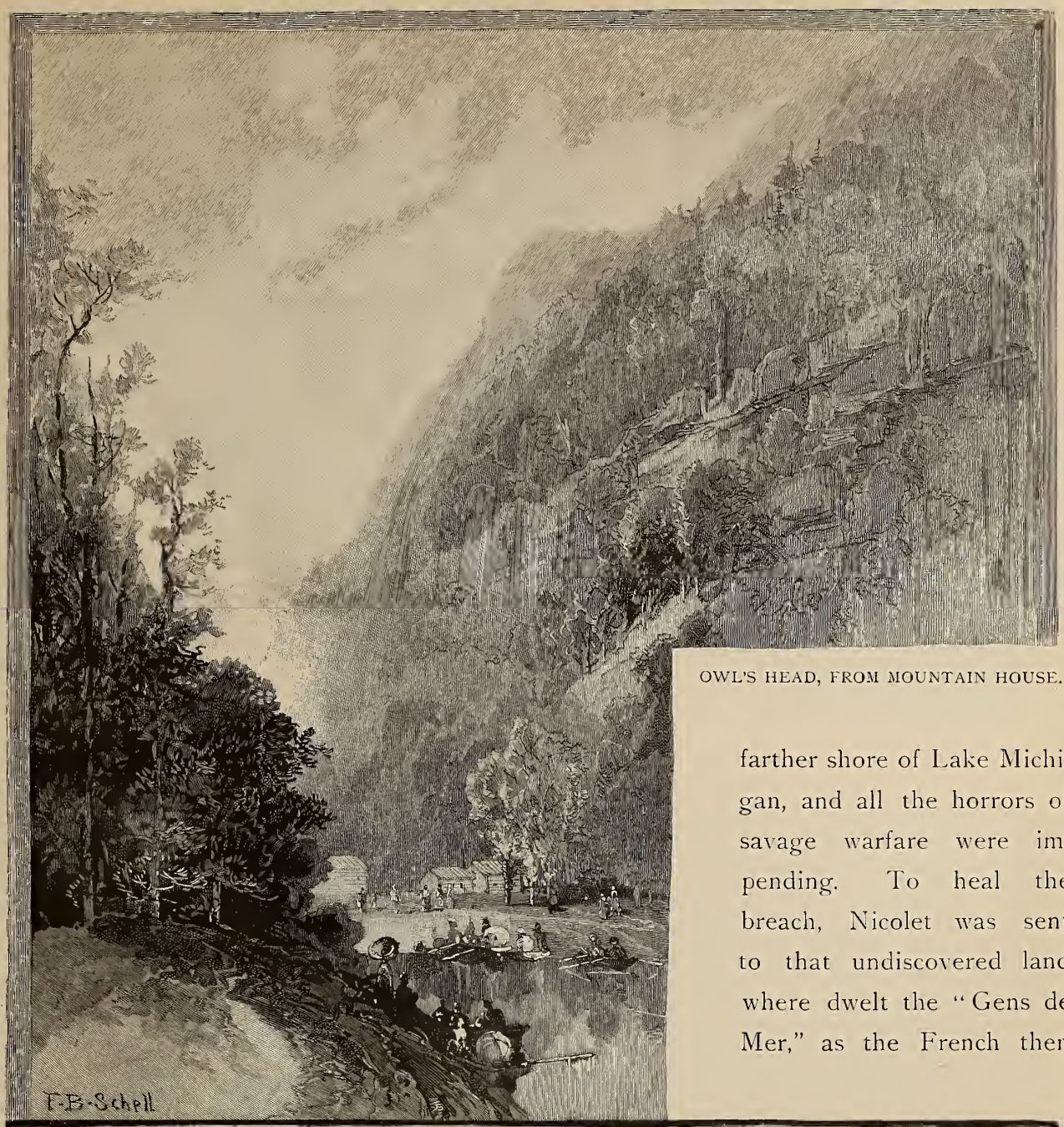
into the deeper shadows of Belœil, which Champlain marked on his map as *mont fort*. Now Chambly Basin was discovered with its parquet of meadows and a rising amphitheatre of woods. At the farther end the river entered then, as now, with foaming current, throwing the beautiful lake into gentle undulations, and on its heaving bosom islets of brilliant verdure shimmered like emeralds. With infinite fatigue a portage was made through the forest around Chambly Rapids, which are now so easily surmounted by the Chambly and St. Johns Canal. Above the rapids, in mid-river, was the island since called Ste. Thérèse. It is now a sunny pasturage; but at its discovery, in 1609, it was all a grove of what Champlain declares the noblest pines he had ever beheld. Thence past the site of the future St. Johns; and past the afterwards historic Île aux Noix; then, rounding Rouse's Point, Champlain led his flotilla of twenty-four canoes into the lake-fountain of the Richelieu. Altogether, a sight to stir one's blood on a bright July morning: the new-found lake with its glittering waters and its diadem of mountains; the wooded islands and shores in the full glory of their summer leafage; the teeming life of lake and forest. And mark the arrowy flight of the canoes under the sweeping stroke of those swart athletes! They have already bounded over the water-front of Canada, but in the wake of yonder canoes is following a perilous surf of border-wars. Into the undertow will be drawn all who approach these waters;—not alone Indians, but French, Dutch, English, Americans; and more than two centuries will pass over before these shores enjoy a lasting peace. But of all this our old Governor had no thought. He had just made his first acquaintance with a gar-pike; was remarking on its "bill" and vicious teeth; was thrusting at its armour with his poniard. As he coursed down

the lake he was much engrossed with the magnificent scenery on either hand. To the west lay the Adirondacks, the ancient homestead of the Algonquin warriors who were his companions. Their forefathers deserted that picturesque wilderness for the gentler shores of Hochelaga, driving before them the then unwarlike Iroquois, whom Cartier had found fishing, corn-planting, and road-making. Contrasting their own better fare with that of improvident and often famished Algonquins, the Iroquois had nicknamed them *Adirondacks*,—"Bark-Eaters." Once in Canada, the Adirondacks became fused into the other Algonquin tribes that occupied the banks of the Ottawa; but the ancient nickname still happily adheres to their old mountain home. Through Emerson's muse those peaks have won a name in literature, as well as on maps; but on that morning, and long afterwards, they were "Titans without muse or name." Then away on his left Champlain saw the soaring peaks of the Green Mountains, which, through the French *verts monts*, have given name to the State of Vermont The discoverer remarked, though a July sun was shining, that their summits were white with snow. His Canadian warriors sighted the Iroquois one night at ten o'clock, and dawn brought an encounter on the headland which afterwards became historic as Crown Point. Champlain and his two French soldiers shared the fray, and then, for the first time, these solitudes heard the sound of fire-arms. Loaded with four slugs and fired into a crowd at thirty paces, their *arquebuses* scattered the Mohawks like wild pigeons. While the panic lasted Champlain hurried down the lake, and back to the St. Lawrence. To commemorate his discovery and adventure, the lake was by himself named Champlain. He was by no means of the mind to give alms to oblivion: his wife's name is preserved in St. Helen's Island; and the river St. Francis once bore his father's name, Antoine, though by 1685 the old sea-captain had already lost his grip on fame, and the river had passed over to the patron saint of the Abenakis Indians.

Among Champlain's contemporaries was Jean Nicolet, who never rose to be archon, but yet became *eponymus* of lake, river, town, and county in the tract we are describing. A native of Cherbourg, he emigrated to Canada when young to become an interpreter. Utterly devoid of fear, he lived eleven years among the Indians, and took a full share of every danger and hardship. Of this life nine years were spent among the Nipissings, that nation of wizards. Henceforward, Nicolet himself was a wizard. By the sorcery of fair dealing, and by the enchantment of truthful words, he gained a most extraordinary ascendancy over the native races, and became the great peace-maker of his time. He composed for the remainder of his life the old deadly feud between Algonquin and Iroquois. He had given these wild men "medicine" to make them love him; it was his limpid honesty of speech and purpose. In only one extraordinary emergency did he add scenic effects; and, mark you, he was then on a foreign embassy. The Hurons had become embroiled with a tribe on the

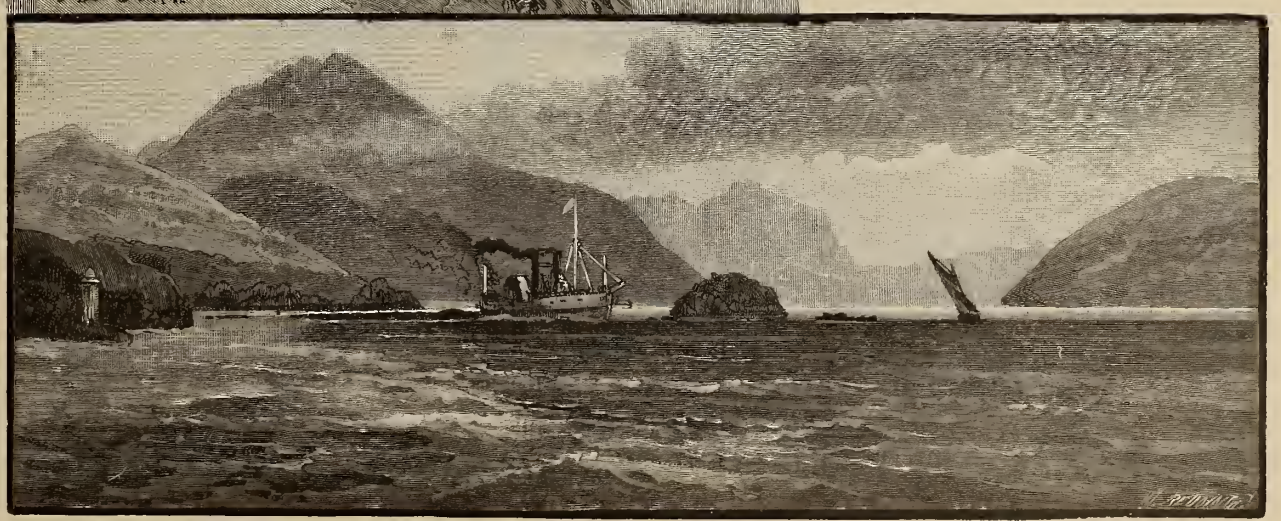


LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, FROM OWL'S HEAD.



OWL'S HEAD, FROM MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

farther shore of Lake Michigan, and all the horrors of savage warfare were impending. To heal the breach, Nicolet was sent to that undiscovered land where dwelt the "Gens de Mer," as the French then



OWL'S HEAD, FROM LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.



MOUNT ELEPHANTIS.

called them. Full of the dream of the time, Jean thought "Mer" must be the Chinese Sea; and to caparison himself for an interview with the Mandarins, he bought a robe of Chinese damask, embroidered in colours with a wild profusion of birds and flowers. Father Vimont's description of this droll outfit was evidently written after a near view; and, between the lines, you can hear the worthy father chuckling at the bare thought of it. Arrived on the farther shore of Lake Michigan, honest Jean set up, as an earnest of peace and good-will, two Christmas-trees, laden with gifts. He then harnessed himself into his Chinese flower-garden and aviary. But, doubting how the Mandarins of Green Bay might receive him, he took in each hand one of the tremendous pistols of that era, and, sending forward his Huron companions, advanced towards the yet unseen metropolis. The nerves of the Winnebago ladies were unequal to the strain thus cast upon them: they ran from wigwam to wigwam, screaming, "A bogie is coming, thunderbolt in each hand!" This startling prelude over, Nicolet got together the chiefs, and soon won them over to friendship with the Hurons. After "planting the Tree of Peace," and throwing earth on the buried tomahawks, he returned to his home at Three Rivers. Though Nicolet did not reach the Chinese Sea, he had found the Wisconsin River, and *all but found the Mississippi*. Indeed, Mr. Gilmary Shea awards him the honour of first discovery.

Seven or eight years after this, Nicolet, then at Quebec, received urgent word from Governor Montmagny that the Algonquins at Three Rivers had captured

a Sokoki Indian, and were about to burn him alive. A storm was raging on the St. Lawrence, but instantly Nicolet was down to the river, entreating the owner of a shallop to put out. They had passed the mouth of the Chaudière, and were abreast of Sillery when the craft was blown over, and Nicolet was swept down the river. The survivor reported that the drowning man's thoughts were not of himself, but of his wife and daughter. So, onward! thou simple, heroic soul, past the River of Death and the Great Gulf, to the Shoreless Ocean!

To a modern tourist who enters Canada for the first time by the route of Lake Champlain, there is something very startling in the sudden change of names as he passes from New York or Vermont to the valley of the Richelieu. With his usual artistic vividness, Thoreau expresses the effect produced on his mind:—"To me coming from New England it appeared as Normandy itself, and realized much that had been heard of Europe and the Middle Ages. Even the names of the humble Canadian villages affected me as if they had been those of the renowned cities of antiquity. To be told by a *habitant*, when I asked the name of a village in sight, that it is *St. Féréol* or *Ste. Anne*, the *Guardian Angel*, or the *Holy St. Joseph's*; or of a mountain that it was *Belange* or *St. Hyacinthe!* As soon as we leave the States these saintly names begin. St. Johns is the first town you stop at, and henceforth the names of the mountains,



MOUNT ORFORD.

and streams, and villages reel, if I may so speak, with the intoxication of poetry: Chambly, Longueuil, Pointe-aux-Trembles, Barthélemi, etc., as if it needed only a little foreign accent, a few more liquids and vowels perchance in the language to make or locate our ideals at once. I began to dream of Provence and the Troubadours."

So far the Hermit of Walden. But underlying what he calls "saintly names," there was in the Richelieu Peninsula a fervent military feudalism. Through this cassock gleamed a steel cuirass. Though the splendid illusions of the Old Régime have long since faded, the haughty names of that epoch still kindle with an afterglow. By the mere names of these villages, towns, and seigniories, you may conjure back Louis Quatorze and Versailles; the state-craft of Colbert; the soldiers of Turenne and Vauban. Picketed around the ancient rendezvous at the confluence of the Richelieu and St. Lawrence are the officers of the Carignan-Salières, as though still guarding the Iroquois River-Gate and the approaches to Montreal:—Captain Berthier, Lieutenant Lavaltrie; Boucher, Varennes, Verchères, Contrecœur. Twilight in these ancient woodlands awakens sleeping echoes and dead centuries; with the rising night-wind the whole place seems

"Filled as with shadow of sound, with the pulse of invisible feet."

Through the forest aisles ring out elfin trumpet-calls; we hear the *réveillé* of ghostly drums beating; the prancing of phantom horses; the clinking of sabres; the measured tread of Louis the Fourteenth's battalions. At roll-call we hear officers answer to familiar names:—"Captain Sorel?"—"Here!"—"Captain St. Ours?"—"Here!"—"Captain Chambly?"—"Here!"—And in good truth most of them are still here. In the soft grass of God's Acre they are resting, surrounded by those faithful soldiers who in death, as in life have not deserted them. Together these veterans fought the Turk in Hungary, and drove him into the Raab; together they chased the Iroquois up the Richelieu, and down the Mohawk Valley; and, after van and rear had passed a darker valley and an icier flood, they mustered here at last in eerie bivouac together.

During the summer and autumn of 1665 the soldiers of the Carignan-Salières may have been seen working like beavers along the banks of the Richelieu, cutting down trees and casting up earthworks. By the following year a line of five forts had been completed,—Richelieu (Sorel), St. Louis (Chambly), St. Thérèse, St. Jean, St. Anne. The first, occupying the site of the Chevalier Montmagny's old fort, commanded the mouth of the river; the last commanded the outlet of Lake Champlain, and stood on the island still called La Motte after the Captain who directed the work. With this bridle of forts well in hand, Louis XIV hoped to rein in the wild Iroquois, just as the Wall of Severus was meant as a snaffle for the wild Caledonian.

Settlements of the legionaries and their captains were formed behind the Roman Wall; so our centurions and their soldiers occupied seigniories and fiefs under cover of these river-forts.

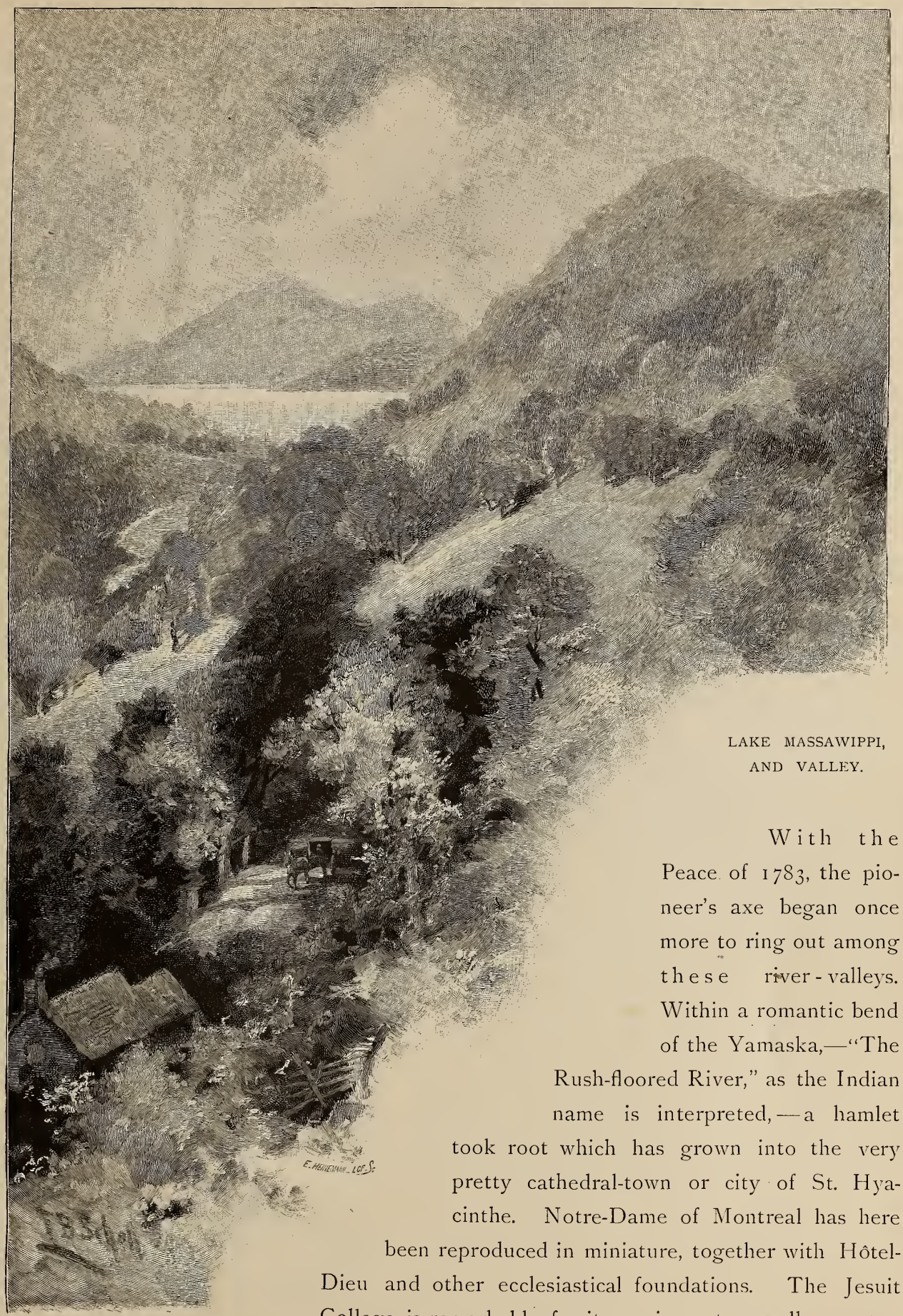
The officers' sons and daughters inherited the high spirit of their race, and were often remarkable for adventurous and heroic qualities. Lieutenant Varennes married little Marie Boucher, daughter of a brother officer, who was then Governor of Three Rivers. One of their sons was that Ensign Varennes de Verendrye, who, fighting like a lion under Marshal Villars at Malplaquet, was left for dead on the field, but revived nevertheless, and was consoled for his nine wounds with a lieutenancy, and returned to Canada; next we hear of him on Lake Nipigon; then on the Kaministiquia; now he has reached Lake Winnipeg, is building a fort, and is floating the first *fleur de lis* on those waters; is the first to explore the Saskatchewan; is the first to behold the Rocky Mountains. And what school-child in Canada has not read or heard of Madeleine Verchères, who, at fourteen years of age, beat off the Iroquois from her father's fort, and for a whole week maintained her vigil on the bastion until help came up from Quebec?

The first commandant and *seigneur* of Chambly seems to have left his heart in France, for he made over his whole estate to Mademoiselle Tavenet,—to be hers at once if she shared his fortunes in Canada; in any case, to become hers after his death. The charming Tavenet preferred to wait; but it is doubtful whether the estate ever reached her. A few words more will dispose of the gallant Jacques Chambly: appointed by Frontenac to the chief command "as a most efficient, and as the oldest officer in the country"; promoted by Louis XIV to the Governorship of Acadie; captured one hot August day at the mouth of the Penobscot, after being shot down in defending Fort Pentagouet against a St. Domingo pirate; held for ransom at Boston; ransomed by Frontenac at his private charge; appointed to Martinique, where, let us hope, Governor Chambly recovered from his St. Domingo acquaintance the amount of Frontenac's bill of exchange. A little more than a century later, there was serving at Martinique another *seigneur* of Chambly, who was to become the most distinguished of them all,—Charles de Salaberry. In the West Indies he early exhibited the courage and resource which afterwards won for him and his Canadian Voltigeurs such renown at Chateaugay. Yet with might, mercy; and here he had before his mind not only the family motto, but the example of his old Basque ancestor, whose feats on the battle-field of Coutras were so tempered with mercy, that Henry of Navarre gave him that chivalrous device, *Force à superbe; mercy à faible*,—"Might for the arrogant; mercy for the fallen!"

But, besides the Richelieu, there were other water-ways leading over to the St. Lawrence, any one of which might serve the Mohawk raider. If the Yamaska approached too near the soldiers' homes of the Richelieu Valley, there were still other

rivers in reserve,—notably the St. Francis. To close at a stroke all these flood-gates of Iroquois invasion, Frontenac conceived the bold project of throwing across the whole country, from the Yamaska to the Chaudière, the warlike Algonquin tribe of Abenakis, who, while close friends of the French, were, from their very lineage, at deadly feud with the Iroquois. Though once lords of nearly ten thousand square miles, and the terror of New England, the Abenakis are now almost extinct. A mere handful—descendants of the few that escaped Rogers' Rangers—still linger near the mouth of the St. Francis. Within their former domain, the Abbé Maurault, who has devoted nearly a lifetime to these Indians and their annals, can discover but three words of Abenaki origin:—*Coaticook*, "The Stream of the Pine-Land"; *Memphremagog*, "The Great Sheet of Water"; *Megantic*, "The Resort of Fish." A movement of the Abenakis into the region west of the Chaudière began in December, 1679, and embraced Indians of two contiguous tribes,—the Etchemins and Micmacs,—all three being described by the French as *Nations Abenakises*. Henceforth the Abenakis remained close allies of France. Ghastly reprisals were made on New England for the scalping-raids of the Iroquois into Canada. Horror succeeded horror. The Massacre of Lachine was more than avenged by the atrocities of Schenectady, Deerfield, and Haverhill.

At Haverhill these avenging furies were led by J. B. Hertel de Rouville, who regarded his father's hand—mutilated and burnt by Iroquois torturers—as his sufficient commission. He was the first lord of Belœil Mountain, and of that lovely mountain-lake which Fréchette calls *un joyau tombé d'un écrin fantastique*,—"a sapphire dropped from fairy casket." His seigniory included the romantic Rougemont Valley which separates Rougemont Mountain from Belœil. Swooping from his eyry, Rouville's beak and talons were at the heart of New England before the approach of a war-party was dreamt of. Iberville, the *vis-à-vis* of St. Johns on the Richelieu, takes its name from him who not only became a distinguished navigator, and the founder of Louisiana, but who, in earlier life, had unhappily been foremost in the midnight attack on Schenectady. For nearly a century this merciless and revolting border-war continued, until in the end the battle-field was shared by England and France, and the armies of Amherst and Montcalm were at each other's throats. The old war-trail of the Richelieu, which conducted Champlain, and Courcelles, and De Tracy against the Iroquois, now led French regiments up to Crown Point, Ticonderoga, and William Henry; or, with a different fortune of war, might lead English troops down to Montreal. Even the pacification of 1763 brought but brief rest to this border-land. With the outbreak of the Revolutionary War came Montgomery's invasion by the Richelieu, and the capture of Forts St. John and Chambly. Simultaneously, Arnold undertook his memorable winter-march of nearly 600 miles up the Kennebec and down the Chaudière.



LAKE MASSAWIPPI, AND VALLEY.

With the Peace of 1783, the pioneer's axe began once more to ring out among these river-valleys. Within a romantic bend of the Yamaska,—"The Rush-floored River," as the Indian name is interpreted,—a hamlet took root which has grown into the very pretty cathedral-town or city of St. Hyacinthe. Notre-Dame of Montreal has here been reproduced in miniature, together with Hôtel-Dieu and other ecclesiastical foundations. The Jesuit College is remarkable for its equipment as well as extra-

ordinary size. Academies under Protestant auspices are also in full activity. Indeed, this beautiful river-nook, with its shadowy pine groves and the restful murmur of the water, seems to have been by Nature set apart for study and contemplation. Matins and even-song here pealed through the rood-loft of great pines, ages before the swelling organ of church or cathedral was heard. Even now the Genius of the Forest lingers despite the rumble and outcry of two railways. Still ascending the river, we pass Mount Yamaska, and, after resting at the village of Granby, climb to a dark valley walled in on the north by Shefford Mountain, and by the Brome Mountains on the south. In Brome Lake the fountain-head of the Yamaska is reached,—a romantic sheet of water, with the village of Knowlton near the south end.

Here leave the basin of Yamaska, and cross over to Memphremagog and Massawippi, lake-fountains of the St. Francis. A mountain-road clambers through Bolton Pass, and then races down to the shore of Lake Memphremagog. From the heights we look out upon scenes of many a wild expedition, romantic or tragic. Yonder is the lake-gateway through which the fierce Abenakis so often carried desolation to the heart of Massachusetts. It was through those maple woods, on our west flank, that Rogers' Rangers, in 1759, swept like a whirlwind of flame, to exterminate the whole brood of tigers that had so long harried the homes of New England. Many the lawless adventure of love and war in the old days of Partizan and Ranger, who often helped out the glamour of romance by picturesque finery or Indian costume. Now you may wander at will amid the wildest of this magnificent scenery, without other adventure than the rough salute of the mountain-air, that "chartered libertine":—

But here how often rides the Ranger-Wind!
To trembling aspens he now lisps of love,
Or grieving balsam firs to tears will move;
Tragic his tale the pallid birches find;
He, envious, sees the wooded peaks reclined
On the sweet bosom of the Lake; nor frown
Of darkling Orford heeds, but blusters down
The echoing pass, a plume of mist to bind
On scowling brow, carbine with lightning fill;
He decks him in rain-fringes tagged with hail,
In ribbons of flying cloud; then whistles shrill,—
Snorting leaps forth the war-horse of the gale!
Wild Centaur-clouds in wheeling squadrons form,
And o'er the border sweeps the Ranger-Storm!

Lake Memphremagog is brought within three hours of Montreal by the South-Eastern Railway. After six minutes of darkness in the great tube of Victoria Bridge, we recover speed with sunlight, and strike away for the Richelieu, which is crossed



SHERBROOKE.

COMMERCIAL STREET.

within view of Chambly Basin and the old Fort. Touching the Yamaska at West Farnham, we climb the water-shed of Brome. Thence, descend the valley of the Missisquoi River, winding through its lovely glens and past the southern Pinnacle Mountain, and Hawk and Bear Mountains, to Newport at the Ver-

mont end of Lake Memphremagog. A third of the way down this most romantic water the boat-whistle apprises us that we are crossing the 45th parallel, our International Boundary. Then, for twenty miles northward, a perspective of noblest scenery. The west shore is embossed with lofty cones—Canadian kindred of the Green Mountains—the highest of the coves being Mount Orford, 4,500 feet. Owl's Head springs from the water's edge 2,700 feet into the air. Between this venerable owl-haunt and the sculptured profile of Elephantis you sail over a still unsounded abyss, which baffled Sir Hugh Allan and his sea-line of 1,200 feet. Yonder, on the opposite headland, is that old sea-king's Château; for, in the swelter of summer, it was his custom to rest here from the care of his fleets, and brace his nerves with "the wine of mountain air." When we reach the lake-outlet at Magog we seem to be in the immediate presence of Orford, though the mountain stands back a few miles from the shore. From the summit, in clear weather, a most magnificent view is had: Mount Royal, and all the mountain-peaks from the Richelieu to the Chaudière; Lake Memphremagog, its beautiful sister, Massawippi, and a score of other lakes; the Arcadian landscape of the Eastern Townships; and, beyond their southern frontier, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

Not the least delicious bits of scenery in the Eastern Townships lie in the valley of the St. Francis. Among the farmsteads and rich herds of Compton and Stanstead winds the deep chasm of the Coaticook. Of Compton you would say,—"Just the nook that a contemplative naturalist might choose for writing a *Shepherd's Calendar!*" So thought Philip Henry Gosse before you, and settled here amid the "martial alarms and stormy politics" of 1837–8. It will soon be a half-century since he haunted these glens and woodlands. In an excursion to Sherbrooke we need no longer hope to find a moose, nor fear to meet a gigantic gray wolf; mill-wheels and factories on the Coaticook and Magog have frightened away many of the fish of pioneer days; but in bird, insect, and wild-flower, and in the Spring ferns, flushing with sweet verdure, may be seen the descendants of those which sat to the gentle naturalist for their portraits, and, "amid the fatigues of labour, solaced him with simple but enchanting studies."

Rising in Lake St. Francis, and expanding into Lake Aylmer, the St. Francis is joined at Lennoxville by the Massawippi, which brings the tribute of the Coaticook and other streams, as well as the overflow of Lake Massawippi. Overlooking this meeting of waters at Lennoxville, and surrounded by a landscape of rare loveliness, is the University of Bishop's College, with its pretty Chapel and Collegiate School. The friends of Bishop's College, undisheartened by repeated fires, have not only restored the buildings, but extended them, and provided anew a good working library. Among literary donations is a sumptuous *fac-simile* of the *Codex Sinaiticus*, from the Emperor of Russia. Above and below Lennoxville, the St. Francis lingers among



SPRING FERNS.

some sweet scenery; the stillness of the river here is in striking contrast to the rude concourse at Sherbrooke, where the Magog dashes wildly down a steep incline, bringing the overflow of Lakes Magog and Memphremagog.

The hill-slopes of Sherbrooke are conspicuous several miles off, and glitter in the sun with their Cathedral, College, and Church-spires. To the early Jesuits the site was familiar, for the St. Francis was the old water-way from New England to Three Rivers and Quebec. The local annals have been collected by Mrs. C. M. Day and by the Rev. P. Girard, Superior of the *Séminaire St. Charles-Borromée.*

Just above its confluence with the St. Francis, the river Magog descends a hundred and fourteen feet in little more than half a mile. The inevitable saw-mill, and grist-mill, and carding-mill appeared at the beginning of the present century; and around this nucleus a hamlet gathered, which, in 1817, was visited and paternally adopted by the Governor, Sir John Sherbrooke. A distinct impulse was given to its growth when Sherbrooke became headquarters for the British-American Land Company, which, chartered in 1833, was a prime instrument in opening out the beautiful wilderness of the Eastern Townships. In its boundless water-power, and in the fertility

of the district, Sherbrooke has enduring resources. Its manufactures are already very extensive, some of the factories reaching the size of villages. The educational institutions are well-equipped and efficient. Commercial Street is the chief thoroughfare. At the farther end, the street fades into a perspective of pretty villas. Melbourne Street makes a delightful promenade, with its fine residences and flower-gardens, and its charming river-views.

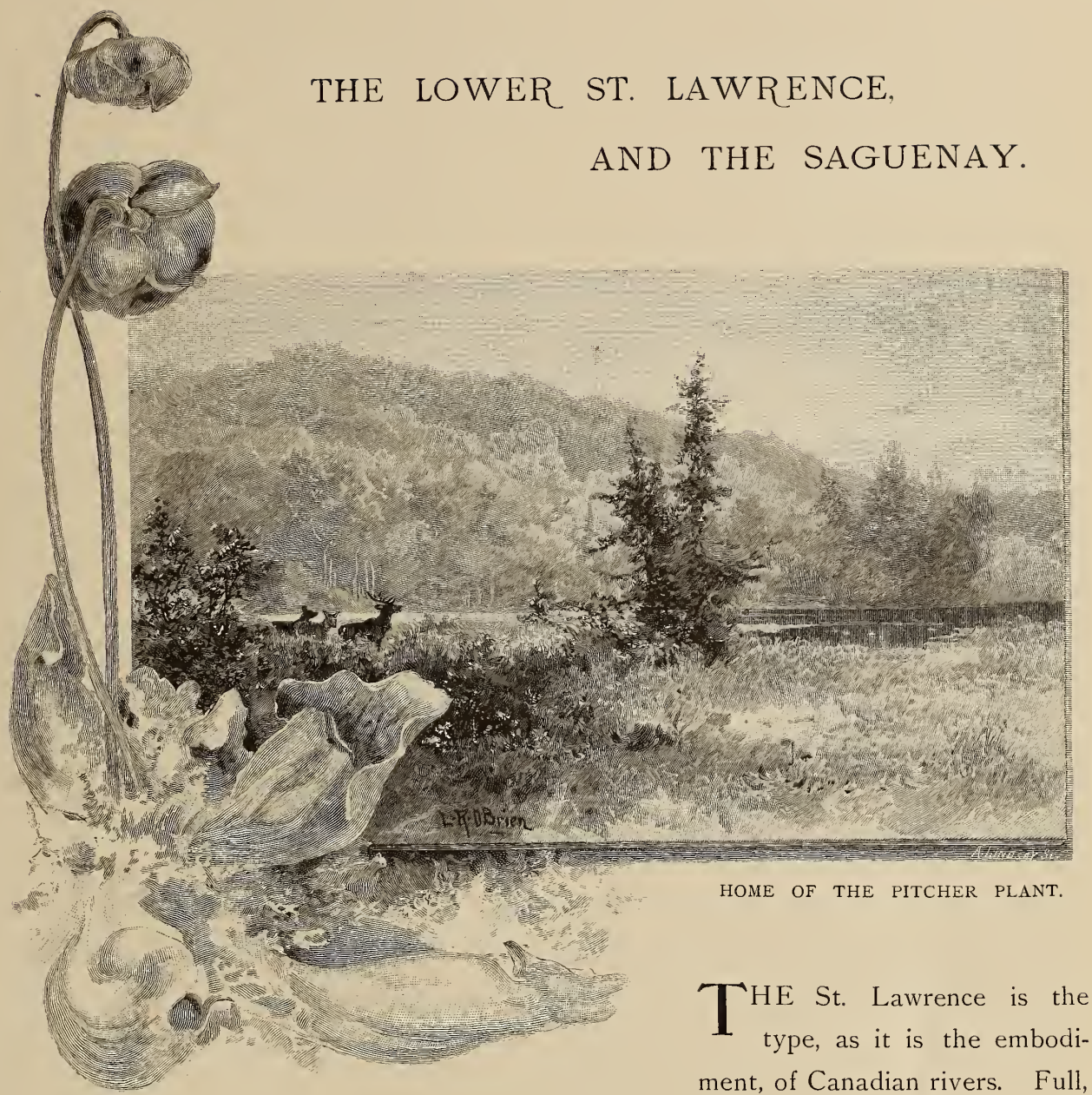
Throughout the Eastern Townships, but most of all in Missisquoi, Stanstead, and Compton, there is a robust strain of the early Massachusetts pioneer. At the epoch of the Great Divide, not a few Loyalists followed the old flag, and settled a little beyond the "Province Line." Picking up the disused axe with a sigh—often with a secret tear—they once more hewed out for themselves homes in the forest. They brought across the frontier, with their old Hebrew names, the pith and industry, and intense earnestness of the Puritan. They transplanted to Canadian soil that old farm-life of New England, which, by its quaint ways, has stirred so many delightful fancies in American novelists and poets. Such fire-light pictures and winter-idylls as Hawthorne and Whittier love to paint, were here to be seen of a winter evening in every snow-bound farmstead. Among the dusty heirlooms of these Township homesteads may still be found andirons that stood on early New England hearths. Burned out and fallen to ashes are the last forestick and back-log; and so are that brave old couple who, in their gray hairs, wandered into the Canadian wilderness, and, with trembling hands, hung the old crane over a new hearth.





FOREST STREAM, AND TIMBER SLIDE.

THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE, AND THE SAGUENAY.



HOME OF THE PITCHER PLANT.

THE St. Lawrence is the type, as it is the embodiment, of Canadian rivers. Full, free, and impetuous from source to outlet; clear and swift like its countless tributaries; broad and mighty in volume, like the lakes that store its strength; ever changing in aspect, from mighty rapid and stupendous fall, to rippling reaches and broad depths, where it gathers force for another rush down its steep incline. Not a mere water-course, but a stream of the hills and woods, full of sparkle and vigour, as if draining half a continent were a labour to be rejoiced in. Throughout the varying scenes of its long course, its beauty and majesty are always striking, but nowhere more so than in its estuary. Other

great rivers seem to dread their end; they wander sluggishly through vast marshes, subdivide into many outlets, build up great bars to ward off the sea, suddenly give up the contest, spread out their waters, and are lost in the ocean. The "Great River of Canada" keeps its individuality to the close, and rolls on till the banks which confine its grand flood are those which limit the ocean itself. At the Isle of Orleans, it seems to prepare boldly for its end, for it suddenly widens, to be measured by leagues instead of by miles across; yet there are fully two hundred miles to go before its shores fade away on opposite horizons, and close on three hundred more before it reaches the open sea.

The hills, among which it was born, its kinsfolk and acquaintance that share its name, come to guard it again after two thousand miles of separation. From Cap Tourmente to far down the Labrador coast the Laurentians are piled up in a sea of rolling contours, like huge waves turned to rock just when their crests were breaking. On the south the mountains keep longer aloof, but broken foot-hills diversify the undulating slope that sweeps up, from the belt of rich lowland along the shore, to where the distant hills of Maine meet the sky. Near Kamouraska, precipitous crags dot the broad plain. At Bic, immense spurs jut out to the river-bank. Thence, towards the sea, the face of the country is ever more and more broken and scarred; the Gaspé range presses inwards, and, with the tall peaks of the Shickshaws towering above all, lonely giants jealous of their blue-capped rivals on the far horizon, bounds the St. Lawrence from Cap Chat to Gaspé, with great cliffs, stern, overhanging, sombre, meet banks for a river eighty miles broad. There are all the charms of river and sea, of mountain and forest, of wilderness and cultivated plain, about the region.

Turn to the north. A rampart of rock, guarding the secrets of the wild land beyond, towers to the sky; great chasms and gorges break it, but to reveal still mightier walls of mountain, at last, till the eye is fain to rest upon fleecy shimmerings of cloud floating above hills that seem far off as the sky itself. Rock and forest everywhere; dark and sombre when the storm clouds gather, and the rain-squalls howl down the passes, blotting out of sight all but the white-capped waves; many-hued and soft-shadowed as the morning light plays on pine and spruce top, on waving birch and quivering poplar, on dark cedar and brilliant maple; clear-cut and bright in the strong light of a Canadian mid-day; rich in purple and green, crimson and gold, russet and grey, orange and black, as the sun goes down; vague, soft and silvery in the moonlight; mysterious and overwhelming when the moon has sunk behind the hills. A land of torrents and earthquakes, where the foundations of the continent were upheaved, and scarcely now have settled firm. Yet, wherever the mouth of a river wedges the hills apart, or the wearing current and chafing ice-floes have left a foothold at the base of the heights or have cut an escarpment in their sides, little hamlets cluster and the symbol of the Christian faith is seen.

On the south shore Nature is less aggressive, and yields room for the beauties of pastoral landscape. For the most part there is a continuous line of settlement, farms and houses, villages and church-spires, here and there a goodly town, streams and bridges, convents and windmills, trees and meadows. But everywhere a background of the hills and the woods.

Hundreds of streams, some of them great rivers, coming from far regions, known only to the wild-fowl and the Indian, swell the volume of the Lower St. Lawrence. Those on the south coast wind turbid floods through sinuous curves in the rich loam; those on the north dash round sharp angles, hurrying their crystal waters over cascades and rapids, down gravelly beds and through deep rock-bound pools, where the salmon and the sea-trout rest on their loitering away to the distant shallows. Up some of these streams even the fish cannot climb far, and the *voyageur* in his bark-canoe must make many a portage over the crags and through the trees, if he would scale these watery ladders to the labyrinth of lakes, whence he may thread his way far west beyond Lake Superior, north to Hudson's Bay, or east to unexplored wilds.

Islands of all sizes and forms,—some green and fertile like the Isle of Orleans, beautiful Isle aux Coudres, and pastoral Isle Verte,—some long, rocky battures with jagged reefs, round which current and tide contend in ugly swirls of foam,—others, tall pillars of rock, fragments from the primæval strife of elements, break the broad blue expanse, and interpose an ever-changing foreground. Bold headlands alternate with long, low-lying points, to mark the extremities of the sweeping bays, within which are sea-weed covered rocks, white sand beaches, and broad flats, the homes of innumerable birds. Colonies of ravens inhabit the wooded heights that space off the little ports where the rivers widen as they meet the tide, and where the brown-sailed fishing-boats find shelter. Long piers run far out to the channel; light-houses, banded with black and white, dot the capes, and mark the shoals in the track of the great ocean steamers that here seem but small black nuclei of smoky comets. Huge red buoys define the channels; their bells clang out the danger signal, and fog-horns bellow deep warning notes as the increasing swell tells of the coming gale. Great ships, eager to make an offing, and to leave grim Anticosti's wreck-strewn coast safe behind, spread clouds of canvas; others, with sails aback, lie quietly awaiting the swift pilot-boats that beat about like restless sea-swallows gathering a living from the waves. The semaphores on the hillocks swing their great arms to signal passing vessels, and telegraph their news from station to station, so that the distant Bird Rocks and the lonely Magdalens share the world's tidings with the cities of the west.

The cool, pure air of the mountains, sweet with the aroma of the forests, mingles with salt breezes from the sea. The dash of the waves, as the brisk squall curls their crests, is the complement of the crisp rustle of the leaves; the long, moaning swash of the tide that of the sough of the wind through the pine groves. There is



CAP TOURMENTE.

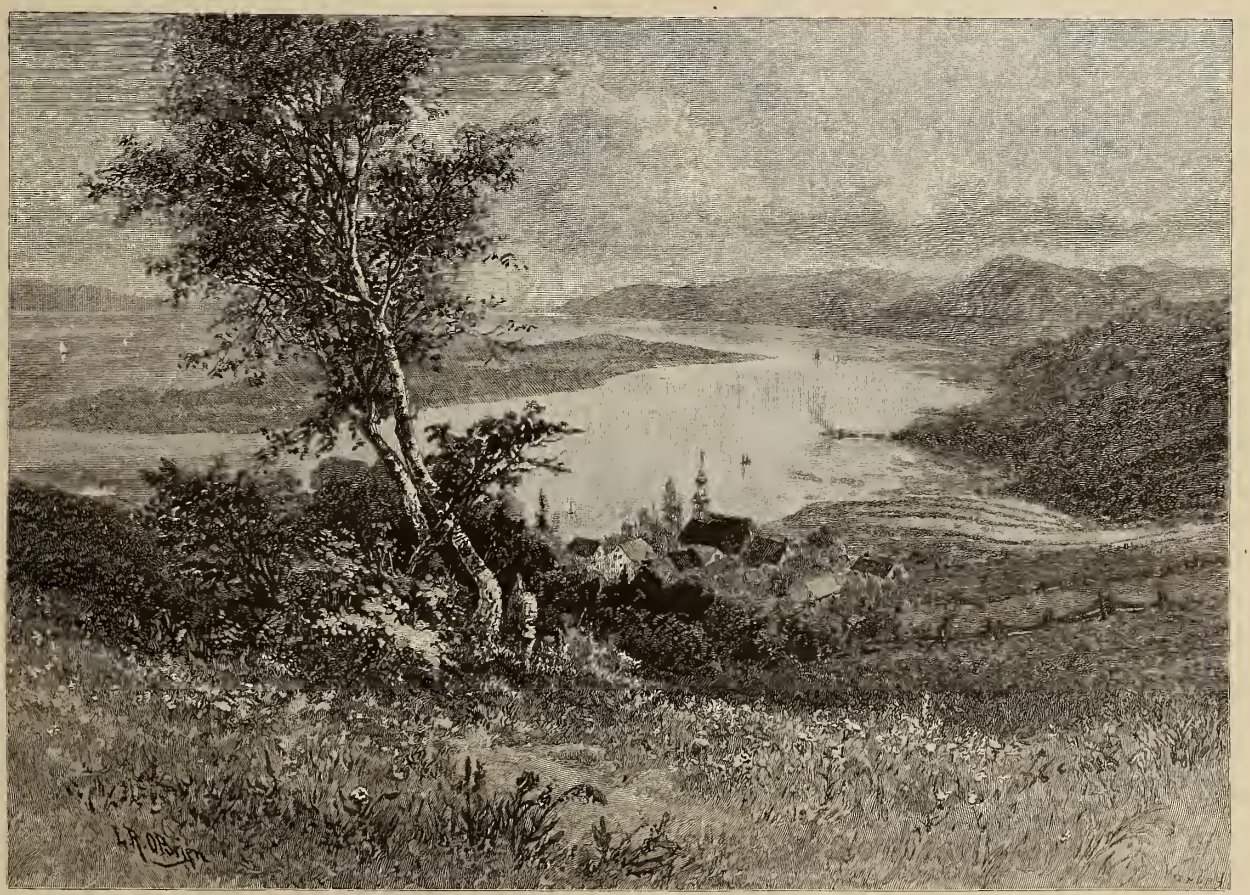
a mingled restfulness and vigour in the atmosphere, a combination of the sea and the woods, of the rivers and the hills, to drive away all care and weariness.

Nor is the interest of the Lower St. Lawrence that of scenery alone; tradition, history, legend and folk-lore contribute their full share. Long before Cartier first visited the three great realms of Honguedo, Saguenay, and Canada, Indian nations fought many a war of extermination for the possession of the hunting-grounds and fisheries. Algonquin and Souriquois, Micmac, Malecite, Abenaqui, Montagnais and Iroquois, have all left their mark. France and England have lent associations to every point on the long coast-line. How many tragedies, what thrilling scenes, and what various people this river has seen since cannon first woke the Laurentian's thunderous echoes with a royal salute to "Donnacona Agouhanna ou Seigneur de Canada" boarding Cartier's ships off the island of Orleans, close to the very point where, not long ago, the people of Stadacona waved their God-speed to an English Princess. Every island, cape and bay has a story of shipwreck, miracle, or wraith. The people of the river and gulf are a curious compound of *voyageur*, farmer, and fisherman. They are full of energy and character, bold and hardy, simple-minded, honest and hospitable, superstitious, as all fishermen are, and abounding in wonderful legends, but pious and brave withal. They preserve many old ideas and habits, for down here the earliest settlements in French Canada are side by side with the latest.

It is not surprising that the Lower St. Lawrence, or rather those parts of

it that generally pass for the whole, of which they form in reality but a small portion, has long been a favourite holiday ground for Canadians of the Upper Provinces, and that it has of late years begun to attract many strangers. There are watering-places on both shores, each having its own characteristic.

Kamouraska, the oldest of all, where once upon a time the wittiest and most charming of French society was to be found, is now dull, quiet, and given to boating. Rivière du Loup, now, alas, turned into prosaic but significant Fraserville,—for the new name perpetuates the poetic revenge that spoiled of their very nationality the whilom spoilers of this fair land,—has comfortable houses and good society, is decidedly proper, respectable, and a little slow. Cacouna has its quiet cottages, but also the most pretentious hotel, and too much of the dancing and dressing that characterize American watering-places. Both Rivière du Loup and Cacouna have beautiful views of the panorama of the opposite shore, here just at the right distance for the most magnificent of sunset effects. Rimouski is a cathedral town, most affected by French visitors. Bic is picturesque and secluded, and but little visited. Métis is the resort of the scientist, the blue-stocking, and the newly-married. Matane, noted for its good cheer and sea-trout fishing. All the foregoing are on the south shore, and easily reached by rail or by steamer; but attractive as they are, they have not the same



ISLE AUX COUDRES, AND THE ST. LAWRENCE, FROM LES EBOULEMENTS.

charm for most people as the places across the river, though, as the temperature of the water is notably warmer, owing to its shallowness and the great extent of beach uncovered at low tide, they are preferred for bathing. This, however, is the weak point of all the frequented watering-places on the St. Lawrence. To one accustomed to the open sea the water is not salt enough, there is no surf, nor are there the thousand and one treasures of the sea-shore.

Four times a week in the summer months steamers freighted with holiday-makers and tourists leave Quebec for Tadoussac and Chicoutimi, touching at the various places between these points. To look at the piles of baggage and furniture, the hosts of children and servants, the household gods, the dogs, cats and birds, one might think the Canadians were emigrating *en masse*, like the *seigneurs* and their families after the cession of the country to England. But these travellers have a happier destiny than had those who sailed in the *Auguste*, shipwrecked on Cape Breton in November, 1762. Murray Bay and its adjoining villages are the resort of those who want grand scenery, and a quiet country life with a spice of gaiety. Many families have their own pretty country-houses, but a favourite plan is to take a *habitant's* cottage just as it stands, and to play at "roughing it" with all the luxuries you care to add to the rag-matted floors and primitive furniture. Those who want more excitement find it at the hotels, where in the evening there is always a dance, a concert, or private theatricals, to wind up a day spent in bathing, picnicing, boating, driving, trout-fishing, tennis, bowls, billiards, and a dozen other amusements. It is a merry life and a healthy one; you live as you please, and do as you please, and nobody says you nay. Tadoussac is much the same, only, if one may be allowed the expression, a little more so, perhaps because it is the favourite of Americans. On the north shore nobody but the salmon-fisher goes beyond Tadoussac; but on the south shore the tendency is always farther and farther down every year, so that Rimouski, Bic, Metis, and Matane have successively been reached, and before long, when the beauties of the coast between Ste. Anne des Monts and Cape Gaspé are fully known, the artist and his ally, the fisherman, will no longer revel in solitary and undisturbed enjoyment of its magnificent scenery.

However, our way lies not among, though perforce to some extent with, the tourists. PICTURESQUE CANADA is not a guide-book; its random sketches attempt to show but a few scattered gems from among the treasures ready to artist's brush and writer's pen.

Foremost among these is the coast on the north between the island of Orleans and the mouth of the Saguenay. It is almost as wild to-day as when the first explorers saw it three centuries and a half ago, or as when Boucher, writing, in 1663, his *Histoire Naturelle du Canada* for the information of Colbert, Minister of Finance to Louis XIV, said of it:—"From Tadoussac to Cap Tourmente, seven leagues from

Quebec, the country is quite uninhabitable, being too high and all rocky, and quite precipitous. I have remarked only one place, that is Baie St. Paul, about half-way and opposite to Isle aux Coudres, which seems very pretty as one passes by, as well as all the islands to be found between Tadoussac and Quebec, which are all fit to be inhabited."

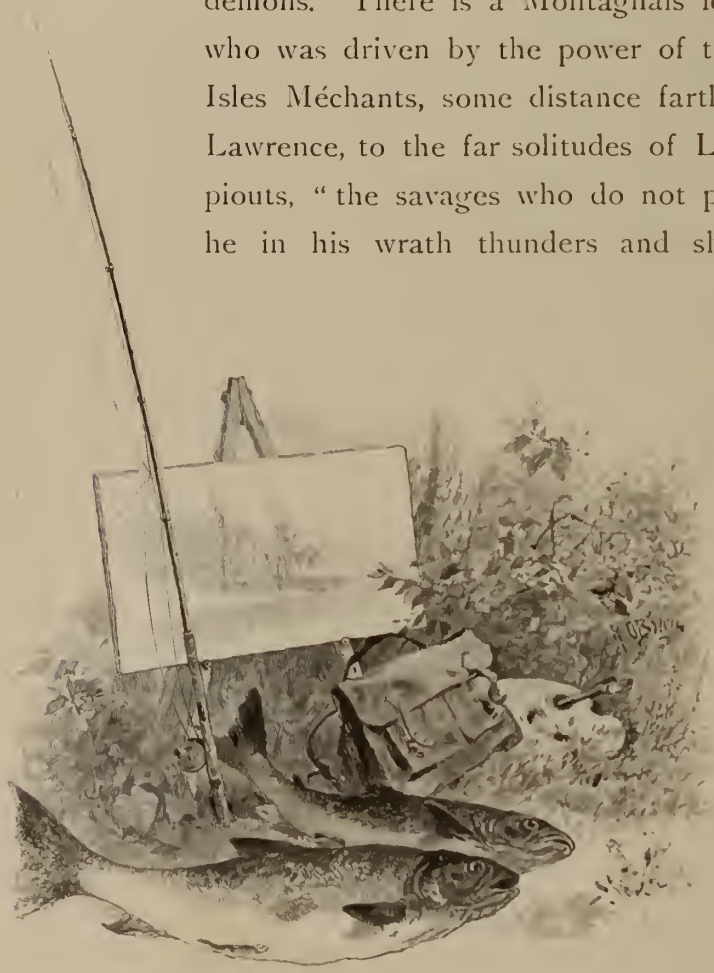
Times have changed since Boucher's day, but the north coast has changed little. The scattered villages serve but to emphasize the savage grandeur of the stern line of cliffs rising sheer from the water. The settlements have as yet made little impression upon the country between Baie St. Paul and Cap Tourmente. There was not even a road over the hills between these points until 1818, and to this day there is none along the cliffs, except for a few miles about Petite Rivière and Cap Maillard. Twenty years after Boucher wrote the passage above quoted, he tells us that Petite Rivière and Baie St. Paul had been founded; the latter, he says, was "the first inhabited land to be met with on the north shore as you come from France; it penetrates a league into the land, and is fifteen leagues distant from Quebec, seven from Cap Tourmente. The roads are very difficult and dangerous; there are three families and thirty-one souls; Mass is said there in a domestic chapel."

What those roads were like, and what the missionary priests who came from La Bonne Ste. Anne and Petit Cap had to risk to say Mass to the little congregation, may be judged from the fate of M. Francois Filion, who, in 1679, was caught by the tide and drowned, as he made his way along the shore, now wading through mud and water, now climbing the points of rock. Tradition has it that his body was found at Petite Rivière by Sister St. Paul, of the Congregation of Notre-Dame, who towed it behind her canoe up to Ste. Anne. The Abbé Trudelle, in his interesting monograph on Baie St. Paul, speaking of the invasion of the parish of Little River by the St. Lawrence, which every year carries away several feet of the fertile lands on which formerly lived a large number of rich *habitants*, says that it is hard to believe there was a time when a parish existed on a long, rocky shoal, now visible only at low tide, and that in 1858 there were still to be seen on it the remains of the old clergy-house which, with the old church, the river had carried away.

Boucher exactly describes Baie St. Paul when he speaks of it as "enfoncée dans les terres." It is just a great cleft in the rocks, through which a torrent fed by cascades from the surrounding mountains pours an impetuous stream. A lovely valley is that of the Gouffre. In the background range upon range of peaks rise above each other, arid and precipitous in reality, but toned by distance into the softest blue. The bold contours of the nearer hills are outlined by deep ravines, dark with forest, bristling with cliffs. Down every cleft falls a sparkling brook, now hidden from sight by a clump of foliage, anon glistening in the sun, as rounding another turn it leaps from its bed, in haste to descend the heights. Soft is the murmur of the many waterfalls, and

sweet the smell of the new-mown hay in the green fields that stretch for miles along the winding stream. Clusters of houses, groves of trees, and shining church-spires diversify the scene. It is not always so peaceful. When melting ice and heavy rains swell these mountain streams, chafing at the long restraint the mountains have imposed upon the waters, they fret and tear at the flanks of the hills, and uncover the secrets of the pre-historic world. Rocks, trees, and bridges are swept into the turbid flood of the Gouffre, which, raging like a demon unchained, destroys everything that impedes its headlong course.

The bay is flanked on the east by the lofty Cap aux Corbeaux, named from the hoarse croaking of the ravens that inhabit its wood-crowned crest and inaccessible shelves. Their cries, carried far out on the river by the coming squall, have always been of ill-omen to the sailors. The old *habitants* are more than half inclined to think this gloomy cape, constantly enshrouded by clouds, the abode of demons. There is a Montagnais legend of a Giant, Outikou by name, who was driven by the power of the Cross from Les Islets Mechins, or Isles Méchants, some distance farther down the opposite side of the St. Lawrence, to the far solitudes of Lake Mistassini, where live the Nashkapiouts, "the savages who do not pray at all," whence, say the Indians, he in his wrath thunders and shakes the whole north shore. This legend, and the assertion that there is an active volcano somewhere on the water-shed between Hudson's Bay and the St. Lawrence, correspond curiously with the *habitant's* superstition, and with the frequent occurrence of earthquakes, of which Baie St. Paul seems to be the centre.



ART AND NATURE.

Father Jérôme Lalemant's account of the great earthquake of 1663, in the *Relation des Jesuites* for that year, and the story of the same by Sister Marie de l'Incarnation, are unfortunately too long to be given here. But they are well known and of undoubted authenticity, agreeing as they do with so many and diverse contemporary accounts. For six months and a half the shocks were felt throughout Canada and New England. Along the St. Lawrence,

meteors filled the air, which was dark with smoke and cinders. The grass withered, and the crops would not grow. According to Ferland, "New lakes were formed, hills



BAIE ST. PAUL.

were lowered, falls were levelled, small streams disappeared, great forests were overturned. From Cap Tourmente to Tadoussac the appearance of the shore was greatly altered in several localities. Near Baie St. Paul, an isolated hill, about a quarter of a league in circumference, descended below the waters, and emerged to form an island; towards Pointe aux Alouettes, a great wood was detached from the solid ground, and slipped over the rocks into the river, where for some time the trees remained upright, raising their verdant crests above the water." In June the passengers on a sloop coming from Gaspé, when they approached Tadoussac, saw the water strangely agitated, and on land a mountain levelled with the surrounding soil.

In 1638, 1658, 1663, 1727, 1755, 1791, 1860, and 1870 there have been many shocks. In 1791, it is said the peaks north of Baie St. Paul were in active eruption, but the authority for this statement is not of the best. One thing, however, is certain: you will not spend a summer in that neighbourhood without being convinced that there have been tremendous convulsions, and that there are still shocks to be felt. In 1860, a stone house near Les Eboulements was thrown down; the church at Baie St. Paul was so damaged that it had to be rebuilt; the shock was severely felt on the other side of the river; the church of St. Pascal was badly injured, and at Rivière Ouelle, the church lost its cross, while every chimney in the parish fell.

On the arrival of the English fleet with Wolfe's army, in 1759, the inhabitants of Baie St. Paul and Isle aux Coudres found safe hiding-places for themselves and their cattle in the fastnesses at the upper end of the valley. When Captain Gorham made the raid which destroyed the parishes of the north shore as far down as Murray Bay, the men of Baie St. Paul did not see their village burned without showing fight, but the odds were against them. Some vestiges of the earthworks they had thrown up on the shore may yet be traced, and traditions of the conquest are still current. The registry of burial of one of the Canadians killed by Gorham's men states that he was scalped. The Abbé Trudelle gives as the origin of the saying common here, "*fort comme Grenon*," a story of the capture of two Canadians, one of whom was killed by the cruel process of lashing him to a plank, and dropping him from the yard-arm into the water; the other, Grenon, being of such prodigious strength that he could not be fastened to the plank, was kept prisoner on board Gorham's ship. A sailor having insulted him by blowing in his face, Grenon begged to be untied and given his revenge. Gorham, to amuse himself, granted this, and Grenon killed the sailor with one blow of the flat of his hand, for which exploit Gorham gave him his liberty.

Baie St. Paul has had a hermit, Father Gagnon, who had been *curé* of the parish, but not being able to submit to his bishop, withdrew in 1788 to live for sixty years a life of solitude. He seems to have been a man of strong will, high character, and benevolent nature. As all hermits should be, he was an herbalist, and won a great reputation from the cures wrought by his simple remedies. He also possessed another characteristic of the true hermit,—he lived to the age of ninety-five. There is, too, at Baie St. Paul a portion of the finger of Saint Anne, a relic which makes the church a place of special devotion.

From Baie St. Paul to Murray Bay is a road never to be forgotten. An Irish jaunting-car and an Irish carman are the only rivals of a *calèche* and its *habitant* driver for velocity and fun. Such hills! They stand foreshortened before you, looking like ladders to heaven, and quite as hard to mount. But then you descend them at a gallop. The *calèche* was apparently built by the antediluvians, so is quite in keeping with the scenery, and, like all the work of the good old times, is thoroughly fit for its purpose. The only difficulty is to keep inside it. The energetic pony, good little beast that he is, plots upwards with a will that puts to shame the memory of the misguided youth of banner-bearing fame. He plants his feet with vigorous thuds, and holds on to the stones with a grip that sets one looking to see whether he be not in reality a survival of Huxley's horses with toes. Regardless alike of endearments and objurgations, he takes the down-hill part much after the style of the sailor at Majuba Hill, who only made land three times in the descent. If, beguiled by the driver's voluble tongue, you allow your attention to slack, and feet and hands to lose the necessary tension, you risk flying over the pony's ears like a bullet from a catapult.

Drive over this road at least once in your life. But, by all means, if you are strong enough, — and especially if by good fortune you have such a companion as the kindly *Abbé*, who spends his leisure at the old manor that lies behind the historic point of Rivière Ouelle, far away there on the south shore, in learned studies and charming sketches of his native land, or as his kinsman, the Senator, the hospitable *Seigneur* of Les Eboulements,—make your way along the heights on foot, drink in the vigour of this bracing air, and rejoice to the full in the wondrous beauty of the scene before you.

Immediately below you is a very chaos of hills heaped up in wild confusion. Earthquake, volcano, and flood have left their work unfinished, arrested, as it were, in a moment. At Les Eboulements the effect as you look up from the beach is savage, forbidding, gloomy even. This *débris* of mountains suggests the time when men shall call upon the rocks to hide them and the mountains to cover them, and its savagery is intensified by arid, crumbling soil and scanty vegetation. It is with a sense of intense relief at having escaped the perpetual menace of the impending hills you reach the lofty plateau beyond the church, whence your eye wanders over a world of peaks, stretching back from the shore range after range, and sweeping along the river to where Cap Tourmente, full forty miles away, shuts in the horizon, their spurs silhouetted one against the other in boldest outline. Far down below you are villages, mere specks of white in the rich valleys, whose emerald tints are reflected from the glassy bays that lie between the buttresses of the mountains. The steamer at the end of the long pier is only a streak of cloud in the middle distance. The whole surface of Isle aux Coudres, that "*moult bonne terre et grasse, pleine de beaulx et grandz arbres*" is spread out to your view, a lovely panorama. Over its clumps of spruce and cedar, its groves of maple and birch and hazel, you see the south shore like a soft blue cloud studded with stars, as the sunbeams glisten from the spires of its many parishes. To look down on the calm surface of the river is like a vista through endless space, so clearly mirrored are the deep piles of clouds which the setting sun begins to edge with rose and purple, and to line with gold. Yonder, between placid Isle aux Coudres and frowning Cap aux Corbeaux, where the water deepens, and the Gouffre battling with the tide forms the whirlpool whence it takes its name, the floating reflections of the sky interlace in a maze of slow-revolving spirals. It is a dangerous spot still for boat or canoe. In Charlevoix's time it was a veritable maëlstrom, and many are the legends of its terrors.

There is a special peace in the scene, reminding one of that September morning, in 1535, when, in the words of the *Chanson*, that livens many an evening in the *habitant's* cottage,

"*De Saint Malo, beau port de Mer*
Trois grands navires sont arrivés,"

and the *Grande Hermine*, the *Petite Hermine*, and the *Emerillon* swung to their anchors in the bay behind the little promontories that jut out near the western end of the island. One can almost imagine that the sweet and solemn strains of the Mass which Dom Antoine and Dom Guillaume le Breton offered for the first time on Canadian soil and the fervent responses of Jacques Cartier and his men are borne across the water. But it is evening, and the soft sounds we hear are the chimes of the Angelus from the churches in the valleys.

The influence of the scene must be more than a passing imagination, for to this day the people of Isle aux Coudres are noted for their preservation of the simplicity and integrity of life that distinguished the *habitants* of former generations, and for their devoutness. The Abbé Casgrain is authority for the statement that out of a population of about 750, there are 500 communicants.

The Isle aux Coudres, so named from the hazel trees Cartier found there, is one of the oldest French settlements, and in itself would furnish material for an article. It was here that, in 1759, Admiral Durell's squadron waited for the rest of Wolfe's expedition. The troops camped for two months on the island, whose people had fled to the recesses of the hills behind Baie St. Paul. Two of the *habitants*, eager to get news for the French Governor, crossed over at night, and, lying in ambush among the rocks, surprised in the early morning two English officers, whom they carried off to Quebec, one being Durell's grandson.

On Cartier's arrival at the island he found Indians catching porpoises. The Seminarists of Quebec, who are the *seigneurs*, are said to have carried on the fishery as early as 1686, but the first regular leases of it to their *concessionaires* are of much later date. A couple of hundred porpoises have been killed in one season, and there is a story that in the good old days three hundred and twenty were once captured in one tide. As each porpoise yields about a barrel and a half of oil, besides the valuable leather the skin affords, the work is profitable to the islanders, though it has not always proved so to the companies that from time to time have established fisheries on a large scale at Kamouraska, Anse de Ste. Anne, and Rivière Ouelle. The fisheries or *pêches* are of peculiar construction. Saplings, fifteen to twenty feet long, are driven, about eighteen inches apart, into the long shelving beach from high to low water-mark, so as to form a semicircular hedge, ending in a spiral curve, the *racroc*. The porpoises, chasing the shoals of herrings and smelts that come up the river close in shore with the rising tide, unconsciously follow their prey inside the *pêche*. Seeking to get out, and frightened by the saplings shaking in the strong current, they swim along the line of the frail barrier till they are in the crook at its end. This directs them back to the line of saplings; they follow it again and again, always finding themselves confronted by the obstacle, till, terrified and despairing, they give up hope of escape. The falling tide leaves them either stranded or confined to stretches of



MURRAY BAY.

shallow water, where they are pursued by boats, and killed with harpoon and lance. The water, foaming under their vigorous efforts to avoid the fate they seem to know is coming, turns red with bloody foam, and their

piteous noise mingles with the shouts of the excited fishermen. It is a lively scene to watch at first, but soon becomes a cruelly murderous one. The massacre is soon over, for the porpoises keep together and show no fight, being in reality as inoffensive and helpless as sheep, notwithstanding their great size; they are from fifteen to twenty feet and more in length. The stories of their devotion to their young, of which they have generally only one, and carry it upon their fins close to their breast, are very touching. The mother will remain to be killed rather than leave the little one.

But if you would know all there is to tell about the Isle aux Coudres, you must make a mental "Pilgrimage" thither with the Abbé Casgrain, or a "Promenade" around it with the Abbé Mailloux, its charming historians.

From Les Eboulements downwards the majestic wall of mountains continues unbroken, except where the deep recess of Murray Bay affords vistas of mingled loveliness and grandeur, and where a few small streams forcing their precipitous way through the rocky barrier indent the stern shore-line with picturesque coves. All at once, as you skirt St. Catherine's Bay, and round Pointe Noire, the mountains are cleft by a mighty rift, and a tremendous chasm opens to view, black, forbidding, like the entrance to a world beneath the mountains. Did Roberval and his men feel this sudden awe when they turned from the brightness of the broad St. Lawrence in quest of gold as elusive as the sunbeams dancing on the waves, and began that voyage of which no man, to this day, knows the ending? Did they feel this shrinking from the hills that rise everywhere in indignant protest? Or is it only the wind, fresh and keen, and bringing a strange sense of solitude from the unknown and mysterious north land, that strikes us with this chill; and only the misty cloud of a rain-squall that hides the summits, and for a moment obscures the sun, that brings this gloom? The evil spirits surely have not left the frowning cape which Champlain named *La Pointe de tous les Diables*. One expects to meet them just as verily as did the little band of Récollets, who landed at Tadoussac in the year of grace, 1615, to begin their valiant crusade against the Father of Lies and his allies of both worlds; and, as did, the Jesuit Pére Duquen, in 1647, and Father Albanel twenty-five years later, when he, Monsieur de St. Simon and the son of Sieur Giullaume Couture, made their lonely way up this unknown river through the wilds of Mistassini to distant Hudson's Bay. You are at the mouth of the Saguenay. In a moment its weird fascination has seized you, and will hold you spell-bound, so long as you sail through the stillness that broods over the mountain shores which confine its deep black waters.

Jacques Cartier anchored here on the 1st September, 1535, having heard so much about the riches of the realm of Saguenay from the Indians of Gaspé, in his voyage to the Baie des Chaleurs in the preceding year, that he was doubtless anxious to possess them speedily. The accounts Donnacona, the Sachem of Stadacona, afterwards gave him,

were well calculated to fire the enthusiasm of subsequent French explorers, while at the same time possessing that full share of the marvellous, which in those days seems to have been convincing proof. It was a country full of gold and rubies, inhabited by white men clothed in wool; but farther off there were nations of one-legged men, and others who lived without eating, and, happy beings! had no stomachs. Many a story of these wilds has been told since Donnacona's time, and quite as well qualified by a tinge of the supernatural to discourage the venturesome and unwelcome explorers. It would be a happy thing for the remnants of the Indians were they like their legendary ancestors; people with one leg could not wander too far, and failure of game would matter little to men without need of food; whereas, now-a-days, hardly a winter passes without some of the Montagnais perishing miserably from starvation on hunting excursions. The incentives, however, were so great that Roberval was commissioned, in 1540, as "*vice roi et lieutenant general en Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Terre Neuve, Belle-Isle, Carpont, Labrador, la Grande Baie et Baccalaos.*" He sailed in 1543, but the expedition was a failure, notwithstanding Cartier's farther discoveries in 1542. The diamonds and gold that Cartier's men showed Roberval have never since been found, and in 1544 Cartier made another voyage to bring the wretched survivors back to France. Roberval, it is said, again returned to the St. Lawrence, and with all his company sailed up the Saguenay; they were never heard of again.

The Malouins, Normans and Basques, who frequented the Lower St. Lawrence to fish and to trade for furs, used to go as far as Tadoussac before Champlain's time, and had penetrated a good way up the river before even Cartier; for they had fished on the banks of Newfoundland and on the Labrador coast for many years before his day; while the traditions of Dieppe tell of one Thomas Aubert, who ascended the St. Lawrence 240 miles, and brought an Indian to France in 1508.

Pontgravé was one of the adventurous merchants and captains of St. Malo. He had made several voyages to Tadoussac, and, with a kindred spirit, Pierre Chauvin, was commanded to found a colony and establish the Catholic faith there; for every commission in those days contained this pious clause, seriously enough meant, but generally interpreted as a license to "spoil the Egyptians." While Pontgravé preferred Three Rivers as a post, Chauvin laid in a supply of furs at Tadoussac, where sixteen of his men spent a wretched winter of hunger and cold in 1599. But, from this time out, the true sources of wealth in the Saguenay country were better appreciated, and visions of gold mines gave way to realities of cargoes of valuable furs, while the terrors of the interior have done service in perpetuating monopolies down to our own day. The superiority of the hunting, trapping, and fishing in this region was early recognized, and, as the means of drawing the largest possible ready money revenue from it, it was leased for twenty-one years at a time, in one vast block of 70,000 miles in area, three hundred miles long from Les Eboulements to the Moisic River,



ENTRANCE TO SAGUENAY RIVER.

and stretching back to the water-shed of Hudson's Bay. Thus the "Royaume du Saguenay" became the "Domaine du Roi."

In 1642 the port of Tadoussac was given by D' Argenson to twelve of the best *bourgeois* in the country. The first regular lease was to the Sieur Demaure in 1658. The Conseil d' Etat ordered a careful survey to be made in 1677, but the work was not carried out till 1732, when the surveyor Normandin completed a most faithful survey and map, from which the limits were fixed in the ordonnance of the Intendant Hocquart in 1733. The Saguenay country was better known during the French *régime* than the country in the interior between Quebec and Montreal. After the Cession of Canada to England, "The King's Posts" continued to be leased every twenty-one years; but as it was decidedly to the interests of the lessees to keep the

resources of the territory unknown, everything was done to encourage belief in its sterility, in the severity of its climate, in the dangerous nature of the navigation, in the height of and number of the falls and rapids to be surmounted; in short, everything to foster the general ignorance of the country, and to prevent competition, for the annual rental of this immense tract, with all the exclusive privileges, was measured by a few hundreds of pounds. In 1820, Monsieur P. Taché, the *seigneur* of Kamouraska, was examined before a Committee of the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada. He had lived at Lake St. John for twenty-two years, and what he had to say of the forests, the richness of the soil, the climate, and the mineral wealth of that fertile valley, came like a revelation. The exploration made by Bouchette in 1828 brought confirmation of all this, and promise of much more; but the lease to the Hudson's Bay Company had not yet expired, and it was not till 1837 that the first steps could be taken towards settlement.

The good work was pushed on despite all difficulties by the brave colonists from the south shore parishes; little by little lonely trading posts, known only to the great Company, the Indians, and the dauntless missionaries, became thriving villages; a belt of settlements has spread from St. Alphonse and Chicoutimi, past the lonely shores of Lake Kenogami, west and far north in the rich and beautiful valley of Lake St. John; where the big pines fell beneath the lumberer's axe such a short time ago, there are now smiling fields of grain and rich pastures. And the work goes on bravely still, for there is room for many hundreds of thousands of people with willing hearts and ready hands. The "premieres années" are only just gone, of which it is so strange to hear from men, many of whom are lineal descendants of the first settlers who set foot in *La Nouvelle France.* What old Boucher told Colbert in 1663, when he went home to represent the wants of the colony, is just as true of the Canadian settlements to-day:—"*Les personnes qui sont bonnes dans ce Pays içy sont des gens qui mettent la main à l' œuvre,*" and his advice to emigrants is full of common sense:—"*Tous les pauvres gens seroient bien mieux içy qu'en France, pourveu qu'ils ne fussent pas paresseux; en un mot il ne faut personne içy, tant homme que femme, qui ne soit propre à mettre la main à l' œuvre, à moins que d' èstre bien riche.*" "*Les Iroquois nos ennemis*" live peacefully at Caughnawaga; one must go farther still to see any rattlesnakes; the long winters and the mosquitoes, "*autrement appellés Cousins,*" are all that one can now point out as "*voila les plus grands incommoditez dont j'ay connoissance,*" and even they are not so bad as they used to be. In truth, the Saguenay is but the gateway to a magnificent country beyond, and the French Canadians have a North-west of their own at their very doors.

Tadoussac, as we see it from the mouth of the Saguenay, is to outward appearance much as it was in Champlain's time. His description of it answers as well to-day as then:

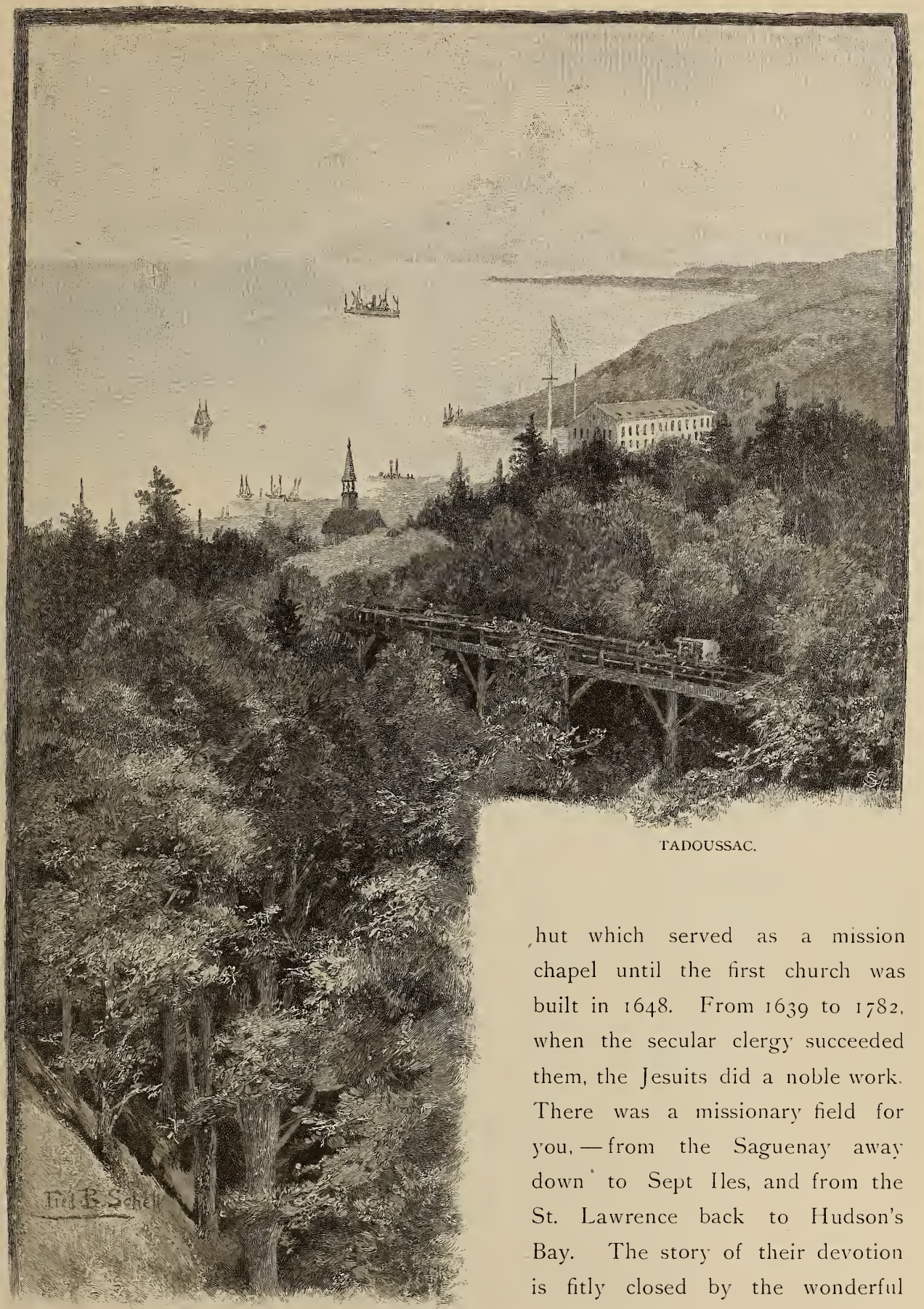
"Le dict port de Tadoussac est petit, où il ne pourroit que dix ou douze vaisseaux; mais il y a de l'eau assés à l'Est, à l'abry de la ditte Rivière de Saguenay, le long d'une petite Montaigne qui est presque coupée de la mer. Le reste ce sont Montaignes haultes elevées où il y' a peu de terre, sinon rochers et sables remplis de bois de pins, cyprez, sapins et quelques manières d'arbres de peu. Il y a un petit estang, proche du dit port, renfermé de Montaignes couvertes de bois."

"The said port of Tadoussac is small, and could hold only ten or twelve vessels; but there is water enough to the east, sheltered by the said River of Saguenay, along a little mountain which is almost cut in two by the sea. For the rest there are mountains of high elevation, where there is little soil, except rocks and sands filled with wood of pines, cypresses, spruces, and some kinds of underwood There is a little pond near the said port, enclosed by mountains covered with wood"

Not much of the village is visible from the mouth of the river; it lies on the first of the benches scarped in the enormous banks of alluvium and sand that were washed down here and lodged in the flanks of the hills, when this stupendous rent in the earth made a new outlet for the waters of a great inland sea, that must then have existed, and farther evidences of which we shall see at the other end of the Saguenay.

Clumps of pyramid-like spruces cover the second level, round which the hills close in complete semicircle. The view from this plateau is magnificent. In front you look across the St. Lawrence, here twenty-five miles wide, and as smooth perhaps as a sheet of glass, past Ile. aux Lièvres, Ile. Rouge, Ile. Blanche, Ile. Verte, towards Cacouna and Rivière du Loup where the south shore is but a narrow blue streak sown all over with white specks, visible only on a clear, bright summer day like this. At the side is the dark Saguenay, and from this height you clearly see the well-defined line where its black waters and deep bed meet the blue and shallow St. Lawrence, and you descry the reefs where the tide-rip throws strange frowns into the calm face of the stream; up to the right you enfilade the coast we have just passed.

The big hotel is always full, for Tadoussac is a charming place to spend a summer in. Lord Dufferin found it so, and his example brought others to build pretty cottages. Champlain's "petit estang" is now the lake that supplies the ponds of the Government Fish-breeding establishment down at the Anse à l'Eau, where you may see thousands of young salmon in all stages of development, from the ova to lively little fellows a couple of inches long, ready to people the shallows of some depleted river; and you may watch hundreds of the parent fish swimming majestically round the pond at the outlet, or leaping in vain at the net-work barrier that separates them from the Saguenay and freedom. The Hudson's Bay Company's post is worth seeing, though sadly shorn of its former glories in the days of monopoly. But chief in interest is the little church, built in 1750, on the site of the bark-covered



TADOUSSAC.

hut which served as a mission chapel until the first church was built in 1648. From 1639 to 1782, when the secular clergy succeeded them, the Jesuits did a noble work. There was a missionary field for you, — from the Saguenay away down to Sept Iles, and from the St. Lawrence back to Hudson's Bay. The story of their devotion is fitly closed by the wonderful legend of the last Jesuit who gath-



CAPE TRINITY.

ered the swarthy Montagnais round him in this very church, Père La Brosse, whose memory is dear among them to this day. It comes from an eye-witness, who died in 1674, and is thoroughly well attested; explain it as you may.

The father had been working hard all day, as usual, among his converts and in the services of the church, and had spent the evening in pleasant converse with some of the officers of the post. Their amazement and incredulity may be imagined when, as he got up to go, he bade them good-bye for eternity, and announced that at midnight he would be a corpse, adding that the bell of his chapel would toll for his passing soul at that hour. He told them that if they did not believe him they could go and see for themselves, but begged them not to touch his body. He bade them fetch Messire Compain, who would be waiting for them next day at the lower end of Isle aux Coudres, to wrap him in his shroud and bury him; and this they were to do without heeding what the weather should be, for he would answer for the safety of those who undertook the voyage. The little party, astounded, sat, watch in hand, marking the hours pass, till at the first stroke of midnight the chapel-bell began to toll, and, trembling with fear, they rushed into the church. There, prostrate before the altar, hands joined in prayer, shrouding his face alike from the first glimpse of the valley of the shadow of death, and from the dazzling glory of the waiting angels, lay Père La Brosse, dead. What fear and sorrow must have mingled with the pious hopes and tender prayers of those rough traders and rougher Indians as, awe-stricken, they kept vigil that April night. With sunrise came a violent storm; but mindful of his command and promise, four brave men risked their lives on the water. The lashing waves parted to form a calm path for their canoe, and wondrously soon they were at Isle aux Coudres. There, as had been foretold by Père La Brosse, was M. Compain waiting on the rocks, breviary in hand, and as soon as they were in hearing, his shout told them he knew their strange errand. For the night before he had been mysteriously warned; the bell of his church was tolled at midnight by invisible hands, and a voice had told him what had happened and was yet to happen, and had bid him be ready to do his office. In all the missions that Père La Brosse had served the church bells, it is said, marked that night his dying moment.

To this charming legend the Abbé Casgrain adds: "For many years the Indians, going up and down the Saguenay, never passed Tadoussac without praying in the church where reposed the body of him who had been to them the image of their Heavenly Father. They prostrated themselves with faces to the ground above his tomb, and, placing their mouths at a little opening made in the floor of the choir, they talked to him as in his lifetime, with a confidence that could not fail to touch God's heart. Then they applied their ears to the orifice to hear the saint's answer. In the ingenuousness of their faith and simplicity of their hearts they imagined that the good father heard them in his coffin, that he answered their questions, and after-



UNDER CAPE TRINITY.

wards transmitted to God their prayers. This touching custom has ceased since the removal of the remains of Père La Brosse; the abandonment and ruin into which the chapel of Tadoussac had fallen decided the removal of these holy relics a good many years ago to the Church of Chicoutimi."

The missionaries had not always to deal with such docile savages, for, in the summer of 1661, the Iroquois descended to Tadoussac and killed several Frenchmen. Fathers Dablon and Druillètes escaped, having started up the river on a journey to Hudson's Bay, in which expedition, however, they did not succeed. In 1628 the Kertks took possession of the post, and one may be sure that, in those days of hard knocks and strong opinions, the Jesuits

did not fare too well at the hands of Huguenots, who for their religion had to give up their nationality and seek service with England.

In ascending the Saguenay for the first time the scale of its scenery is bewildering; everything is deceptive, till even a feeling of disappointment mingles with that of awe. Norwegian fiords are grander, and the Rhine is more picturesque, so the glib tourists say as they wonder at the impression which these seemingly low hills so evidently make upon all on board. But by degrees the immensity and majesty assert themselves. As an abrupt turn brings the steamer close in shore, you realize that the other bank is a mile, aye two miles distant, and that the black band at the base of the mountains, which roll away one beyond the other, is in truth the shadowed face of a mighty cliff, rising sheer from the water's edge, like that which now towers nearly two thousand feet above you. There is an indescribable grandeur in the very monotony of the interminable succession of precipice and gorge, of lofty bluff and deep-hewn bay; no mere monotony of outline, for every bend of the river changes the pictures in the majestic panorama of hills, water, and sky, and every rock has its individuality; but the overwhelming reiteration of the same grand theme with infinite variety of detail, till the senses are overpowered by the evidences of mighty force—force, which you know, as surely as you see those grim masses of syenite, split and rent by upheaval, seamed and scarred by ice-bergs, was once suddenly, irresistibly active, but has now lain dormant for ages of ages. There is the inevitable sternness of the manifestation of great power, and this effect is heightened by the transparency of the atmosphere, which allows no softening of the clear-cut lines, and heightens their bold sweep by intense shadows sharply defined. There is no rich foliage; forest fires have swept and blackened the hill tops; a scanty growth of sombre firs and slender birches replaces the lordly pines that once crowned the heights, and struggles for a foothold along the sides of the ravines and on the ledges of the cliffs, where the naked rock shows through the tops of trees. The rare signs of life only accentuate the lonely stillness. A few log-houses on an opportune ledge that overhangs a niche-like cove, a shoal of white porpoises gambolling in the current, a sea-gull circling overhead, a white sail in the distance, and a wary loon, whose mocking call echoes from the rocks,—what are they in the face of these hills which were made when "the springs of waters were seen, and the foundations of the round world were discovered."

Some writers describe the Saguenay as cold, dreary, inhuman, gloomy. Surely they never saw it with the light of the rising sun streaming through its gorges, gladdening its vast solitudes, dancing on the ripple of the current, gleaming over the broad, calm bays, playing on the waterfalls that shine like silver threads among the dark-green firs, searching out the inmost recesses of the giant clefts, throwing warmth and colour into grey syenite and sombre gneiss. Did they trace the reflection of Cape Eternity down through unfathomable depths, and then with bewildered eye follow the

unbroken sweep of that calm profile upwards and upwards, till sight was led on past the clouds into the infinite? Had the triune majesty of Cape Trinity, stern, solemn, and mysterious, no other impression for them than one of gloom? Did these mountain walls not seem to them like lofty portals, guiding straight into the opal glory that lights the western sky at sunset? Throughout all this grandeur of lonely Nature in her wildest mood, there comes a calm which tempers awe. You feel why the Poet King found in the great rocks his imagery of security, and how truly he sang, "The mountains also shall bring peace."

After sixty miles of this overpowering ruggedness, the fields and houses around Ha-Ha Bay bring back a memory of civilization,—not a very pronounced impression, for the little hamlets of St. Alphonse and St. Alexis, and the scattered cottages which are with difficulty distinguished from the gigantic boulders strewn along the slopes, seem lost in the vast amphitheatre. The story goes that the bay was named from the surprised laugh of the first French explorers who, sailing as they thought straight up the river, found themselves in this huge *cul-de-sac*. The name is apter to express the feeling of relief one experiences when the mountains recede for a space, and afford as it were license to speak with unbated breath. To a geologist the traces of the great convulsion are nowhere more striking than here, where you have the evidences of an almost inconceivable torrent. The bay is, in truth, simply what is left unfilled of one branch of the Saguenay cleft. Twenty miles straight on inland, Lake Kenogami, fifteen miles long, half a mile wide, a thousand feet deep, surrounded by cliffs and mountains, confirms the proof that the immense alluvial deposits, which form the greater part of the peninsular-shaped strip from Lake St. John to where the Saguenay and Ha-Ha Bay separate, are the *débris*, washed down by a flood like thousands of Niagaras tearing through an abyss opened in a moment. The islands in Lake St. John, and the smooth, rocky hillocks that occur so strangely in the clay-lands above Chicoutimi, are the water-polished tops of mountains buried in sand and clay.

At Ha-Ha Bay arable lands begin. Once beyond the hill and you can drive on a good road one hundred and fifty miles or so over a score of rivers, away past the south-west shore of Lake St. John. Many a happy settlement will you see, only waiting for a railway and a market to develop it into a thriving town. Away beyond them again, to the north, up the two hundred and twenty miles of rapid and fall over which the River Mistassini drains the water of Lake Mistassini, which is nearly as large as Lake Ontario; up the Ashuapmouchouan to the north-west, and the broad Peribonca to the north-east; southwards down the Metabetchouan, and along the chain of lakes that stretch to near Quebec; all round this lovely Lake St. John are fertile valleys waiting to be peopled. The vastness of the vast Dominion of Canada is getting to be a rather threadbare topic for Governors-General and emigration agents; but has any one really a conception of the room there is in it for willing workers, when in one

province only, and that a much maligned and sorely despised one, there is a country good for so much and so many as this almost unknown portion of Quebec.

But our way lies along the Saguenay a while longer. The narrow passage once passed, where the steamer undergoes the stern scrutiny of Cap Est and Cap Ouest, grim and stark cliffs, set only half a mile apart, one begins to see tiny settlements here and there in the ravines between the flanks of the hills, and on the narrow strips of meadow between their base and the river. Trees are more numerous and of a sturdier growth. Cattle are browsing, and people driving along the roads. Boats are moving about, and tugs are taking lumber to the vessels anchored in mid-stream.

In the distance the tall spire of Chicoutimi church marks the end of the steamer's voyage, for Chicoutimi is well named, if the derivation from the Cree, "Ishko-timew," "up to here it is deep," be correct, and Pére Lajeune, in the "*Relation*" of 1661, says that Chicoutimi is "*lieu remarquable pour être la terme de la belle navigation et le commencement des portages.*"

Chicoutimi is sèt on an hill and cannot be hid. It is not a city indeed, but it is an incorporated town, the seat of a bishopric. Beautiful for situation, it is the joy of the whole little world up here. For are there not sidewalks, and shops, and a convent, and a college, and a good hotel, the view from the gallery of which is something to live for.

Chicoutimi was one of the earliest Jesuit missions and a great fur-trading centre, becoming afterwards one of the principal posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1670 a chapel was built, and in 1727 another, of the fragrant and durable white cedar. The latter was in crumbling existence in 1850, but had been sadly pulled to pieces by relic-hunting visitors. The remains of the little building were finally covered with a mound of earth by Mr. Price in order to save them from destruction, and the site was railed round. Many interesting relics from the interior have been preserved. The Chicoutimi River forms a fine fall of forty feet high just at the end of the main street. This river, in its course of seventeen miles from Lake Kenogami, descends 486 feet by seven falls and a continuous series of rapids. The portage at one of the falls takes its name of "Portage de l'Enfant" from the story of an Indian baby, who was left in a canoe that, being carelessly fastened, was carried away by the current and leaped the fall of fifty feet without upsetting. At the mouth of the Chicoutimi is the great lumbering establishment of Messrs. Price Brothers & Co., the veritable kings of the Saguenay, whose influence is as far reaching as it is beneficently exercised. The founder of the house, Mr. David Price, Sr., may truly be said to have "made" the Saguenay district, and his memory is justly held in respect. The stories of his wars with the Hudson's Bay Company, when told by some old French canoe-man at the camp-fire, sound like bits from the Book of Chronicles. Nearly everybody in this region is, or has been, a lumberer, canoe-man, or a gatherer of spruce gum, of which quantities are exported from Chicoutimi to make varnish and for other purposes. It

takes little persuasion to coax a man to spend a summer in a canoeing trip, or to join "*les gens qui font la drave*," as they oddly paraphrase the English lumberers' expression, "to drive" logs down stream.

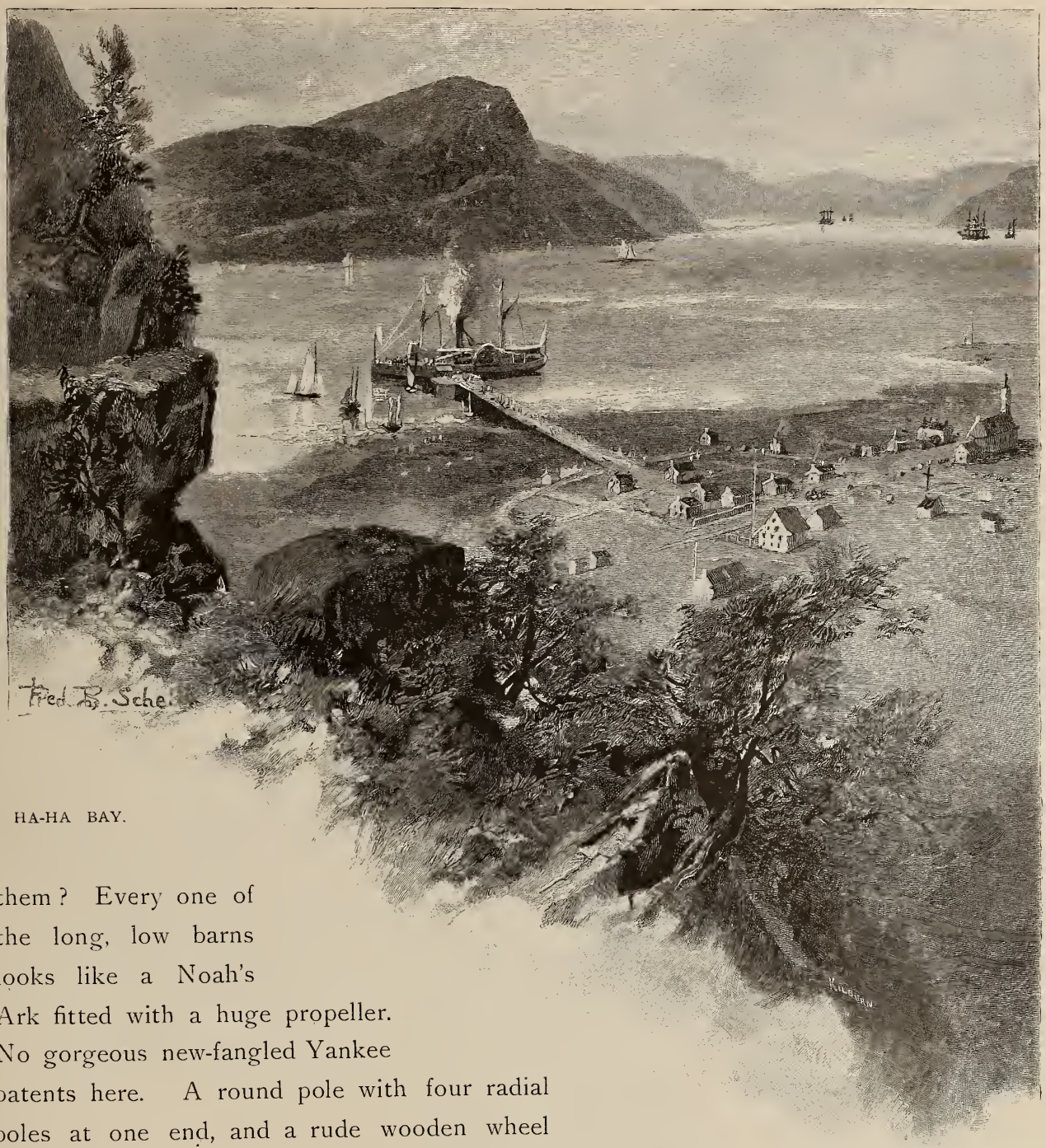
Opposite Chicoutimi is the picturesque village of Ste. Anne, perched on a bold bluff, along the edge of which winds the road that leads to *Terres Rompues*, the "broken lands," whence you take a last look down the long, beautiful vista of the Saguenay, before you turn to scale the thirty-five miles of falls and rapids that have to be mounted before you see the birth-place of this mighty river, which is as broad and deep and strong at its very beginning as it is at its mouth.

But there is no space here to tell of the beauties and wonders of the Upper Saguenay, of the headlong rush with which the waters of Lake St. John, that is fed by forty streams, three of them rivers as large as the Saguenay itself, tear through the narrow confine at the head of the Grand Discharge, of the gigantic whirlpools and the rapids, where the waves toss hillocks of milk-white foam high in the air, of the lovely island-studded expanses, of the isolated settlements and their simple, good-hearted people, of the rocky portages, of the "*wananishe*," loveliest and gamest of all the salmon tribe, of the monster pike and doré, of the swarming trout, of the beavers and the bears. Nor of Lake St. John, with its blue fringe of mountains, its rolling waves, and the great white veil of the Ouiatchouan Fall, visible for thirty miles from every point, as it leaps three hundred feet from a rocky bluff, a lasting testimony of the great cataclysm that surprised the river before it could change its bed. You must see them yourself, leave the tourist groove, and on the stream and by camp-fire, with your brown-faced guides, live the life and sing the song of him

"*En canot d'écorce qui va.*"

So far the north side of the Lower St. Lawrence has furnished these sketches. Not that the other shore is devoid of attraction. The beaten track for ordinary travellers runs indeed at the back of everything. You might travel over the Intercolonial Railway year in and year out without guessing what beautiful bits of scenery, quaint old parishes, and charming people are to be found just beyond the aggravating ridge that lies between the railway and the river. To be sure one gets an occasional glimpse of the St. Lawrence—a fleeting picture framed in a window-sash—that wakes an uneasy feeling of missing a good deal that ought to be seen; there are some lovely views at the river crossings; and a saunter through the train, or a hurried walk on a station-platform, suggests that there is a good deal to study of a life quite different from anything else in America.

Just a word for the windmills. Out of Holland, was ever a country so full of



HA-HA BAY.

them? Every one of the long, low barns looks like a Noah's Ark fitted with a huge propeller. No gorgeous new-fangled Yankee patents here. A round pole with four radial poles at one end, and a rude wooden wheel at the other. When the wind blows the *habitant* fastens four boards to the four poles, the sails are complete, and, while his wheat is thrashing, he can sing like his brother, the rafts-man—

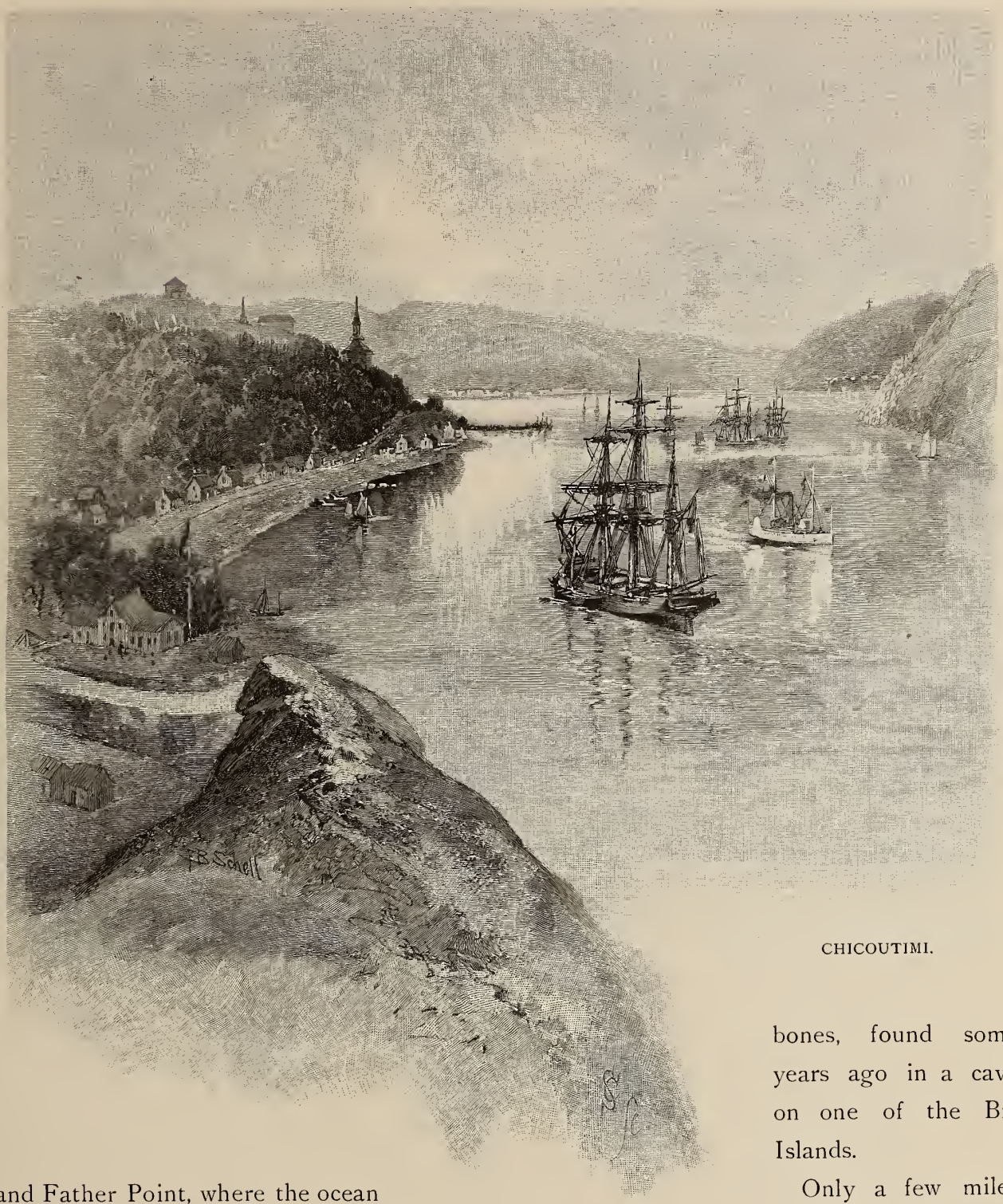
"V'la le bon vent, v'la le joli vent
Ma mie m'appelle."

No need for a broad tail to pivot the machine to windward. Nature wants no weather-cocks here; the barns are oriented as carefully as the churches, for the breeze

blows either up or down the river, cold and foggy from the north-east, balmy and cloud-dispelling from the south-west.

It is not till Bic is nearly reached that the St. Lawrence bursts full upon the view, and the salt air blows fresh in your face. Bic is a charming spot. In contrast with the wide vistas of the northern shore, you have here a picture, the whole of which the eye seizes at a glance, yet it is on a grand scale. The hills, not surpassed in height and abruptness by those of Murray Bay and Les Eboulements, form a frame-work round the quadrangular bay, whose waters find their way in among them by numerous coves, bordered by sharp slopes and rugged hillocks. A beach stretches away from the steep incline, above which the village lies along a snug plateau. At low tide, beyond the beach, are wide flats, where black and sea-weed covered rocks surround little pools. Through the flats meander the waters of two rivers, one at each end of the bay, placidly resting after their impetuous course down the ravines, and glad to reach their end. The narrow mouth of the bay is guarded by tall bluffs, between which stretch two islands, forming a natural breakwater against the swell that the north-east wind dashes in vain against their steep shores. A few miles out the deeply-wooded island of Bic lies dark on the blue expanse, and away beyond is the northern coast, misty and vague on the horizon.

Long ago, when the Souriquois, as the Micmac branch of the great Algonquin family were called, held the shores of the St. Lawrence from Gaspé to Stadacona, the Toudamans, the forbears of the Iroquois, harried them incessantly, as afterwards the Iroquois harried the Hurons and the French. A band of Souriquois were camped once on the shore at Bic, when their scouts found signs of the enemy's near approach. Women and children were many, and warriors few; escape by land was hopeless, and there were not enough canoes for all. So they sought shelter in a cave on one of the islands; but the lynx-eyed Iroquois descried the faint tracks almost effaced by the tide, and, at low water, waded out to the assault, which, thrice repulsed, was renewed at each ebb-tide. Fire did what numbers could not effect. Those of the Micmacs who were not suffocated in the cavern were driven by the flames to meet death and scalping on the rocks outside. Five warriors, however, had gone to bring help from their kinsmen, the Malecites, on the head-waters of the River St. John, and they took a fearful vengeance. The exultant Iroquois found their *cache* discovered, their canoes and provisions destroyed, and a weary march before them of hundreds of miles through a strange country, with watchful and wily foes always on their trail. Not one of the Iroquois reached home. Such is a meagre outline of the thrilling story the old Micmac hunters will tell you, with many a contemptuous sneer at their hereditary enemies. Donnacona told it to Cartier; M. Taché has embodied it in one of his graphic "*Trois Légendes*," and the name of the "*Ilet du Massacre*" perpetuates the tradition, which Ferland says is confirmed by the discovery of a mass of human



CHICOUTIMI.

bones, found some years ago in a cave on one of the Bic Islands.

and Father Point, where the ocean steamers land their passengers, Only a few miles more and Rimouski impatient of another half-day's sea voyage to Quebec, are passed, and then the train turns sharply away from the river to wind through the ravines of Metis, to clamber over the hills to Tortague and Sayabec, and to descend the valley of the crystal Matapedia, following the canoe route the Indians have used for centuries, and which many a priest had to tramp on snow-shoes on his solitary winter journey to the Baie des Chaleurs Missions. They were stout of heart and sturdy of limb those early missionaries. Just think of Pére Albanel, the same who mounted the Saguenay, walk-

ing all the way from Percé to Quebec in the winter of 1679. Yet it is set down as a mere item in his itinerary, a matter of business necessity; tiresome, but quite in the usual course.

However, we are going to Percé by water. The breeze freshens; the long, slow swell has in it somewhat of the ocean's roll; the opposite shore begins to fade away, for at Point de Mons the coast trends sharply to the north-east, so that at Moisic there is seventy miles width of water; and the river is becoming the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Skirting the south shore we pass Ile. St. Barnabé, where, towards the end of last century, a hermit lived; Cap à la Baleine, reminding one of the whale-fishing of the Basques, where Cartier turned homewards on his first voyage; Les Ilets Méchins, the "evil islands," where the giant demon lay in wait for unbaptized Indians, and brained them with a pine-tree for a club; Cap Chat, a stupid vulgarism of Cap de Chastes, where the First Royals were wrecked in 1813. The St. Lawrence has been the tomb of many an English soldier and sailor before and since then. In 1690, Sir William Phipps lost nine of his ships as he returned from the unsuccessful attack on Quebec. Over there, to the northward, you can just make out through the glass the rocky shore of lonely Ile. aux Œufs, where, on a foggy August night in 1711, eight transports of Sir Hovenden Walker's ill-fated fleet were wrecked on the reefs, and, when morning broke, the sands were strewn with the red-coated bodies of a thousand of Queen Anne's best soldiers, and Quebec was again saved. Tradition has it that Jean Paradis, an old French sea-dog, who had been captured by the English, would not act as pilot, and allowed them to run straight on to death; also that a Miss Routh, one of the Court beauties, who had eloped with Sir Hovenden Walker, was drowned in the *Smyrna Merchant*, one of the lost transports.

The cliffs seem low, but they are three hundred feet above the beach. At Ste. Anne des Monts the hills tower to a height of a thousand feet only half a mile back from the shore, and behind them rise the Shickshaws and the Notre-Dame range, which is the backbone of the Gaspé Peninsula, and the easternmost prolongation of the Alleghanies. The snow lies deep on these mountains long into the year, and covers them again when as yet the leaves have hardly fallen in the valleys below. It is a wild country there. Just one road follows the contours of that rocky coast all the way to Gaspé. It leads through lonely ravines rich with foliage; it crosses many a beautiful gorge and sparkling stream; it climbs the hills here; and there it creeps round their base on the gravelly beach; it passes through sombre woods, to come out again to full daylight on the very edge of tremendous precipices, at whose foot the surf beats incessantly; it has old fashioned-ferries across the coves; it leads to no towns, only to little out-of-the-world fishing villages and signal stations; it has no cross-roads. If you would cross the mountains, you must follow the salmon up the

river, or the track of the caribou to the mossy swamps, where the pitcher plant, the Indian's cup, has its home, to where the lakes lie still and calm amid the hills, and the waters turn towards the Baie des Chaleurs.

Past the Cap de la Madelaine, where the wail of the "*Braillard de la Madelaine*," crying for Christian sepulture, is heard all night long above the howling of the storm



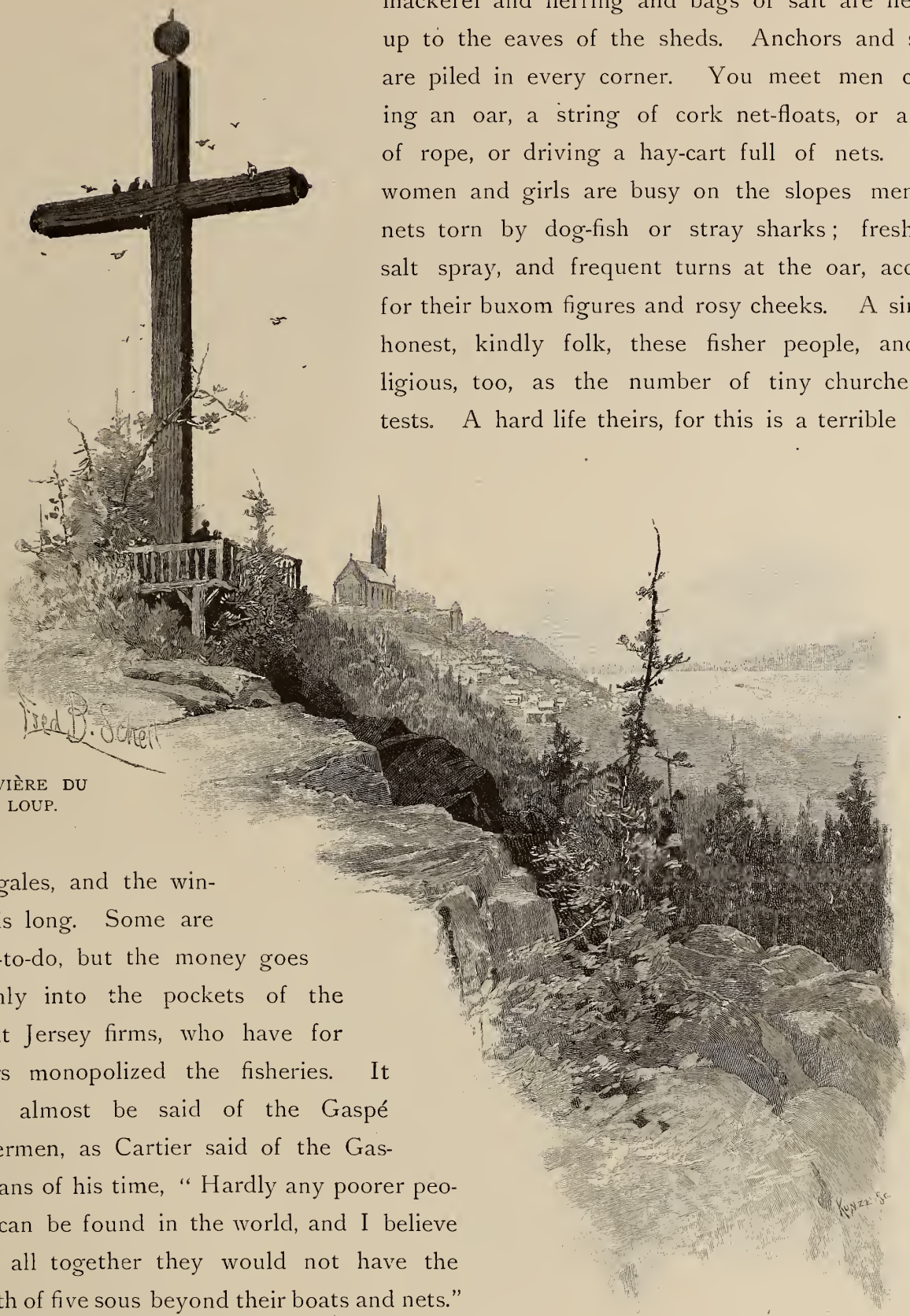
ON THE UPPER SAGUENAY.

and the roar of the breakers; past Fox River and Cap des Rosiers, whence the French outposts first saw Wolfe's fleet, and where, on stormy nights, the emigrants drowned in the "Carrick" call in vain for rescue from the terrible surf; and Cap Gaspé is in view.

The Confederation Act has given Cape Breton a statutory claim to be the Land's End of Canada; but Cap Gaspé has history, tradition and etymology in its favour. At sight of it the two Indians, whom Cartier was bringing back to their own country, the first Canadians that visited the Old World, cried with joy, Honguedo! Honguedo!, and this bold promontory, held firm by the mountains against the ceaseless assaults of the sea, was long the sign that "La Nouvelle France" was at last in sight. M. Faucher de Saint Maurice says that in Montagnais tongue it is called "*Guihakspèque*," which is, being interpreted, "the end of the earth." Its cliffs, seven hundred feet sheer, overhang the sea for miles in one stern unbroken wall of grey rock, banded with red and

black, polished by the incessant lashing of the spray, which the open ocean dashes far up its face, and tenanted by clouds of sea-birds. Above the cape rises its mountain buttress, towering from mossy slopes of *débris*, that cross each other in wild confusion at the base of a mighty precipice, where crystal rills trickle down, and the dainty blue bells cling to the crevices, and the wild rose finds a foothold. Up to 1851, *Le Forillon*, a strange, isolated rock, stood solitary in the sea, a stone's throw from the end of the point; it has given its name to the whole promontory, and its Indian name, *Katsepiou*, "that which is separate," is the original of Gaspé, appropriately enough, for this is an isolated region indeed. The French called the rock "*La Vieille*," from the resemblance, Ferland says, the bunch of trees on its summit gave it to "the head of a woman covered with a large coif, such as our Canadian grandmothers used to wear." The English name, "Ship Head," taken from its subsequent strange likeness to a ship under full sail, is still given to the point. But the waves have long since swept away all traces of the rock itself.

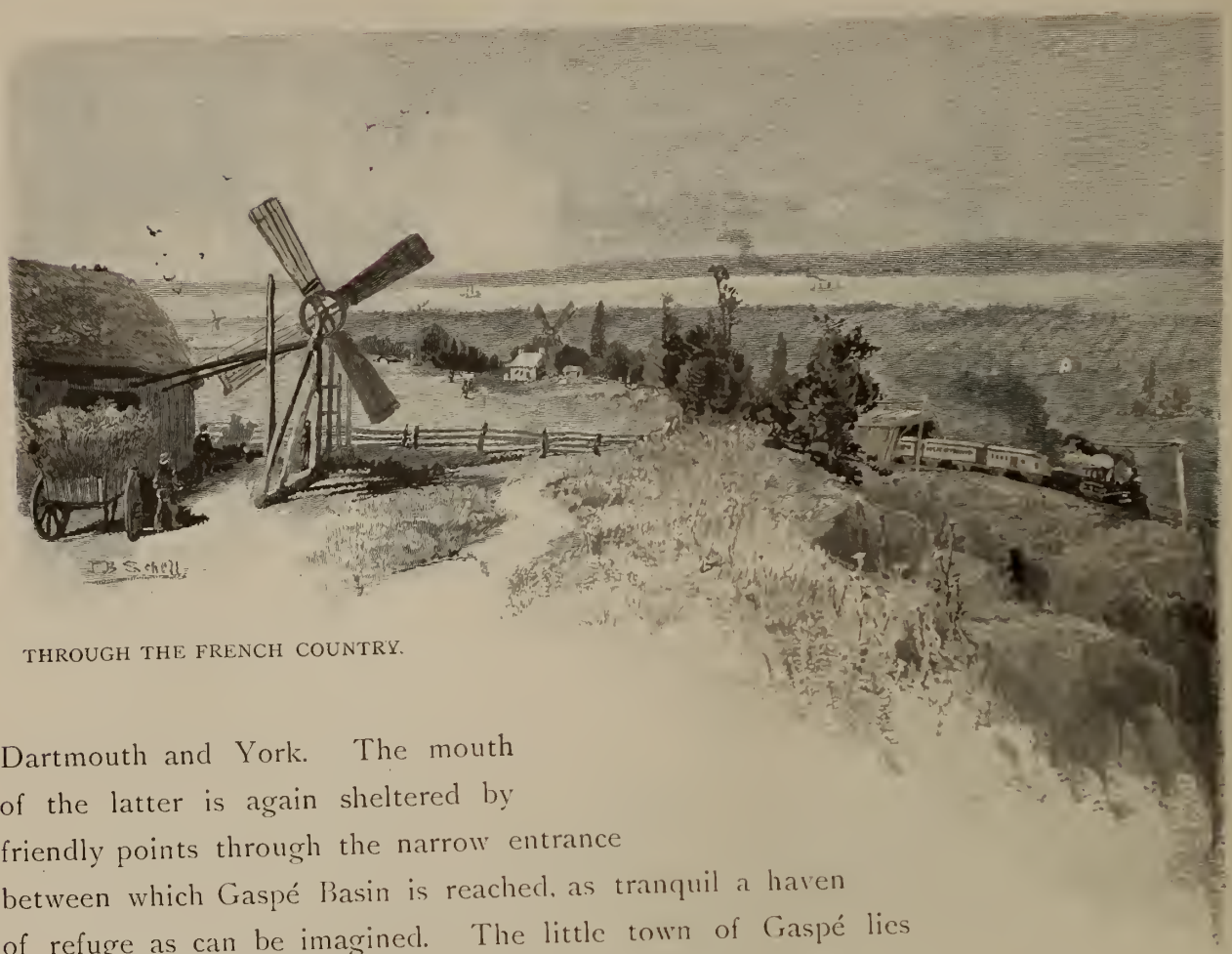
And now Gaspé Bay opens to view. It is a lovely sheet of water, fifteen miles long, five or six wide at its mouth. All along the north side it is closely bordered by the mountains, whose steep slopes end abruptly in cliffs at the waters' edge. A mighty upheaval there must have been to tilt the whole country up at such an angle, for the perpendicular precipices on the St. Lawrence site are but the clean-cut outer edge of the harder strata at the foundation of the hills. The cliffs are indented by well-like coves, where strips of sand, and beaches richly coloured with pebbles of all hues, afford room to land the boats and dry the nets of the numerous fishing stations that stud the shore. In many places ladders lead down into these coves, for the banks are so straight that you can drive along their edge and look down into the boats lying alongside the floats. On the edge of the coves are the warehouses, one storey high on the plateau above, three or four where, supported on staging and piles, they overhang the water. Round the warehouses are clusters of cottages; there are fields and grain growing in them, and very pleasant are these bright spots among the dark woods and sombre hill-tops. Evidently the people are farmers only when the wind blows too high for the boats to go out, or when the fish have not "struck in." The crops are not poor, for the soil, though rocky just here, is good when there is any soil at all, and there is abundance of magnificent farming land in the rich valleys and fertile intervals of Gaspé County. There are all the characteristics of a fishing village. Everything is built to stand a hard blow. There are nets everywhere, hanging on the fences, piled up by the roadside, dangling from the gables at the barns. Boats are at anchor in fleets off shore, hauled up in rows on the beach, and lying in the fields and gardens; when quite past service in the water they do duty on land as hencoops and pig-stys. There are fish-flakes, made like hurdles and covered with dried cod and haddock, which little boys lazily turn, so as to give sun and air full play. Barrels of



RIVIÈRE DU LOUP.

mackerel and herring and bags of salt are heaped up to the eaves of the sheds. Anchors and spars are piled in every corner. You meet men carrying an oar, a string of cork net-floats, or a coil of rope, or driving a hay-cart full of nets. The women and girls are busy on the slopes mending nets torn by dog-fish or stray sharks; fresh air, salt spray, and frequent turns at the oar, account for their buxom figures and rosy cheeks. A simple, honest, kindly folk, these fisher people, and religious, too, as the number of tiny churches attests. A hard life theirs, for this is a terrible coast for gales, and the winter is long. Some are well-to-do, but the money goes mainly into the pockets of the great Jersey firms, who have for years monopolized the fisheries. It may almost be said of the Gaspé fishermen, as Cartier said of the Gaspésians of his time, "Hardly any poorer people can be found in the world, and I believe that all together they would not have the worth of five sous beyond their boats and nets."

About ten miles up, the width of the bay decreases to three, and goes on narrowing for four miles farther, where two long capes projecting, one on each side, make a natural breakwater for a beautiful harbour formed by the estuaries of the Rivers

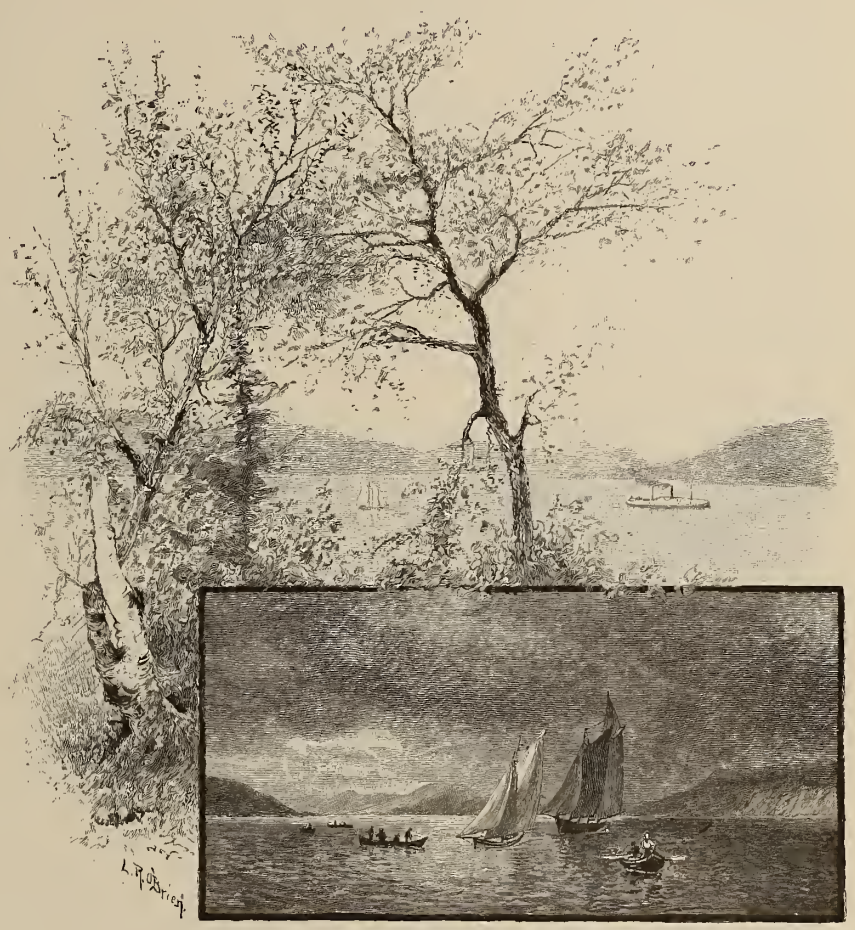


THROUGH THE FRENCH COUNTRY.

Dartmouth and York. The mouth of the latter is again sheltered by friendly points through the narrow entrance between which Gaspé Basin is reached, as tranquil a haven of refuge as can be imagined. The little town of Gaspé lies on the northern side of the basin, its houses scattered along a green slope that rises high above the wharves and red-roofed warehouses on the beach. In the docks and out in the stream is a curious collection of vessels; a trim Government cruiser just returned from Anticosti; odd-looking foreign barques come for cargoes of fish; big three-masters loaded with salt; trim schooners fitting out for the Gulf; an American yacht, rivalling the man-of-war in smartness of crew, and in frequency of firing; the regular passenger steamer that plies on the Baie des Chaleurs; sharp-ended, red-sailed fishing boats ready for any weather; and, strangest craft of all, a huge scow used as a ferry-boat, and dexterously worked by one man! There is an air of leisure about everything. And truly, though Gaspé is no idle, half-forgotten port from which the glory of former days has gone forever, like some Atlantic towns, but a prosperous and busy little place, it does seem to the uncommercial traveller as if town, vessels and warehouses were there but as parts of a picture, thrown into the composition for the sake of life, colour and contrast. For you are in the midst of the wildest scenery. Three large rivers, cleaving their way through the highest hills of the whole St. Lawrence District,—if not of Canada, east of the Rocky Mountains,—converge towards the head of the bay. To the north and east are the peaks we have seen from the St. Lawrence; to the west, the beautiful vale of the St. John; to the southward, beyond the

meadows of Douglastown, rises the labyrinth of mountains, through whose gorges the loveliest road in Canada leads to Percé. Forest unbroken, save in patches on the nearer slope, stretches away for miles in every direction, except to the east, where the white sails on the bay, the light-houses on the points, the cloud banks on the horizon lead the eye to the open sea.

It was probably just at the entrance to Gaspé Basin that, "on the third of May (1536), being the solemnity of the Holy Cross, Cartier caused to be planted with great pomp a cross thirty-five feet high, upon which was an escutcheon with the arms of France, and bearing these words in Roman letters: Franciscus Primus Dei Gratia Francorum Rex Regnat." This ceremony recalls the interesting account of the veneration of the cross by one particular tribe of the Gaspésians, the Indians of the Miramichi District, given by Père Le Clercqu, in his "Nouvelle Relation de la Gaspésie," published in 1691, and containing a history of his mission at Gaspé from the year 1675. As he himself remarks, this singular custom might well persuade us that these people had formerly received a knowledge of Christianity, which had afterwards been lost through the neglect of their ancestors. Ferland derives the custom from imitation of the French, but the tradition given by Le Clercqu, and, indeed, the whole of the circumstances, are against such an explanation. Cartier's cross, and an occasional meeting with the sailors of a French fishing vessel, could hardly have impressed upon these most conservative of all people the sacredness of the Christian emblem, much less have brought about such an absolute cultus as that which Le Clercqu describes. Their tradition ran, Le Clercqu relates, that, their ancestors being sorely afflicted with a pestilence, some of the wisest of their old men were overcome by the prospect of the desolation and ruin of their



THE BAY OF GASPÉ.



ON THE BEACH AT PERCÉ.

nation and fell into a "sleep full of bitterness," in which "a man exceedingly beautiful appeared to them with a cross in his hand, who bade them return home, make crosses like his, and present them to the heads of families, assuring them that they would undoubtedly find therein the remedy for all their ills." The people, at a general assembly of the nation, received with honour the sacred sign of the cross thus presented them from heaven. Thereupon "the malady ceased, and all the afflicted who respectfully carried the cross were miraculously healed."

After this, the cross became among these people an object of the highest veneration,—a symbol and talisman employed in every detail of their lives, and buried with them at their death. The worthy Récollet found this singular reverence for the cross surviving among them in his day, though somewhat in decadence, and he touchingly narrates the use he made of it to turn savage superstition into Christian belief. The chapter he gives to it is one of the most interesting in a singularly interesting little book to which M. Fancher de St. Maurice was the first among French Canadian *littérateurs* to direct attention. Some of the other Souriquois traditions related by Père Le Clercqu have a curious resemblance to Christian belief as to the early ages of the world. Could Donnacona's white men clothed in wool, and the "man exceedingly beautiful" of the Porte Croix legend, have been the Norsemen?

The Bay of Penouil—the old French name—has been a harbour of refuge ever since Cartier, after losing an anchor, spent ten days there in July, 1534. Vessels came there from France every year to fish; for Champlain was sending a canoe there to learn news of the De Caens, who were on their way to his relief, when he heard that they and Tadoussac had been captured by the Kertks. More than one battle has taken place in its waters. In 1628, De Roquemont fought the Kertks till, for want of cannon-balls, his sailors used their sounding-leads; but the French squadron had to strike their flags, and see the Jesuit Misssion burnt by the victors. In 1711, Admiral Hovenden Walker again destroyed the little settlement, and in September, 1758, the English once more repeated its devastation, sending a party across the hills to Percé, where the fishing-posts were burned and the people made prisoners. Gaspésie was included in the grants of Nova Scotia to Sir William Alexander by James I and Charles I. Curiously enough, a century later, Beauharnois proposed to remove the Acadians from Nova Scotia thither. But the history of Gaspé would make a book, and there is one more spot to visit before the re-entering coast line of the St. Lawrence begins to form the Baie des Chaleurs.

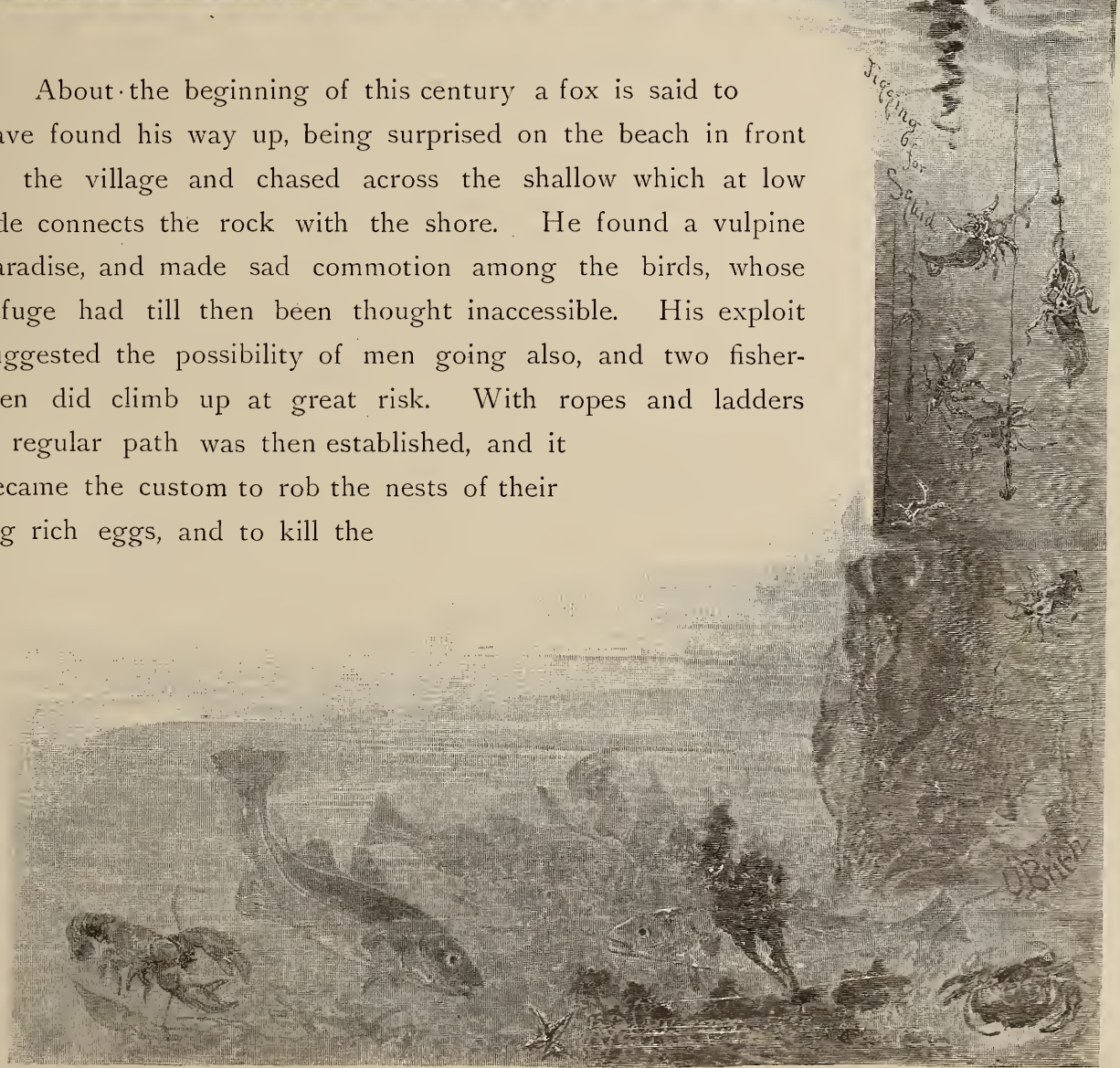
La Roche Percée, "the pierced rock," stands bold and firm to the end, though the cliffs of Mont Joli, on the main-land, and of Bonaventure Island, two miles out at sea, confirm the Indian tradition, given by Denys, that once there was no break in these perpendicular walls of rich-hued conglomerate, where the reds and browns of sandstone, the bright olives and greys of limestone, greens of agate, purples of jasper,

white quartz, and deep-orange stain of iron blend together, and, seen against brilliant blue sky and emerald sea, form a wondrous combination of colour. But the waves, with unbroken sweep from the open ocean, beat fiercely on this marvellous rock, and have already battered down the three grand arches Denys saw. Seventy years before Denys, Champlain says there was only one arch, which was large enough for a sloop under full sail to pass through. At present there is but one opening, forty or fifty feet high. Many remember the mighty crash with which the immense arch at the outer end of the rock fell just before dawn one morning about forty years ago, leaving as its monument the great monolith that formed its abutment. Slowly and surely wind and sea are doing their work; they have begun another aperture, not more than a couple of feet in diameter, through which the sunbeams flash as the eclipsing wave crests rise and fall. On the north side is a tiny beach where you can land at low tide on a calm day. It is like a profanation to tread on the piles of agate and jasper glistening with water, whose every roll tosses up millions of pebbles for the sun to turn into rarest jewels. Myriads of fossils give to the face of the rock, that at a distance looks so hard and weather-worn, the appearance of an arabesque in richest velvet. In this little cove, shut in by the cliff from sight of everything but the water and the sky, with no sound but the cries of the countless birds that tenant the dizzy heights, and the music of the surf as its thunderous bass dies away in rapid fugues to tenderest treble of clattering pebbles and dashing spray, we might sit and dream till the great, green rollers, through which a mysterious light gleams on weird shapes of trees and grottoes, and castles and palaces, carried us off willing visitors to the enchanted land they reveal.

Everywhere else the rock rises straight from deep water to a height of three hundred feet. At its western end it is worn to a wedge as sharp and straight and clear-cut as the prow of an immense iron-clad, which it singularly resembles in outline, if one can imagine an iron-clad fifteen hundred feet long and three hundred wide. Its top is covered with grass, but this is barely visible, because of the immense flocks of birds, winged armies ranged in serried order. Each tribe inhabits its own territory; the black cormorants never mingle with the white gulls; the great gannets and the graceful terns keep their own places. If any presumptuous bird wanders into the ranks of another tribe, there is a tremendous screaming and flapping of wings to drive away the intruder. They come and go incessantly, circling high over the schools of herring, and plunging deep to seize their prey; they swoop around the cod-fishers at anchor far out on the banks; they follow the boats in to the beach where the packers are at work; they flit like ghosts about the nets when in the silvery moonlight the fishermen go in quest of bait; but they return always to the one spot allotted to them among the densely packed mass of white, that from a distance looks like a bank of snow. During a storm their shrieking is almost unearthly, and can be heard for miles.



About the beginning of this century a fox is said to have found his way up, being surprised on the beach in front of the village and chased across the shallow which at low tide connects the rock with the shore. He found a vulpine paradise, and made sad commotion among the birds, whose refuge had till then been thought inaccessible. His exploit suggested the possibility of men going also, and two fishermen did climb up at great risk. With ropes and ladders a regular path was then established, and it became the custom to rob the nests of their big rich eggs, and to kill the



IN QUEST OF BAIT.

birds for the sake of the down. The ascent, always perilous, was forbidden by law after a man had been killed, and the birds regained undisputed possession. Owing to the fall of huge masses of rock, the summit is now probably inaccessible.

Percé has been a fishing-station from the earliest times; fish and fishing are its *raison d'être* as a town. There is fish everywhere on land as well as in the sea. It is stored in warehouses, drying on the beach, piled up in thatched stacks, and brought in by the boats, that come and go twice a day, in white-winged fleets, to and from the banks away beyond the red cliffs of Bonaventure Island, that lies out yonder like a huge whale basking in the sun. The very bacon and potatoes are fishy, for the same nutriment feeds alike animals and fields. But there is so much of beauty in and about Percé, that one can forgive an occasional reminder that there are other senses than that of sight.

"The codfishery throughout the Gulf," says Mr. Pye, in his *Gaspé Scenery*, "is carried on in open boats, two men composing the crew of each. But ere the cod can be caught a supply of suitable bait must be obtained,—herring, capelain, mackerel, lance, squid, smelt, or clams, all of which are available when used in their season, for even cod are epicures. The boats proceed to the fishing-ground at sunrise, and return when laden, or when their bait is expended. Having reached the shore, the freight is landed and brought to the splitting-table. The first operation is to cut the throat, the next to take off the head and secure the liver. Then follows the most difficult and scientific operation, namely, splitting, which consists in removing the back-bone. Good splitters are always in good request, and command high wages. From the splitting-table the fish is thrown into a box-barrow and carried to the stage,—a large building where the process of curing commences. The barrow being placed on the scales, the fish is then weighed and taken to the salter,—another skilled hand, who makes a square pile, carefully sprinkling salt over each layer as he proceeds. It remains in bulk some three or four days, is then washed in large vats, returned to the box-barrow, and carried out to the flakes, where it is carefully spread to dry. When moderately dry, it is carefully piled on the pebble beach in small, round piles shaped like corn-stalks. Here it undergoes a species of fermentation, the remaining dampness being exuded. This is termed making. When sufficiently made, the fish is again spread out on a fine dry day for a few hours, and finally stored in readiness for shipment. Three modes of engaging fishermen are adopted by the merchants. The most common is by the draft; that is, the man pays for all he gets and is paid a certain price per draft for the fish as it comes from the knife, as above described. The draft is the double quintal of 224 pounds, with 14 pounds extra allowed for sand and dirt. One-and-a-half quintals are supposed to yield one quintal when dry. The next mode of engagement is that of half-lines men. These pay for their provisions, and get half of the fish they catch when cured and ready for market. Men who fish on

wages are generally engaged by the master of the boat, who, in that case, derives the benefit or bears the loss, if any."

Allusion has already been made to the fisheries carried on by the French at a very early date. An old manuscript in the Bibliothéque Royale at Versailles attributes them to a date even earlier than the discovery of the coast of Labrador by Sebastian Cabot, who, it is stated, found there the name of Bacallaos, which, in the Basque language, means *Moluës*, or codfish. In 1618 De Poutrincourt advises the forestalling of the English by French settlements, and the erection of two or three forts along the coast of Acadie, to guard the fisheries, which he estimates as being then worth to France a million a year in gold. The fisheries in the Gulf and the River St. Lawrence are not included in the privileges granted by the Commissioners to Roberval, de Mons and others, but were left free to all, and were carried on in small ventures, apparently. In the charter of the Compagnie des Cents Associés, in 1627, the King expressly reserves the cod and whale fisheries, which he wishes to be free to all his subjects. In the account which Emery de Caen gives of his voyage to receive Quebec back from the Kertks, in 1632, he says, after speaking of the whales, of which he saw plenty: "They come here also to fish for cod. I have seen a great number of seals, of which we killed several. White porpoises are found in this great river named the Sainct Laurens, and nowhere else; the English call them white whales, because they are so large in comparison with the porpoises; they go up as far as Quebec."

It was not long before permanent fishing posts were seriously thought of. The Commission of Sieur Nicolas Denys, in 1653, grants him the right to form a stationary company to fish for "cod, salmon, mackerel, herrings, sardines, sea-cows, seals, and other fish," on the conditions that the *habitans* should be allowed to take as many shares as they pleased, and that the persons whom the king wished and intended to fit out with vessels might carry on "*pesche verte et sèche*," that is to say, might salt or dry their fish as they pleased, "*tout ainsy qu à l'ordinaire.*" In 1666 Talon writes to the Minister that he has commenced the cod-fishery in the river, and finds that it can be carried on abundantly and with benefit. In 1669 the people of Canada were accorded the right to sell fish in France, on payment of the entry dues only—four sous per cent. of cod caught by lines, and twenty pounds per cent. for spoiled fish. It may be noticed here that coal from Canada—"charbon de terre" the French called it, in curious contrast to the "sea-coal" of contemporaneous English—was admitted to France, by the same *arrêt*, on payment of six sous a barrel. In 1671 Talon reports that "the stationary fisheries, being regarded as an assured benefit, the Sieur Denis and the Sieur Bissot, *habitans* of Quebec, have applied to me for grants for fishing for cod and seals and for oils; I have granted them." In the same year Sieur Patoulet received instructions to study, "with care and application," the management of the

fishing stations that had done so much for the English colony at Boston, in order to take the best measures possible for those about to be established around Percé. In 1676 a memorandum on Canada reminds the king not to neglect to secure by every means the control of the fisheries and the market of all the green and dried fish used in the greater part of Europe, and an estimate is given that his subjects from Biscay, Guyenne, Brittany, and Normandy alone loaded seven or eight hundred vessels every year with from ten to thirty thousand pounds of fish each. The Intendant De Meules, in 1682, speaking of what the fisheries had done for Boston, calls them a Peru if they can only be confined to French subjects. The subsequent neglect of the colony lost France what might have been the complete control of this great source of wealth. After the Cession of Canada to England the merchants of Quebec undervalued the fisheries, and did not take them up. But the old adventurous spirit of St. Malo and Rouen showed itself in the Jerseymen, whose establishments are now found all along the Baie des Chaleurs and the Gulf. In 1766 Charles Robin came, and threw enough energy into the work to leave his name a lasting memory all along the coast. The Le Boutilliers, Janvrin, Fruing, Le Brun and others followed. At Paspebiac, Percé and Grande Rivière, establishments were formed. The War of 1812 stayed their progress somewhat, but after that settlements were made with renewed vigour, and the great fishing firms that still exist established their power. Irish and Scotch immigrants spread from Gaspé to New Richmond, the French Canadians of the Lower St Lawrence moved down from one outport to another, until a continuous chain of fishing stations stretched along the shore. At Anticosti, at the North Shore, and down the Labrador, little ports were founded wherever a river formed a harbour or a good beach for drying fish was found. The Jerseymen were everywhere guiding and superintending.

The management of one of these great firms is like the conduct of a small army. Everything is done by rule, to which as implicit obedience is yielded as to the laws of the land. The clerks, in most of the houses, are Jerseymen, in some no others are taken, and they are brought out when young boys to serve a regular apprenticeship, with strict requirements as to periodical changes of station and duties. In some of the houses they are not allowed to marry at all, or, if married, they are not allowed to have their wives with them, so that nothing may interfere with their attention to business, or induce them to leave the service in the hope of bettering themselves at their masters' expense. At least that was the somewhat illogical reason given by one of them, who assured the writer that he could only see his wife once every three years, when the customary long leave was given for the trip to Jersey. They live together in one house, quite in the style of the good old days of the English merchant. Each of these establishments is complete in itself. Everything is done on the premises, and everything, from an anchor to a needle, as the sailors say, can be had in the shop, which forms part of it. The neat white

buildings, with red door-ways and roofs, trim gravel walks and little gardens, are a conspicuous feature at every port along the shore, as they are here at Percé.

From Mount Ste. Anne behind the town there is a glorious view. The eye ranges from the tall peak of Tracadiegètche, just visible far up the Baie des Chaleurs,



COD-FISHING.

over hill and valley all forest-clad, from point to point along the rock-bound coast-line of the bay, to Cap d'Espoir, where the phantom ship is seen in nights of autumn gale repeating the drama of "*Naufrage de l'Anglais*," when an English frigate—one of Hovenden Walker's it is supposed—was hurled by the hurricane high on the crest of that frowning cape, which has very little of good hope to sailors, and seems well turned into Cape Despair upon the maps; then round Cape Cove, along the winding, hilly road that skirts the shore. Then you look down into the amphitheatre that surrounds Percé, on Mont Joli, with its wooden cross at the brink of the cliff, and on the rock; then far away over Bonaventure Island, across the Gulf to Miscou, home of the "terrible monster whom the savages call Gougou," whose waist a ship's masts would hardly reach; who snatched up passers-by and put them in his sack to be devoured at leisure, whose "fearful whistling" had been heard by Sieur Prevert de Saint-Malo and reported to Champlain, who repeats the story with the naïve remark,

"*Voyla ce que j'ai appris de ce Gougou.*" Then along the line of cliffs that reach in ascending steps from Mont Joli to the "Corner of the Beach," where the milk-white surf breaks on the sands in the lovely bay, named by the Bretons, from unpicturesque codfish, "*Baie des Molues,*" and now Malbaie; along the miles of sand-spit that hedges in the *barachois* or lagoon of the Malbaie River, to the church and settlement beyond. Down into gorges that converge beneath great walls of brilliant-coloured rock; up again to gaze over innumerable hills and dense woods to where the mountains rise behind Gaspé; far away over the shining beach and white houses of Point St. Peter to Gaspé Bay glistening in the sun; beyond that again, over the dark line of the Forillon, to where the loom of Anticosti can just be seen; out to the open gulf, where the sun lights up the cloud-piles with reflections of its setting splendour, and the lightning flashes hew rifts through the fog-banks fast rolling in, and the white sails fly before the coming storm.





GRAND FALLS, ST. JOHN RIVER.



ST. JOHN, FROM PORTLAND.

NEW BRUNSWICK.*

THIS is the province of ships, if we may trust the device on her scutcheon. She is also the province of pine-trees, of salmon, of deals, and of hemlock-bark. In anticipation, moreover, she is a province of mines, and would fain supply her sisters with iron, and antimony, and silver; she would show them new possibilities in architecture with her princely red granite. By no means poor in natural resources, her riches are only to be gathered by that strenuous effort which breeds a sturdy and determined race. And her growth, if slow, has been steady and sure, made up of lasting bone and sinew.

A glance at the history of New Brunswick as a separate province will take us over no long "Chronicles of wasted time"; but, as a part of ancient Acadie, some of

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PASSAMAQUODDY BAY.

the most stirring episodes of Acadian story fell within her borders, some of the earliest efforts to transplant the lily of France were made upon her soil. Miramichi Bay, the coast and harbours to the north, and Bay Chaleurs, claim Cartier for their discoverer. Coming from the icy waters of Belle-Isle Straits, and from the forbidding shores of Newfoundland, he found these coasts, with their luxuriant forests, blossoming meadows, and wild fruits ripening in the sunny weather of July, a very land of enchantment. To a spacious bay, itself one magnificent harbour, its clear, green waters from shore to shore unobstructed by rock or shoal, he gave the name, "des Chaleurs," having come to anchor therein on a burning noontide, when no breeze tempered the heat. But this of Cartier's was only a flying visit, in 1534; and to the future New Brunswick he gave no further attention.

From the north-east corner of the province to the extreme south-west! For here, in misery and failure, began the actual settlement of the country. Here Champlain is with us. Accompanying De Monts, the newly-created Lieutenant-General, with a much mixed party of adventurers and settlers, on St. John's day, 1604, he entered the mouth of a great river, called by the natives Ouangondy. Having re-named this water in honour of the day of its discovery, they continued west to Passamaquoddy Bay, which they found so thick with islands that Champlain failed to number them. Here

another broad stream lay open before them, up which they sailed several miles till they came to a level, grassy island in mid-river; and this, strange to say, they chose for the site of their settlement. Both river and island they called St. Croix, and here the little colony established itself. Without fire-wood or water, the island to this day is as desolate as De Monts and his company found it. With its loose, sandy soil, the scant grass waving in the winds which swept its shelterless expanse, it was hardly a tempting place to found a home. But the explorers considered that it was easy of access by water, capable of defense, and well removed from the surrounding mainland, whose heavy forests were full of unknown dangers. The remaining months of summer were bright with activity and hope. A quadrangle of wooden buildings was erected, with a chapel, and the Governor's residence. In spite of the lateness of the season, grain and vegetables were planted; and a garden was laid out, after the fashion, faintly, of those old gardens in France, for which, it may be, the colonists were now a little homesick. But in the bleak days of late autumn their situation was dreary enough; and because their crops had failed to ripen, they were compelled to live mainly on salt meats, a diet which speedily affected their health and spirits. At last winter came, and the snow, and the freezing winds; such cold as in their own land they had never learned to dream of. The sleet drove in through the chinks of their ill-made buildings. Fuel was hardly to be obtained, and they shivered over their



ST. JOHN—BACK OF HARBOUR, LOW TIDE.

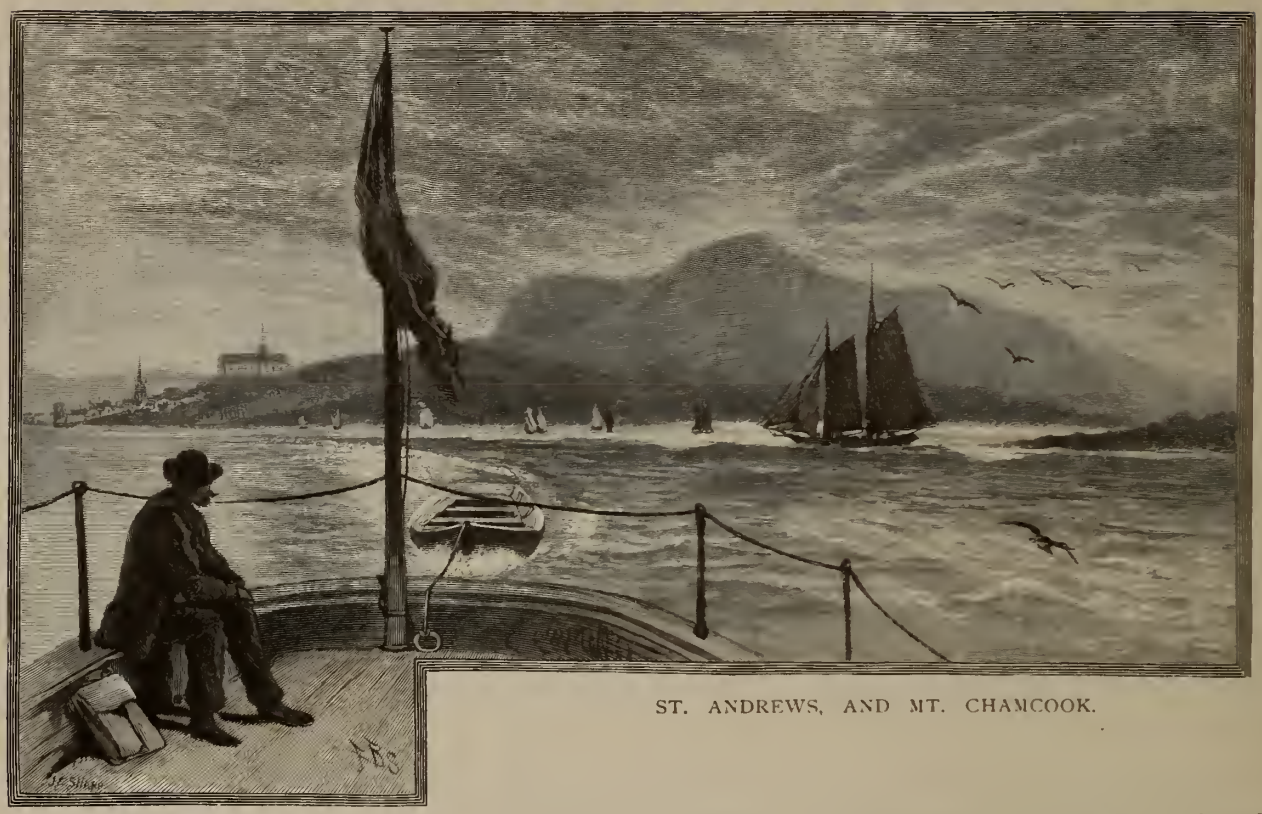
scanty fires, till, in spite of Champlain's indomitable and never-failing cheerfulness, their hearts sank utterly within them. When disease broke out, scurvy in a terrible form, from their unwholesome living, they fell an easy prey. Out of some eighty persons, but forty-four survived, and these hardly. When the first warm days came they crawled forth in the sun like shadows. Scarcely could the sick be attended, the dying ministered to, the dead buried. In the spring the island was abandoned, stripped of all that could be carried away, the fortifications dismantled; and the poor remnant of the colony fled over the bay to Port Royal. Now the light-house keeper is the one man who makes St. Croix Island his home.

But it is a fair and well-favoured corner of New Brunswick, this, where that attempted settlement in the days long ago came to so disastrous an end. Not a mile from the island now stands St. Andrews, one of the oldest of New Brunswick towns, and also one of the fairest. Its harbour is unsurpassed, but St. John has drawn off much of the trade that formerly flowed through the St. Croix mouth, and much of what remained has moved up river to the busy little town of St. Stephens. Therefore St. Andrews is now more dignified than lively, from a commercial point of view, and her chief treasure lies in the beauty of her surrounding scenery, the purity of her clear, green waters, the unfailing coolness of her salt breezes on the cloudless days of summer, all which attractions combined make her a very delightful watering-place. Peace is the word that comes to our thoughts when St. Andrews is mentioned, and our next thought is of sunshine. How tempting to bathers are the long, warm, tawny beaches, sloping down to the crystal lip of the tide. Bathing is the right thing to do in St. Andrews, and it is done heartily, by happy parties of young men and maidens, and elderly women and children. The waves look refreshingly cool as they come lapping up the sands, and they do not belie their appearance. They are icy cold in fact, and, in our judgment, those choose the better part who stay lounging in the warm grass or couched in the sand, watching, with comfortable commiseration, the crowd of gasping revellers. The other things which one is expected to do, and will do without much persuasion, are to go yachting on the bay and to visit Chamcook Mountain. A more questionable delight is lobster-spearing, which, however, does excellently in combination with the yachting. In the cool of the morning, when the tide suits, there is some excitement in being rowed stealthily over the transparent water, while each one, spear in hand, peers sharply into the masses of brown weed that ride at anchor on the level bottom at a depth of some five or six feet. In these bunches of weed lurks the bottle-green prey we are in search of, closely resembling his surroundings in colour, but betrayed by his red points. Not seldom the excitement reaches its highest pitch after a few active lobsters have been captured and turned loose in the boat, and have set about an investigation of the merry fishermen's ankles. For the trip to Mount Chamcook a day is chosen when no fog rests on the bay, as far out as

the eye can see, and when a propitious wind promises to hold this enemy aloof. After a drive through lovely country comes a not too arduous climb through deep clover and daisied grasses, under the shade of birches, and limes, and beech-trees, and white maples; then a short and sharp ascent over grey rocks, that keep liberal beds of scented fern in every ragged hollow, and we come out on the bald, windy summit of the mountain. Chamcook looks down upon all the neighbouring hills, which, to say the truth, are not very aspiring; and the view is really a magnificent one. Out across the water, which is populous with white-sailed ships, we see the dark island-cluster of "The Wolves"; and beyond, if the air is very clear, we discern a low, blue line, and hail it as the Nova Scotia shore. At our feet, in the noon quiet, lies the fair little town, wrapped in happy and, perhaps, not impossible dreams of a splendid future, which is to come with the building of a railroad from Old Canada to a terminus on St. Andrews Harbour. In another direction we follow the St. Croix, which widens into a suggestion of a lake, and contracts again before it reaches St. Stephens, where its waters become accessory to many a frolicsome and profitable evasion of the disagreeable myrmidons of the customs.

When one has drunk deep enough of St. Andrews restfulness, and turns his face and his desires towards St. John, the most pleasant and least orthodox way of going thither is to persuade some tug-boat captain to accept a passenger. Thus one cheats the railway, which is more safe than swift, or the regular steamer, which is tiresomely conventional, and quite without peculiarities, agreeable or otherwise. But before shipping as a tug-passenger, it is well not to omit a yacht-sail to the Island of Campobello, which lies far down the bay, near the American shore and the town of Lubec. This island, some eight miles long, and nowhere more than two in breadth, has become a popular summer resort, and the site of the modern architectural pomp of the summer-resort hotel. Nevertheless, the island is a delightful spot, and struggles to maintain its beauty and simplicity and wholesomeness of life. It has the attraction of being an island without the discomfort of inaccessibility. Its beaches are superb, its retreats are secluded and romantic, its nights and days are temperate and benign. In the way of assertive scenery its "lion" is the bluff called "Friar's Head."

In selecting a tug, or getting a tug to select us, we were fortunate enough to find our lot cast with one which called at St. George on its way to St. John. The nomenclature of this part of the country, by the way, is rigidly saintly, the causes whereof tradition fails to state. While the tug was kept in uneasy repression beside the wharf at St. George there was time to see the pretty town, which has in part transferred its faith from lumber to red granite. A wonderfully picturesque nook is this. The Magaguadavic River (pronounced "Magadavy") falls a hundred feet into the harbour through a chasm not thirty feet wide; on the sides of the gorge are fixed, like eyries, several powerful saw-mills, from which the lumber is sluiced into the whirling basin below.

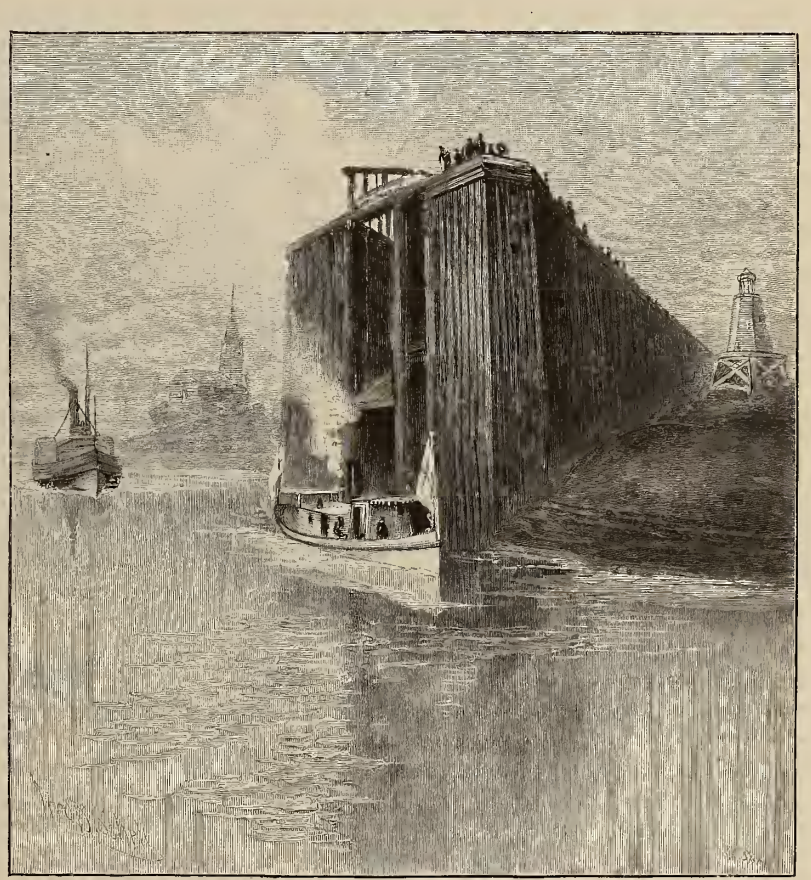


ST. ANDREWS, AND MT. CHAMCOOK.

Above the town is a high plain; and near at hand, nested between low hills, is beautiful Lake Utopia.

As we sail into St. John Harbour, past the fog-discoloured rocks and sombre fir-clad heights of Partridge Island on our left, we are struck by the appearance of a huge white steamship approaching us. There is no sheering of the waters at her prow, however, no commotion round her sides, no vomiting of pitchy clouds from her odd-looking chimneys; and on nearer view this turns out no voyaging Leviathan, but a guide unto the ways of these, a structure immovably set on the rock foundations of the harbour. Opposite the Beacon, as this Protean mass is called, stretch long wharves, crowded with box-cars, and flat-cars, gay with odorous piles of "dry, bright deals," noisy with the "yeo-heave-ho" of the sailors, and flanked with ships of many nations, degrees, and colours. Yonder are two great iron steamers, with red, inaccessible, wall-like sides, their port-holes wide open, and engulfing endless quantities of lumber, which is supplied from scows; while the loading also goes on from above, and ever and anon a great bundle of deals sways up from the wharf, hangs gyrating a moment in mid-air among the spars and cordage, then sinks reluctantly, with groaning and creaking of tackle, into the yawning gloom of the hold. We sail close under one of these monsters, and read that she is from Barcelona. A band of keen-looking swarthy fellows, probably Lascars, are straining at the capstan, and the capacious yellow funnel, towering just behind, casts an inexpressibly sultry glow upon the group. They look so swelteringly hot, that we turn round instinctively for the fog. There are silvery banks and drifts of it, far out on the shifting surface and ungovernable tides

of Fundy, but to-day a light land-breeze holds it at a distance, and shows the whole city piled most picturesquely before us. Built on a steep and rocky peninsula, with loftier heights behind as a setting, crowned with many spires, and opened up by glimpses of wide, steep, busy streets, it comes together with admirable effect—as the artist says, "composes" excellently. St. John contains no white buildings. All is graystone, red-brick, or brown-painted wood,—this brown a local and characteristic tint, not in any way to be departed from. This colouring, under a broad sun and clear sky, is rich and solid; but when the fog rolls in on the city, and hangs for days together, the gloom becomes profound. Nor is it made the less dismal by the recurrence at intervals of a low, sepulchral, booming sound, from nowhere in particular, which comes struggling through the fog as if from a damp throat. The inhabitants, however, have no grudge against their fog, which in all probability is responsible for the peach-bloom complexions with which the city's daughters are so daintily endowed. If this be the case, even we can forgive the fog; nevertheless such a day as this, when sight-seeing is our object, it is not to be lightly valued. As we steam up the busy harbour the scene is very lively. Large and small craft are everywhere, at anchor under bare poles, flitting across our way under white or ocher-coloured canvas, or lying three and four deep along the wharves. Yachts are careening before the racing breeze, broad-bowed stub-nosed wood-boats plough their way unbending, tireless little red and white tugs rush hither and thither, a huge black scow on each arm, as it were, and at the head of the harbour, where shrill saw-mills occupy all the available ground by the water's edge, the lofty shores curve round to the Carleton side, enclosing the forest of masts and yards. There, too, under the guns of Fort Howe, lies the *Charybdis* at anchor. Since the inestimable boon of her presence has been conferred upon St. John, the citizens sleep unharassed by disquietude. They rise in the morning and look out with con-



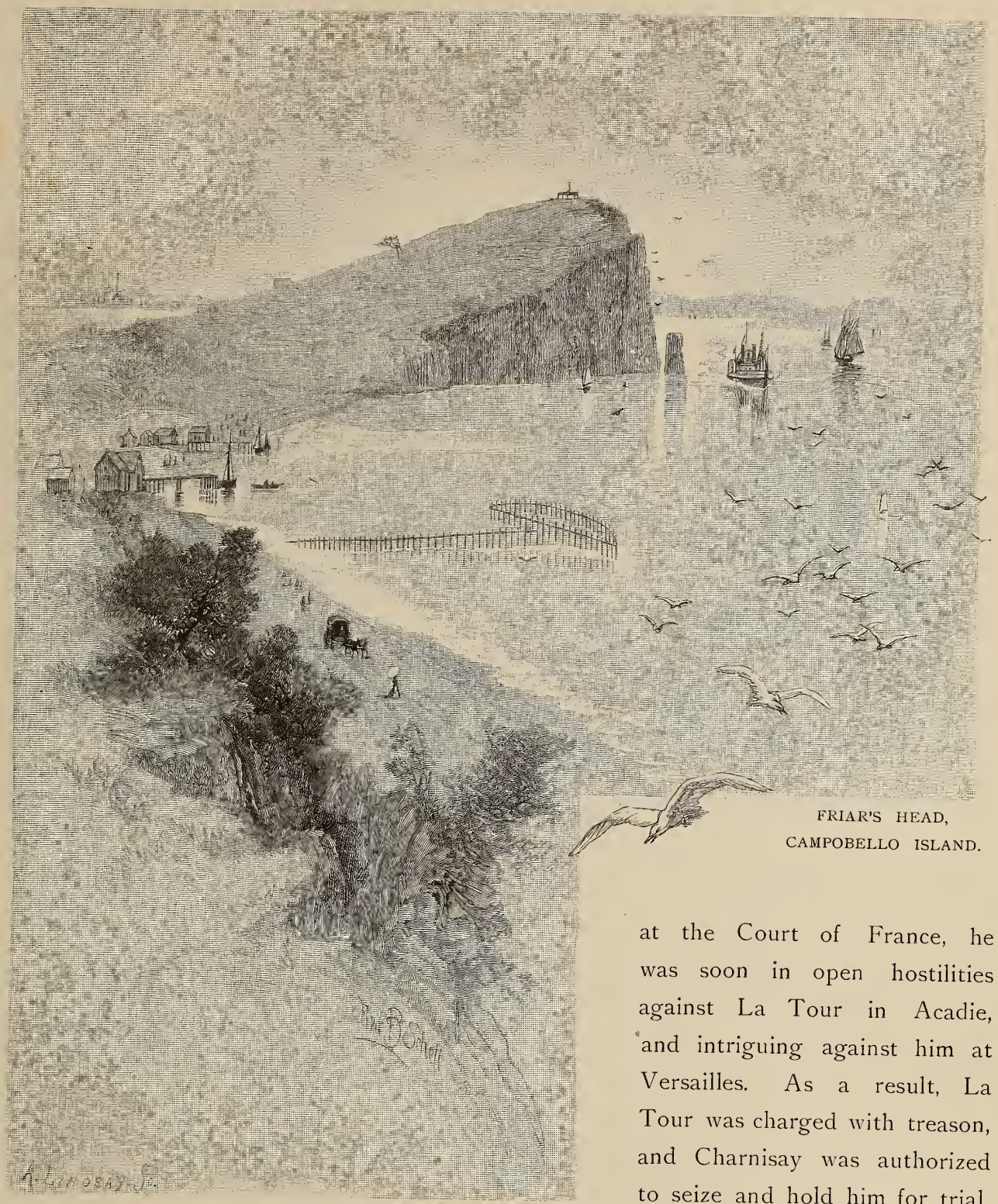
WHARF AT ST. ANDREWS.

fident pride to the spot where our young navy rides at anchor. It is said on good authority that St. John ranks fifth or sixth among the ship-owning cities of the world. Wide are St. John's interests,—and the *Charybdis* is their protector.

Meanwhile we have made fast at North Wharf, the slip is before us crowded with coasting schooners and wood-boats, lying high and dry on the sloping expanse of black mud; and above is King Street. The breadth of this street is magnificent; it climbs straight up a steep ascent, and is terminated at the summit by the dark foliage of King Square. It is lined on both sides by handsome stone or brick buildings, all of which, by the breadth and inclination of the street, are displayed to the best advantage. St. John is justly proud of King Street. As for the slip, at low tide, and especially in the fog, here is a scene hardly to be found elsewhere. The vessels are weird and ghost-like in the mist, their black hulls standing erect or leaning to one side on the leaden-coloured slime. The ropes hang limp and dark, the wet sails are drooping half-unfurled, and there is silence except for the rushing escape of water from a drain that empties here. From above come the bustle and hum, the noise of wheels, and the cries, from the teeming thoroughfare which the fog has veiled from our sight.

Before investigating the city of the present, let us glance at the city's past. A history belongs to the site and neighbourhood of St. John. Reverting to the old Acadian annals of a period some twenty-five years after the miserable failure at St. Croix, we find a second settlement attempted, this time at the mouth of the St. John. Here the prospect is more cheering, the brightness of longer continuance. But treachery and violence do their work, and the gloom again falls.

On the tongue of land jutting out toward Navy Island, from what is now called "the Carleton side," a strong fort was established by the La Tours. This fort commanded the trade of the interior of New Brunswick, and of the greater part of Maine, and here, in feudal fashion, reigned Charles La Tour over his retainers and dependants. There were peace, plenty, and ever-increasing wealth in the well-built fort. On the stretch of flats below, where every summer may be seen the same thing still, at each low-tide long ranges of stake-nets yielded fish of many kinds in abundance; and the surrounding forests swarmed with game. But La Tour's chief good fortune lay in the possession of a woman, who appears to have been in all ways the fit wife for a man of his stamp. Her ability, no less than his own, contributed to his prosperity; and losing her, he lost also, for the time, all his life-long efforts had availed to gain. It was through the vindictive jealousy of La Tour's brother-lieutenant in Acadie, D' Aulnay Charnisay, that an end came to these fair prospects. Holding undisputed authority over half the territory of Acadie, Charnisay had no joy in his possessions while his hated rival was in prosperity near him. Craving the rich trade that flowed through the post on the St. John, and conscious of his strength



FRIAR'S HEAD,
CAMPOBELLO ISLAND.

at the Court of France, he was soon in open hostilities against La Tour in Acadie, and intriguing against him at Versailles. As a result, La Tour was charged with treason, and Charnisay was authorized to seize and hold him for trial. But La Tour was behind his walls, and secure in the justice of his cause. He mocked at the royal mandates and made ready for a struggle. The city of Rochelle came promptly to his assistance, while Charnisay drew reinforcements from Paris. In the spring of 1643 Charnisay suddenly, with a large force, blockaded the mouth of the St. John. Supplies were low in the fort, and a ship was daily expected from Rochelle. When this arrived it was signaled to keep at a safe distance; and one cloudy night a boat

slipped silently out of the harbour upon the ebb-tide. Invisible in the gloom along the Carleton shore, and beneath the rocky heights of Partridge Island, it passed under the very guns of the blockading ships, and La Tour and his wife were off for Boston in the Rochelle vessel. The next development of the situation was the appearance of La Tour in the harbour, at the head of five New England ships; and Charniray was driven across the bay to Port Royal, and sharply punished on his own ground. Again he essayed the attack, closely investing Fort La Tour in the hope of starving its defenders into submission. But from two spies, who, in the disguise of friars, had succeeded in penetrating the fort, only to be unmasked by Lady La Tour and contemptuously dismissed unpunished, he learned that La Tour was absent, and that the post was under command of his wife. Expecting an easy and speedy victory, he straightway ordered an assault, but was met unflinchingly by Lady La Tour at the head of the garrison, and obliged to draw off, writhing with shame. But La Tour could not always be at home to guard his own. While he was away on a trading expedition his enemy returned, and found the garrison weak. For three days his assaults were repulsed, but through the treachery of a sentry he at last gained an entrance. Even then the brave woman did not yield, but met him so intrepidly at the head of her faithful handful that the dastard offered honourable terms of capitulation. She accepted them, to save the lives of her brave followers. But no sooner had the articles been signed, and the garrison laid down their arms, than Charniray hanged every man of them but one, whom he forced to act as executioner of his comrades. And Lady La Tour he led to the gallows with a halter round her neck, and compelled her to witness the execution. Her home destroyed, her husband ruined and in exile, and the horrible fate of her followers ever present in her memory, Lady La Tour's health gave way, and she died within a few months.

After these things, the fort at the St. John's mouth, as well as that which had been established farther up the river, on the Gemsec, passed successively into the hands of many masters with the changeful fortunes of war, but remained a mere trading-post, and attracted no permanent settlement. Meanwhile, over other portions of the country, but chiefly along the north shore, sprang up gradually a very meagre population of French and half-breeds. For years after the country had fallen into the hands of England, no British subject could safely make it his home, by reason of the hostility of the Acadians and their Indian allies. Not until 1766 was the first English settlement established on the St. John River. This consisted of a number of families from Massachusetts, who built a fort on the mouth of the Oromocto, about twelve miles below the point where now stands Fredericton. Six years before this, Mr. James Simonds had attempted to establish a fishery on the St. John Harbour, but had been driven away by the enmity of the natives. On the 16th of April, 1764, however, accompanied by Mr. James White and Captain Peabody, with a party of fishermen, he landed



BEACON LIGHT, ST. JOHN, AT LOW AND HIGH TIDE.

on the site of the present city of St. John, where he soon succeeded in developing a profitable trade. A few small houses were roughly put together among the woods and rocks, at the foot of what is now Fort Howe Hill. At length broke out the American War of Independence, and a time of peril and loss ensued for the tiny colony. But for this came ample compensation at the close of the war, which may well be called the mother of New Brunswick. On the 18th of May, 1783, took place the "Landing of the Loyalists," which meant the founding of St. John, and within a year the separation of New Brunswick from Nova Scotia and its erection into a separate province. The landing took place in the gray of the morning; there were no signs of life among the chill rocks and sombre firs of the peninsula, save where, at the back of the harbour, the handful of fishermen's shanties huddled together; and the prospect was not cheerful. But these exiles were men of fibre, of strength and steadfastness, who had so strenuously striven in defence of their cause that when the cause was lost they had no leniency to expect from the victors. We may think those most truly loyal whose loy-

alty is devoted to their own country's service, but, however the object may differ, the sentiment is always the same fruitful mother of heroic action.

"Out from the lovely land that gave them birth,
* * * * * * * *
Our grandsires passed, a brave, determined band,
Driven by hard Fate—
As men were driven of old,
Whose story hath been told
In lofty epic strain—
To plant, with toil and pain,
Upon a distant shore, and in a strange, wild land,
A new and glorious State."

A city rose, by the swift magic of energy and effort, among the misty beaches and high, bald hills. With just pride St. John has been celebrating, with song, and pageant, and illumination, and free-handed hospitality, the hundredth anniversary of her birth.

The nursling of opulent waters, guarded surely from even the cruellest droughts by the cool veils of the fog, St. John has found her enemy in fire. On January 14th, 1837, she suffered from a terrible conflagration, which destroyed over a hundred houses and shops, nearly a third of the business portion of the city. Then followed, at intervals, many more or less disastrous fires, but infinitely the most dreadful was that which took place on Wednesday, June 20th, 1877. In this at least a third of the whole city was annihilated. Nine hours sufficed for the swallowing of sixteen hundred and twelve buildings in the fiery vortex. The city burst into blaze in three separate parts at once. A strong wind fanned the flame. The rocks held and multiplied the furious heat till the streets glowed as a furnace, and the most massive structures of granite crumbled to powder, melting away swiftly like hoar-frost. The smoke was vomited up to the tops of the steeples, and there, driven on a level before the wind in rolling surges, formed a lurid roof which shut in the perishing city. The ships in the harbour were many of them burned before they could escape from their moorings. Coals and hot ashes were rained upon the villages miles about. In Fredericton, eighty-four miles distant, the sky to the south-east was like a wall of hot copper until daybreak. When the flames died out along the water's edge, all the city south of King Street had gone down. In a day or two the centres of the streets and the open squares were cool; and as one walked, ankle-deep in the soft, white ashes, at early morning, the scene was one of most weird and desolate grandeur. The sun shone over the dazzling ripples of the bay, over the silvered and soundless spaces which had been streets, and against the unclouded blue the thin smoke-wreaths rising from the cellars and masses of ruin took



MARKET SLIP, ST. JOHN, AT LOW TIDE.

a soft saffron colour. Here and there stood bleak, tall chimneys, red, and black, and gray, or thin fragments of high walls, loop-holed and ragged. At intervals the silence was broken by the crash of some masonry that had held itself up through the stress of the trial and now toppled reluctantly to its fall. In the centre of the squares, and in the open country about the city, were hundreds of tents and sorry cabins, wherein

reigned a sort of sullen tumult; and in spots a louder excitement, with piles of bottles and flasks close in view, testified that some treasures had been recovered out of the ruin by the endeavour of willing volunteers. On the site of one isolated liquor store, the *débris* of which still glowed most fervidly, stood a pitiable old figure poking, with a long-handled rake, among the ruins, his eyes gleaming with delight whenever an unbroken bottle was resurrected. St. John received prompt and liberal aid in her calamity, and rose from her fall with an energy and vitality that were marvellous. All that had been laid waste was rebuilt with added splendour, and the new city will compare more than favourably in its architecture with cities many times its size. But even yet, with so much of her capital locked up in costly blocks, she feels too vivid reminders of that grievously staggering blow.

What appears to the visitor as only one city really consists of two, connected by a populous street, which threads a deep ravine. These two cities, St. John and Portland, contain together nearly fifty thousand busy inhabitants. Some of the streets are cut through the solid Devonian rock, which towers, in places, far above the neighbouring roofs. Here and there one finds a street that may claim to be called level, but as a rule one's whole time in St. John must be spent in going up or down hill. It is, perhaps, from this that the women of St. John acquire their elastic and exquisitely balanced figures. These vagaries in the matter of level do not make St. John particularly well adapted for street-car traffic, but this disadvantage is counterbalanced by the excellence of her citizens' digestion, due to their abundant compulsory exercise. In the remotest corner of Canada a St. John man is promptly recognized by two possessions which are not supposed to go together—a sound digestion and a pocket corkscrew.

Running through the midst of Portland is a chain of bald, round hills, chief of which, Fort Howe Hill, is surmounted by a battery of heavy guns, commanding the harbour. These hills are so naked that only in scattered crevices and dips is there soil enough for the support of the tufted thin hill-grasses. From any one of these summits, on a clear night, when the moon is at the full, the view of the city and harbour is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined by the poet's brain. From the deep valleys, running in three different directions, comes a flare of light, which seems to brood just above the lines of the roofs, quivering with the din and movement beneath, and shrinking from contact with the calm, moonlighted upper air. In sharp contrast is the stillness of the silvered stretches of water beyond, upon which lie, black as jet, the hulls and heavy spars of the shipping, the light tracery of whose rigging is absorbed in the shimmering radiance. More to the left, beyond the most tumultuous of the busy valleys, that which holds in its deep heart the roaring terminal station of the Inter-colonial Railway, rises Jaffrey's Hill, with its steep lines of lights, leading to the highest portion of the city. No glare and bustle here, but this lamps gleam like



SALMON WEIRS, ST. JOHN HARBOUR.

red stars, and the massive walls of the hospital, with two or three high-steepled churches, loom heavily against the pale sky, touched with white light wherever a vane or metallic roof corner catches and throws back the flooding brightness. Yet farther to the left lie the unlighted expanses of the marshes, with a far-off gleam from Courtenay Bay's indolent waters.

Hardly appreciated by the inhabitants, yet perhaps the chief attractions which St. John has to offer the artist, are the quaint, picturesque, dilapidated "bits" to be found about the back of the harbour at low tide. Small houses and sheds of the oddest shape are built out from the face of the rocks, supported above reach of high tide by gaunt piles, rickety with age and shaggy with long, brown sea-weeds. In other places

a niche in the shore is seized upon, and built full of these tenements on stilts, piled in all positions and in admirable disorder, with refuse timbers above and under, and boats, and barrels; with brown nets drying on points of rock, and tan-coloured sails flapping from pole and roof tree. Sketchers' paradises these; and the high platforms for drying fish, in the absence of the fish, make a lounging, lunching, and sketching place that could not be improved. Here one is in an antique world of quiet and sunshine and odd corners; the warm-hued water pulses softly between the piles, waving the tresses of sea-weed, and flashing its gay sparkles up between the gaping boards of the platform. Down from the crest of the rock, by a clinging stairway, comes a girl, barefooted and bare-headed, greeting our admiring looks with gratified laughter. Even as we gaze, she vanishes within the door of one of the eyries, to reappear a moment later on the roof of another, where she proceeds to hang some garments out to dry.

When one makes up his mind to forsake St. John for Fredericton, in the language of Maritimers the "Celestial" city, he had better go by boat. This is, of course, the longer way, but what matters that to the summer tourist? By rail to Fredericton is less than sixty miles; by river it is eighty-four at least. But these eighty-four are each and all so fair that one could wish them twice as many. The steamer takes in her passengers at Indiantown, about three miles from St. John and above the falls. The freight is usually put aboard at one of the city wharves, below the falls, and the boat then waits till the tide serves to pass this strange obstruction. At the instigation of the man of the pencil, we classed ourselves as freight, and embarked at North Wharf at the comfortless hour of four, just on the edge of dawn. We were fain to go up through the falls. This cataract is of interest even to one satiated with cataracts. It is worth getting up at daybreak to become acquainted with, for it stands almost alone among waterfalls in being reversible. At one time it falls in one direction, in a few hours it is falling in the other direction. You go away marvelling. You return, of course, to settle the matter finally, and behold, there is not a vestige of a fall. You look down from the suspension-bridge, and instead of a seething tumult of mad surges assaulting the gray walls of the gorge, you see a placid surface, flecked here and there with gently wheeling foam-bubbles. This peace is but temporary; it passes away swiftly. And it is not strange that vessels on their way up river seek to catch this happy moment of mid-tide. The whole volume of the great St. John River, which is nearly 500 miles long, and four or five in breadth half a dozen leagues above the city, at this point finds its way to the sea through a deep ravine not a couple of stone-throws across, spanned by a suspension-bridge. When the ebb-tide has emptied the harbour, the accumulated river-waters fall through this ravine as through a mighty sluice-gate. As the tide returns the fury of the escape is diminished, the river is gradually checked, till a level is reached on either side of the great gate, and quiet reigns while the antagonists take a breathing space. But soon the tremendous Fundy

tide overpowers the river, bears it down, and roars triumphing through to brim the upper basin. Before it can accomplish much in this direction, however, its retreat is ordered, and the recovering river presses heavily on its rear. This battle is fought twice every day; and the river is so far successful that it holds its freedom, and can never be subjugated into a tidal river with drowned shores and banks of ooze. The



SUSPENSION-BRIDGE, ST. JOHN, AT LOW TIDE.

St. John is able to guard its narrow pass. Were the gate to be thrown wide open, as are those of other rivers, the barbarous hordes of the tide would overwhelm miles on miles of the low-lying centre of New Brunswick.

Soon after we embarked the boat cast off, to make the passage of the falls, and then waited at Indiantown till nine o'clock for passengers. Exquisitely fair appeared the sleeping city as we drew off from the wharf, and the scene came out broadly before our eyes. The day broke in saffron and cool pink behind roof and spire, and steep streets and piled-up walls. Coils of mist got up sluggishly as we ploughed through the eddying waters. As we neared the suspension-bridge the cliffs towered higher and higher above the saw-mills fringing their base. The mills were waking into shrill life as we steamed

past. In sight of the bridge we found we had not hit the time quite accurately. We were just a little late; the whirlpools were beginning to open, and low, white surges



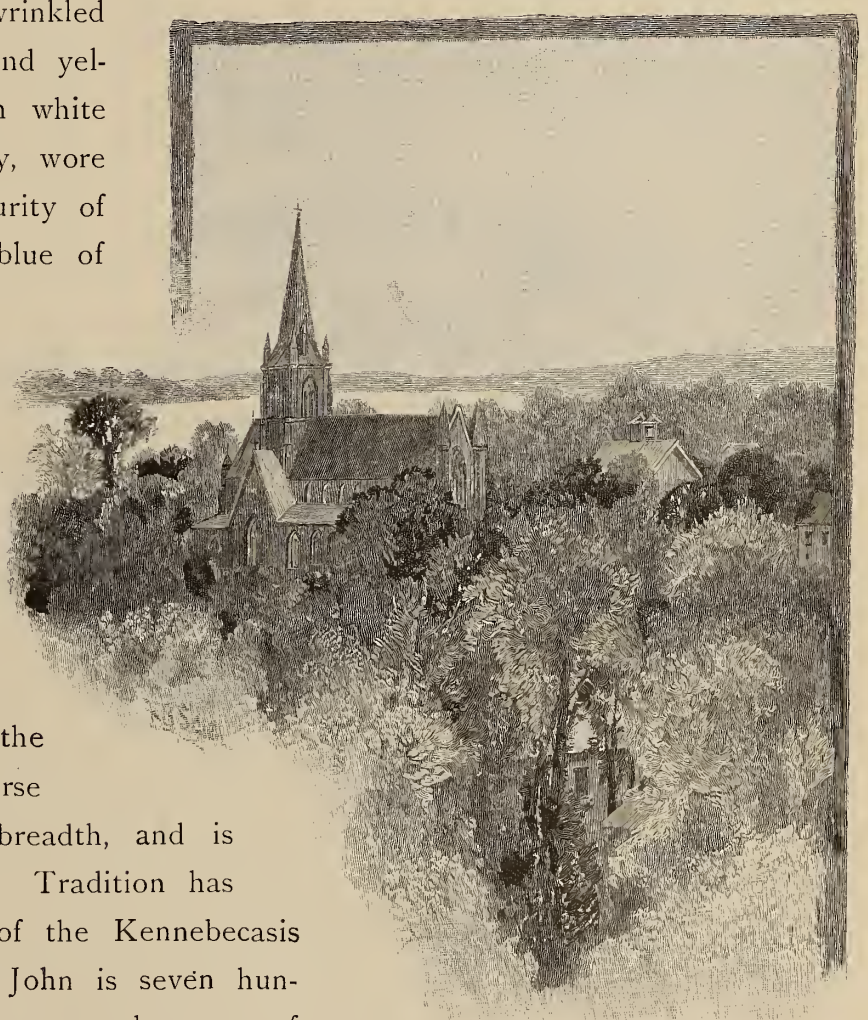
FREDERICTON, FROM THE RIVER.

were leaping up and sinking. The passage was still safe, however, and with a mighty tremor, and two or three violent plunges to left and right, as the under-currents wrenched her keel, we were beyond the gorge, and were sweeping round toward Indiantown. Even while we held our breath, however, under the bridge, we noticed that the frowning grandeur of imminent dark walls which closed about us was defiled by the advertiser's filthy brush and pot. In huge letters, ochre-coloured, and crude white, and rasping red, were proclaimed the virtues of half a score of *quackeries*. In whose hands soever lies the power to forbid such vandalism, the citizens of St. John should see to it that the power be exerted.

As the boat swings off from the wharf at Indiantown and heads up through "the Narrows," we are impelled to credit the theory that the present outlet of the St. John is not its ancient pathway to the sea. The river, it is said, had formerly two mouths, one leading from Grand Bay through the low lands west of Carleton, the other from Kennebecasis by the marshes to Courtenay Bay. The present channel bears no signs of erosion. It seems to have been opened by a tearing asunder of the rock strata; and the same stupendous convulsion which raised all the coast west from St. John thirty feet above its former level, and at this place clove the solid hills to their granitic bases, probably in its earlier stages obliterated the old channels of the

river. There is a tradition among the Indians that the Great Spirit once grew angry with the mighty river, insolent in its strength, and shut the gates to ocean against it. A variation of the story is that a great beaver appeared upon the earth, and in one night built a dam across the outlet, turning all the inland country into lake and marsh, and drowning the people. Even now, when the river is swollen with the spring freshets, it finds "the Narrows" very insufficient as an exit, and is driven back upon the intervales.

Here and there, as we passed, from niches far up in the many-coloured naked precipices we noticed sudden puffs of white smoke, followed in a second or two by a dull boom, and then by the rattle of falling rock-splinters. The miners were at work. As the great walls drew apart before us, and we steamed out from "the Narrows" into the splendid lake-like expanse of Grand Bay, it was high morning. The widely separate, bright-green shores, sharply cut off from the sapphire of the wind-wrinkled waters by a fringe of red and yellow beach, and dotted with white homesteads glittering keenly, wore a delicious freshness and purity of tone under the unclouded blue of the sky. To our right, between two rounded headlands crouched in guard, opened the beautiful sheet of water called the Kennebecasis, which would be esteemed a mighty river could it but escape from the neighbourhood of its mightier sovereign. For the lower eighteen miles of its course it averages two miles in breadth, and is navigable for sea-going craft. Tradition has it that the measured depth of the Kennebecasis at its junction with the St. John is seven hundred feet. It is a river of renown, the scene of an infinite deal of yachting and pleasuring, of the pair-oared skiffs of summer sweethearts, and of the famous boat-races which have time and again driven all St. John mad with excitement. Here trained the "Paris Crew," which at the World's Fair at Paris lifted St. John into



A VIEW IN FREDERICTON.

the broad blaze of fame as the home of the champion oarsmen of the world. Hither came the Tyne-siders to wrest away their laurels, and here fell dead in the struggle their gallant stroke, Renforth.

But as we discourse of these things to the man of the pencil, revolving at the same time many other memories which are the sweeter kept for private delight, we lose sight of the crouching headlands—the vision of the guarding Mounts—and passing one or two low islands, brimming with wealth of grass and scented clover, we enter on what is called the Long Reach, and there is open ahead of us a stretch of broad water unswervingly straight for nearly twenty miles. The shores rise from the water's edge lofty and thick-wooded, and bright little villages sparkle in all the nooks and hollows. What a fresh wind draws down this long funnel, dashing into our faces the thin crests of the white-caps and the spray from our vessel's bow, and compelling us to hold fast our hats! A boat is seen to put off from the near shore ahead, and soon there is a hoarse whistle from our steam-pipe and we slack speed. Here is a "subject," and he of the pencil whips out his sketch-book, makes one futile effort to divide his attention between his hat and his prospective sketch, then snatches off the hat and with an air of heroic determination sits upon it. The approaching boat is rowed by a seedy-looking Charon. Its bow is high out of water. In its stern is a solitary female, dressed in her best, with many blossoms of divers hues in her bonnet —muslin blossoms—and a much-fringed parasol held with dignity between the sun and her complexion. At her feet is a barrel of corn-meal, freight consigned to the corner grocery of some more remote up-river village, in the eyes of which this on the shore beside us is almost a metropolis. Our paddles are vigorously reversed as the boat closes under our lofty white side; one of the "hands" grapples her bow with the iron beak of a "pike-pole," she is held firmly to our gangway in spite of the surge and wash from the paddles, and barrel and female are deftly transferred to our lower deck. In another moment we are once more throbbing onward, the skiff dancing like an insane cork as it drifts back in the yeasty tumult of our wake.

At the head of the Reach are two or three islands of a pattern not generally affected by the islands of the St. John. They are high, rocky, and mantled in spruce and fir, birch and hackmatack. The typical island of the St. John River is a low, luxurious fragment of intervale, edged with thick alder and red willow, with here and there a magnificent elm, and here and there a hay-stack. One of these islands which we pass has no apparent reason for its existence, save that it serves as a rim for a broad and shallow lake, beloved of duck and rail. As we pass what looks like a very long island, we inflict upon the artist a reminiscence explaining the name of this curious bit of land structure. Some years ago the writer made the ascent of the St. John in a birch-bark, and, naturally, always hugged the shore to avoid the force of the current. Toward dusk he saw before him what seemed the foot of an island. To shoreward the current was delight-



JUNCTION OF THE NASHWAAK AND TAY.

fully slack until it disappeared altogether; but he paddled on, heedless and rejoicing, for miles. At last he found himself in a little reedy bay leading nowhither; and his chart, too late consulted, told him this was "The Mistake." His birch had borne him lovingly so far, and now it was his turn to carry his birch. Well weary, with an attentive retinue of mosquitoes, he made a painful portage of a mile or more through the twilight, and slept under his canoe by the open river, once more content.

Above the Reach the fringe of intervale becomes continuous, and increases in width all the way to Fredericton. Sometimes it is confined to one shore, but it is ever present. This soil is the wealth of the river farmers. Deep, of inexhaustible richness, because its renewal of youth is the regular fertilizing spring overflow of the St. John, it bears prodigal crops of grain and grass, and breeds such towering elms to shade its bosom as we have never seen elsewhere. All through this park-like country, wherever a gentle swell of ground promises an island of refuge in the floods, are scattered the well-contented farmsteads—capacious, fair, white dwellings, surrounded by red and gray barns, nestling down among apple-orchards, and with the sweeping boughs of elms, alive with black-birds, waving over them softly all day long. Behind all are the rounded sombre hills; and from these come brawling down brooks to startle the quiet. But touching the valley they yield to the spell of pervading peace, and steal along by circuitous courses, deep and still, with lilies on their bosom and their banks curtained with green.

What shall be said of the fertility of soil which often yields two crops in one season—in the spring a crop of *fish*, a liberal crop; and later an equally bountiful gift of grain or roots or hay. In many places the farmer sets his nets, and draws them bursting with silvery gaspereaux, where a few weeks after he will be ploughing and planting, thirsty under the hot sun, and no drop of water within sight.

We pass upon our left the little shiretown of Queen's County, Gagetown, than which is nowhere to be found a village more slumbrous:—

"Oh, so drowsy! In a daze
Sweating 'mid the golden haze,
With its one white row of street
Carpeted so green and sweet,
And the loungers smoking still
Over gate and window-sill;
Nothing coming, nothing going,
Locusts grating, one cock crowing,
Few things moving up or down,
All things drowsy—Drowsytown!"

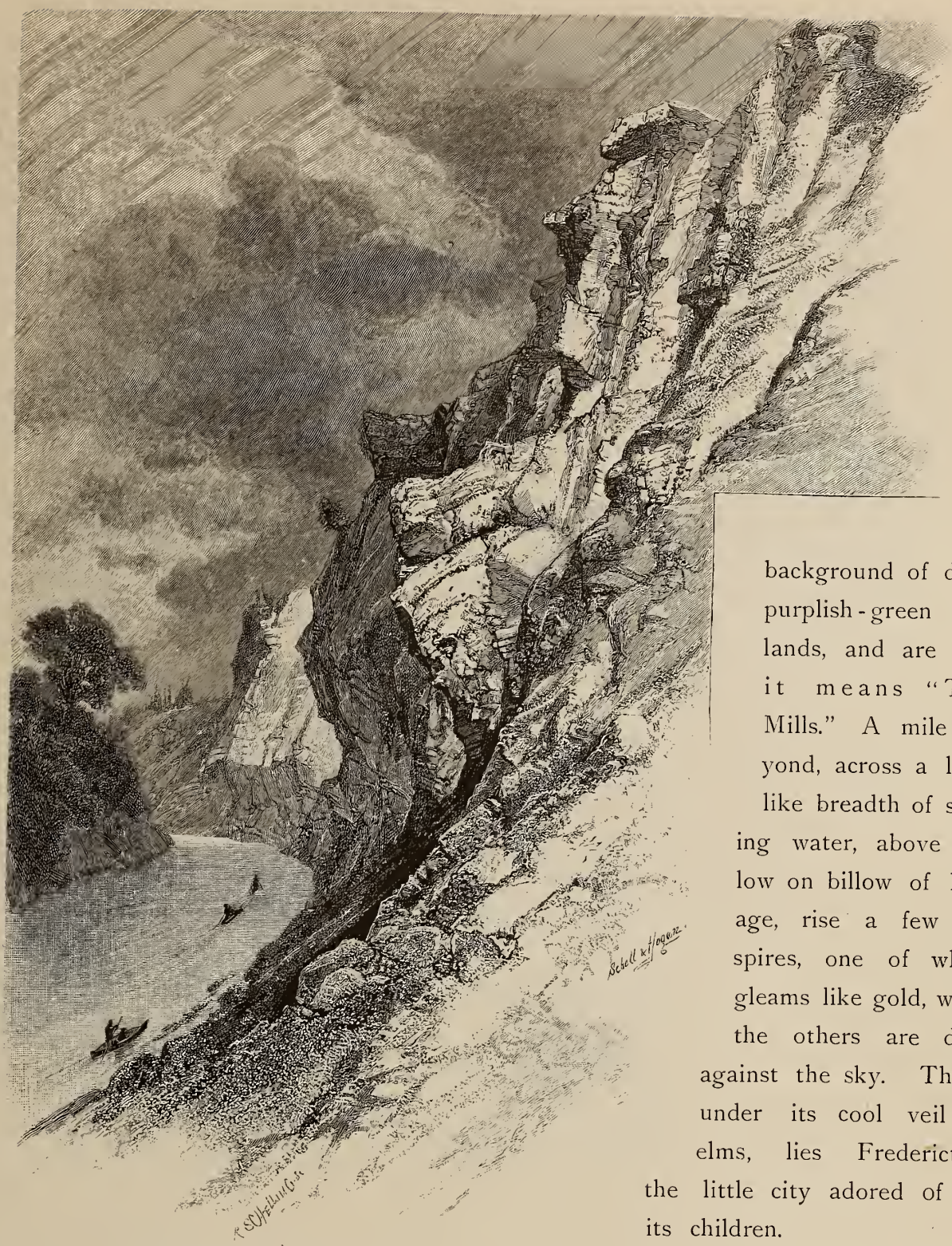
Canoeing in the old days, on reaching the neighbourhood of Gagetown, no matter what his haste, the traveller was apt to push through the lily-pads to shore, rest his

birch on the warm grasses, and indulge in hours of lotus-eating amid the summer scents and murmurs. On the other side is the mouth of the Gemsec, a deep, slow stream, the outlet of Grand Lake. The heavy-throated dwellers in this region call this stream the "Jumsack." Here was the site of one of La Tour's trading-posts and a strong fort, in its remoteness secure from all but the most determined onslaughts of the New Englanders. But several bitter struggles raged about it during its season of importance as the centre whence were organized and directed the expeditions of the Indians against the English settlements in Maine. Grand Lake is more than thirty miles in length, and lies in the centre of the New Brunswick coal area. There are large deposits of fairly good coal about its borders, and the lake-beaches are interesting to the geologist, affording many excellent specimens of fossil ferns and calamites, to say nothing of jasper and carnelian.

Beyond Gagetown, early in the afternoon, we enter the County of Sunbury, which formerly comprised all New Brunswick, but is now the smallest of the counties, though, perhaps, the garden of the Province. Maugerville, which we see from the wharf through a thick curtain of willows, is the oldest English settlement on the St. John. It was founded by a number of immigrants from Massachusetts in 1766, who were joined a few years later by Loyalist refugees. These were men quiet but indomitable. They suffered grievously for the first few years, and were several times in danger of extermination by the Indians. For protection against the fort on the Gemsec, which they perpetually dreaded, they built a fort at the Oromocto mouth, opposite their settlement, where now their descendants build wood-boats and river schooners. Gradually they compelled success, and their children in these days, as a rule, display like characteristics.

We make a long stop at the Maugerville wharf, taking aboard potatoes, a few huddling sheep, and a yoke of stubborn oxen for the Fredericton market. The shores above and below the wharf are edged with mighty willows, planted not for effect, but for the protection afforded by their roots against the current, which would eat the soft bank rapidly. At points particularly exposed there is built a guarding wall of cedar piles. Over all this region the St. John exerts its sovereignty with most unqualified vigour. Here the spring freshets reign supreme, and for weeks at a time the farmers may be compelled to go from house to barn, from barn to shed, in row-boats or small, light scows. To school go teachers and children, not in carriages, but in skiffs, taking many a short cut across the drowned meadows. When the family would go to church the boat is brought around to the front door; sometimes it is kept tied there. And the adventurous small Maugervillians explore in wash-tubs the extremest recesses of the back yard. Of course it is not always so bad as this; but sometimes it is worse.

It is nearly four o'clock when we catch sight of volumes of white smoke against a



PLASTER ROCKS, TOBIQUE RIVER.

background of dark, purplish-green uplands, and are told it means "The Mills." A mile beyond, across a lake-like breadth of shining water, above billow on billow of leafage, rise a few tall spires, one of which gleams like gold, while the others are dark against the sky. There, under its cool veil of elms, lies Fredericton, the little city adored of all its children.

TO FREDERICTON IN MAY-TIME.

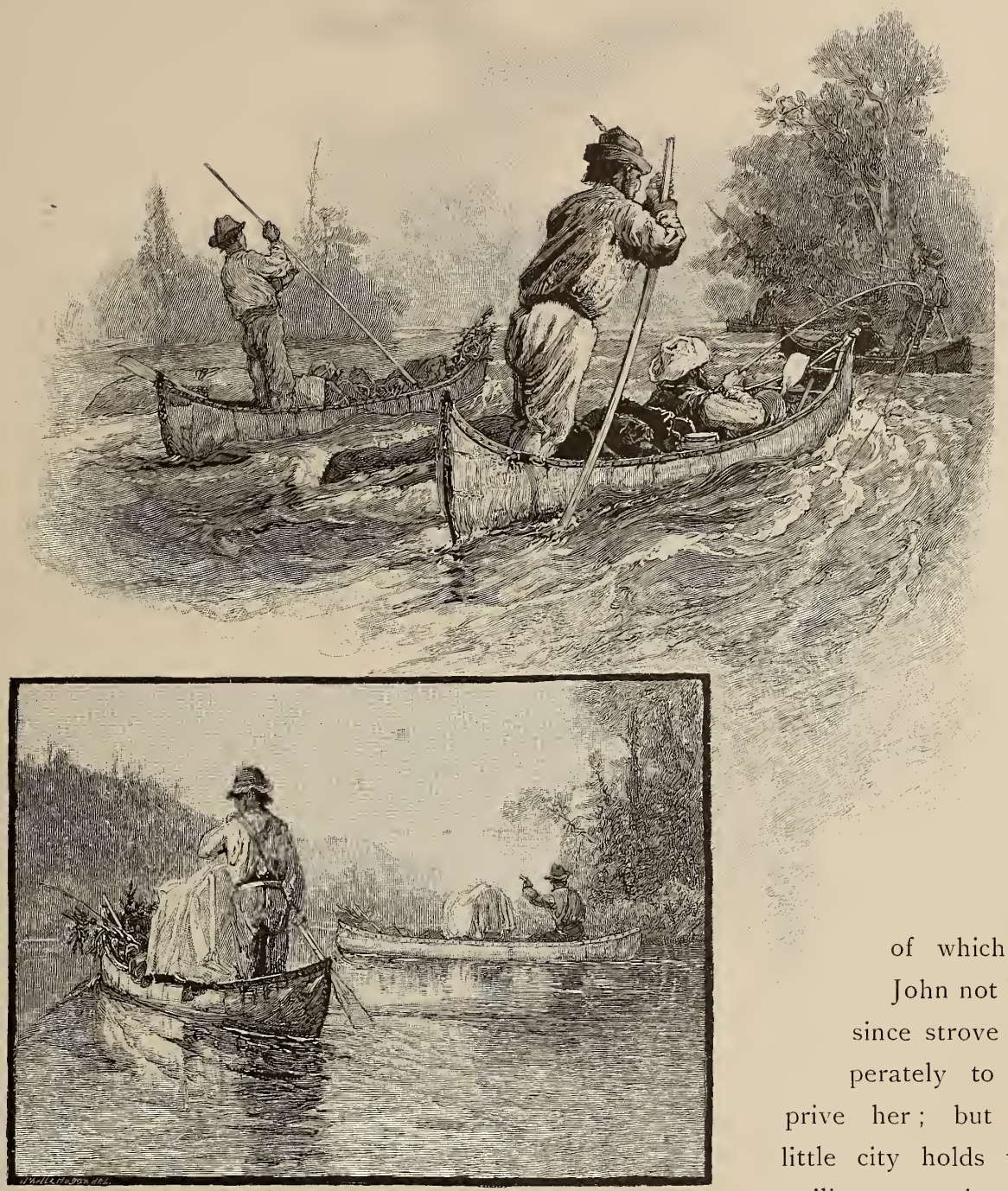
This morning full of breezes and perfume—
Brimful of promise of midsummer weather—
When bees, and birds, and I are glad together,
Breathes of the full-leaved season, when soft gloom

Chequers thy streets, and thy close elms assume
Round roof and spire the semblance of green billows;
Yet now thy glory is the yellow willows—
The yellow willows full of bees and bloom.

Under their mealy blossoms black-birds meet,
And robins pipe amid the cedars nigher;
Through the still elms I hear the ferry's beat;
The swallows chirp about the towering spire;
The whole air pulses with its weight of sweet.
Yet not quite satisfied is my desire.

Within a year of the elevation of New Brunswick into a separate Province, the Governor, Sir Thomas Carleton, removed the seat of government to what was then known as St. Ann's Point, a spacious, sweeping curve of intervale ground, isolated by a line of highlands jutting upon the river above and below. About four miles long and a mile in breadth, watered by small brooks, wooded with elms of fairest proportion, clear of underbrush as a well-kept park, and carpeted waist-deep with luxurious grasses, it was certainly a tempting spot upon which to found a city. Not for the loveliness of the spot, however, was it chosen to hold the capital of the infant Province; strategical considerations moved the soul of Sir Thomas. Of a peaceful country the very peaceful heart, Fredericton owed its birth, and for long its existence, to the military spirit engendered by the War of Independence. St. John was open to attacks from hostile New England; and, moreover, it had speedily become obvious that its spirit would be aggressively commercial. It is hard to say which of these was in the eyes of Sir Thomas the greater evil. He saw that St. Ann's Point was a fair spot, easy of settlement, admirably adapted for defence, almost inaccessible by land, and not easily accessible by water save for ships of light draught. Against these, also, a few cannon on the heights below the town, at Simonds' Creek, would be an adequate protection. From the military point of view, then, Sir Thomas had every reason to be satisfied with Fredericton; and not less so from the anti-commercial.

The little city, that has stood still for years at a population of 6,000, is wealthy and looks it, but is troubled with an ambition to rival St. John and to become a great distributing centre for the agricultural up-river counties, and for the mining and fishing North Shore. She has ever been, and is, a centre of the lumber trade; but for the most part the Levites of commerce have but glanced upon her and gone by on the other side. The smoke of factories obstinately refuses to blacken skies so fair as hers; even a railroad, when it draws nigh, goes reverently and stays its course in the outskirts. Since the troops have been withdrawn, she has consoled herself for the commercial supremacy of St. John by making secure her political, ecclesiastical, and intellectual throne. She has the departmental and parliamentary buildings and the courts of law,



POLING UP AND PADDLING DOWN.

of which St. John not long since strove desperately to deprive her; but the little city holds with smiling tenacity to those good things she hath, and her big antagonist was worsted. She has also the cathedral—the most perfect specimen of pure Gothic architecture in Canada—and a multitude of churches. She has the Provincial University, and the Provincial Normal School. Call her a cathedral city, call her a university town, and her part is well filled. But should the change she prays for be wrought upon her, should she begin to grow, to bustle, to drive bargains, her distinctive charms would swiftly disappear. Her hopes, however, are

centred in the building of the Miramichi Valley Railroad, to run up the fertile and populous Nashwaak, over the backbone of the Province, and down the south-west Miramichi, a long-settled but largely undeveloped section of the country. With this road built, and the St. John bridged at the upper end of the city, Fredericton would probably swing out of the eddies and find herself in the full tide of advancement. It is possible, at the same time, that the growth would take place chiefly in the suburbs of St. Mary's and Gibson, on the other side of the river, in which case the aristocratic quiet of Fredericton proper would not be disturbed. Otherwise we could imagine one of her citizens, under the hoped-for new dispensation, ill at ease in the unwonted stir and din, asserting, in response to many congratulations, that truly the change was sweet, but murmuring afterward with Mr. Matthew Arnold—

"Ah! so the quiet was,
So was the hush!"

At present the brooding peace is seldom ruffled, save when the opening of the river brings in swarms of well-paid and very thirsty lumbermen from their winter's seclusion in the remote heart of the woods, or when, on the evening of a certain Thursday which falls toward the last of June, the city sleeps with one eye open, and in the small hours starts up to find that the old university on the hill is in full eruption, that the night is bright with blazing tar-barrels, and musical with ubiquitous tin horns. Then the ground shakes with the thunderous report of a huge rusty cannon, which was presented to the students some years ago by the spirit of an old French General, whom, tradition says, they had rudely awakened out of his centuries' sleep. The students' glee club was wont to meet for practice, on moonlit nights, in a secret part of the grove where the General had been buried. He arose and bribed them with the cannon; and thenceforth the club met no more in that place.

He of the pencil, with whom we had much argument on the subject, decided that the best view of the city was that from the lower ferry landing on the opposite side of the river. We may say here that Fredericton can boast of three steam ferries—upper, middle, and lower—no one of which favours the idea of a bridge! Let us take a canoe from the St. Ann's Rowing Club boat-house, and examine this view from the other side. We do not see much of the city except its steeples, rising out of billows of elm-tops. Beautifully rounded willows line most of the water front; white steamers, red tugs, black wood-boats, and schooners fringe the wharves; but we feel a little disappointed. The Normal School building, though its back is to us, as is the case with most of the buildings we catch sight of, looks well. But we are forcibly attracted by the City Hall, which, with a supremely ridiculous little tower stuck upon its rear, to match the big clock-tower upon its front, looks like the back

view of some prehistoric mammal with a rudimentary tail, in an attitude of alert expectancy. We are also struck by the curious pepper-pot with which, mistaking it for a dome, the builders have crowned the really beautiful new Parliament House. This structure is of free-stone and grey granite, with fluted, square pillars up the front, and is simple and good in design—saving for the dome. Some of the most beautiful elms and butternuts in the city are scattered through the open grounds which surround it.

But let us take an observation from the cupola of the university. It is a bright afternoon in September, and an early frost has startled out the leaves into their full splendour. Behind rises the remnant of the hill, dark-green with spruce and hemlock; directly beneath is the level sward of the terraces, walled off from the keener winds by a dense thicket of cedars at the north end. From the edge of the lower terrace sweeps away the broad hillside, clothed with maples all aflame, birches cloaked in clear gold, oaks with foliage a mass of smouldering purples, beeches of a shining russet brown. Stretching from the hill-foot, miles to left and right and straight ahead, lies the river-valley, bounded by a rim of purple uplands. As the aftermath is fresh upon the meadows, and the elms have not yet begun to turn, this valley is for the most part pale-green, save where the river draws a broad ribbon of azure round the gleaming city, disappearing under the shoulder of the uplands to our right, or where a square of rich saffron colour tells of the yet unharvested grain. Some three miles in our front a spire pierces the green, and its whiteness is so pure as to be almost dazzling. That is Gibson's costly and beautiful, though florid little church.

Close at hand the white arches of a bridge denote the mouth of the Nashwaak River, opposite Sherman's wharf. There is the birth-place of the history of this spot. To that low point from behind which rolls out the Nashwaak, Villebon, true hero and leader of men, in 1692 betook himself from the Gemsec, to be still further secure from invasion, and to be nearer his Melicite allies. Here he built a large and well-stockaded fort, which in the autumn of 1696 was attacked by the New Englanders under Colonel Hawthorne and old Benjamin Church. Villebon, being forewarned, was forearmed. That redoubtable ecclesiastic, Father Simon, brought thirty-six of his *Medoctec* warriors to swell the garrison, and all was enthusiasm within the fort. The New Englanders landed with three cannon near the south shore of the stream, on a point now much frequented by the school-boys of Fredericton in the cherry season. Truly it is a charming spot, and its cherries are marvellously great and sweet and abundant. But the New Englanders found little pleasure therein. The fire from the fort by day dismounted one of their guns and suffered them not to work the others with any degree of comfort, while by night a plentiful hail of grape upon all such watch-fires as they lighted drove them to sleep unwarmed and wet, whence came in the morning much rheumatism and complaining. The undertaking became unpopular

in the invaders' camp, and under cover of the next night they forsook it and fled. In the autumn of 1698 the garrison was removed to Fort Latour, which had been rebuilt at the mouth of the St. John, and after Villebon's death in 1700 the Nashwaak fort was demolished. Nothing now remains to remind us of those exciting though uncomfortable times save some green mounds where once stood Villebon's ramparts, or a few rust-eaten cannon-balls which the farmer gathers in with his potato-crop.

To Grand Falls, 120 miles above Fredericton, one may go by rail; or he may continue by boat to Woodstock, and from that point take up his land-travel. The chief attractions of the river voyage between Fredericton and Woodstock, a distance of sixty miles, are to be found in the beauty of the Pokiok Falls which are passed *en route*, and in the oddity of the steamer, which is of the pattern called a "wheel-barrow-boat." This craft has heard of the feats of western vessels of her class, and claims to make occasional overland voyages after heavy rains.

Woodstock, a picturesque little town among hills and groves and well-tilled steep fields, is a dangerous rival to Fredericton for the up-river trade, on account of her position and the energy and enterprise of her citizens. Thrice has she been almost destroyed by fire, yet she rises quickly from her ashes, cheerful and busy as ever. She is very hopeful and self-reliant, has saw-mills, and iron-mines, and so nearly approaches the dignity of a city as to possess a suburb, called "Hardscrabble."

Above Woodstock the character of the river shores changes. The skirting intervales disappear, and the banks are lofty, bold, and diversified. The sketch which our graphite-wielding comrade made at Newbury Junction, a few miles up from Woodstock, while we waited for the train to take us to Tobique and Grand Falls, is characteristic of the up-river scenery in its more temperate moods. The New Brunswick Railroad traverses the heights, crossing wild and profound ravines on bridges of spidery build; again it rushes out upon a fertile rolling champaign laughing with prosperity; and anon it carries us back into the fire-ravaged wildernesses. But everywhere we see that the soil is strong, and the country capable of sustaining a great population.

At the little village of Andover, some twenty-four miles below Grand Falls, we resolved to ascend the beautiful Tobique River, partly for the sake of its scenery, but more, it must be confessed, for the sake of its trout-fishing. We had little difficulty in securing three trusty Melicites, with their still more trusty canoes—a canoe and an Indian for each of our party. The inhabitants of this Tobique village are making excellent progress in civilization. They are intelligent and religious, own many horses and cattle, do some good farming, and show no signs of poverty. Their village is fairly clean, their houses are well built and cared for. Sewing-machines prove that even hither had the persuasive travelling agent found his way. Beside one door stood a handsome baby carriage, with a black-eyed, red little Melicite crowing proudly



ON THE TOBIQUE.

therein ; and we found in the chief's cottage a good cabinet organ, beside which were some piles of sheet-music and a violin. Some of these Indians win for themselves French wives from among the *habitants* of Madawaska county. One of our guides, by name Frank Solas, spoke English fairly well, French better, Micmac thoroughly, and his native Melicite. He could also *write* English intelligibly. His companions, Tom and Steve, had not attained to quite so wide and varied a culture, but they were quick-witted and receptive ; while Steve was almost an encyclopædia of useful knowledge, and his knowledge he was wont to impart with a laconic terseness which an encyclopædist might have envied.

It was late in the afternoon when at last we found ourselves afloat upon the green waters of the Tobique, which lay in rich contrast with the amber current of

the St. John. We leaned back luxuriously upon hemlock branches heaped in the bow of each canoe, while our Melicites, erect in the stern, propelled us against the swift tide with long, surging thrusts of their white spruce poles. In half an hour we reached "The Narrows," where the straitened river hisses along for nearly a mile through a deep gorge marvellously tortuous. It struck us as a miniature of the sublime cañon through which the river St John thunders and smokes away from its mighty plunge at Grand Falls. It took us two hours to struggle up through these narrows. The glistening green and white waters curled maliciously as they split and sheered past our obstinate bows. The white poles trembled and flickered under the strain, and great beads of sweat rolled down the guides' dark faces. Here and there we clung a few moments with our hands to some projecting cornice of rock, and snatched a breathing space. Only once did we find a side eddy large enough to hold our canoes for a little while out of the grasp of the current. Above our heads towered the ragged and overhanging cliffs, unscalable, with an occasional dwarf cedar swinging out from precarious foothold in some high crevice. The sombre surface of the shale through which this chasm has been cleft is traversed by irregular seams of white limestone, forming a delicate tracery in strong contrast with the rest of the scene. Above the Narrows the river widens abruptly, the current becomes almost placid, and the shores turn pastoral. We camped here for the night, and pitched our tent on a tiny piece of clean sward, half surrounded by a veritable forest of tall ferns. No such ferns as these for luxuriance are to be found elsewhere in Canada. We cut them by the armful for our beds, and our dreams that night were pervaded by their fragrance.

Allowing for such exceptions as shall hereafter be noted, the banks of the Tobique are a mixture of deep intervale and fertile upland, all admirably adapted to the support of a farming population. Wherever the shores are low the natural growth consists of elm and water-ash and balsamic poplar, rising from a quiet sea of grasses and flaunting weeds. In such regions the wild iris is everywhere in possession along the water's brim, holding purple revel with the multitude of azure and golden dragonflies; and everywhere, also, the broad, green banners of the fern. But where the low, round hills draw close to the water the shores display the warm olive tints of fir-thickets, mingled with the pale colour of birches and the glaucous hues of hackmatack. For many miles of its course the river runs through red sandstones, very warm and vivid in tone. We passed long ranges of bank so steep that most of the soil had slipped away, and the glowing red surface was netted over with a deep-green tangle of vines, accentuated here and there with a group of cedars. The splendour of such colouring under full sunlight, with the rosy reflections from the bottom of the shallow river seeming to set the very air aflush, we can find no words to paint. At the Red Rapids the river chafes down over a long incline of this sandstone; and here a new effect is produced by the chill white of the waves which leap up against the great red

boulders in the channel. These rapids are three-quarters of a mile in length, and to spare our devoted Melicites we disembarked and made a detour on foot. We stopped awhile on the way to cast a fly in a tempting lakelet, and on reaching the head of the rapid found our Indians complacently awaiting us.

This obstruction passed, we crept on indolently. Under the measured, slow thrusts of the pole, the canoe kept climbing forward against the current with a gentle, pulsing motion. Though at this season the larger trout had retreated to the upper waters, or were gathered at the mouths of brooks, yet all about us swarmed the small fish, eager and hungry. Dropping our flies lazily to either hand, we landed all we needed to keep our frying-pan supplied. Soon growing too sybaritic for such exertion, we gazed with idle approval upon the little villages, snug, solitary farmsteads, and quaint, deserted mills that from time to time unfolded to our view. But for the most part we were out of sight and hearing of civilization. Once we passed a raft laden with hemlock bark, stranded in the shallows and forsaken till a more convenient season should arrive. Voyaging on thus carelessly, we had nothing to make us complain save an occasional light shower, or some over-fervency in the sunshine. When encamped, however, came the mosquitoes and other equally fierce denizens of the wild, desperately athirst for our blood. Our artist went to the fire, hung up his wet socks to dry upon the "cheep-lah-quah-gan," and proceeded to anoint himself copiously with tar-ointment.

We have mentioned the "cheep-lah-quah-gan." High indeed is the importance of this article in a camper's eyes. As soon as a landing is made one sallies into the woods to cut a "cheep-lah-quah-gan." By this the pot and the kettle are enabled to perform their duties, upon this are hung the party's damp garments, on this depends half the picturesqueness of the camp. It is simply a hard-wood pole forked at one end, the other end pointed and driven into the ground at a low angle. It is fortified in this position with a few stones, and the fire is built thereunder.

On our third day from Andover we reached the "Plaster Cliffs," whose beauty more than surpassed our expectations. The river at this point is narrow. One shore is low, semi-tropical in the luxuriance of its vegetation; while on the other hand rises from the water's edge the broken front of the cliffs. The strata are twisted intricately, and the whole rock-face is a lovely blending of pale grays, purples, reds, browns, and white. The rock crumbles easily, and settlers come from miles about and bear it away by cart-loads as a top-dressing for their grass-lands. To the exquisite colour of the rock itself was added here and there a mass of the most vivid green and violet, where some broad patches of vetch clung against the steep surface. Here and there, also, was a drapery of pale lycopodiums, a thick fringe of pendulous blue-bells, or a silvery veil of the wild yarrow.

At the mouth of the Gulquac stream we first obtained such fishing as we de-

sired. But still better was the sport which is brought to mind by the recollection of "Blue Mountain." All along under the fish-fence of stakes and brush-wood extending to mid-stream, what swarms of trout lay in ambush, and how hungrily they rose to the fly! Splendid fellows, too, and full of play. As for the mountain, a geological report which is at hand, assures us that its height is two thousand one hundred feet, and that its summits are visited by terrific thunderstorms.



ST. JOHN RIVER, NEAR NEWBURY JUNCTION.

The next day Bald Mountain came in view, a round, naked peak thrust up from the bosom of an impassable cedar-swamp. Upon the solitary arm of a dead, gray pine-tree on the shore perched a white-headed eagle, which thrust out its neck with a gesture of anxious inquiry, and yelped at us as we passed. Soon we reached the Forks, where the fishing surpassed itself. We remained a day, and the store of trout which rewarded us the Indians salted down in little crates of birch-bark for the homeward trip.

At the Forks the right branch, or Tobique proper, flowing from the south, is joined by the Mamozekel from the east, and the Nictor, or Little Tobique, from the north. Up this stream, the wildest, grandest, and most beautiful of the three, we pushed to its source in Little Tobique Lake. This lake is the most sombre of inland waters. Its depth is mysteriously great, so that, though pure as crystal, it looks black even close to shore. The hills stand all about it, and Nictor Mountain dominates it. The winds seemed never to descend to the level of its bosom, and the woods that fringed it were silent. We saw no birds here but a bittern, plainly out of her reckoning, and a white-headed eagle which stood guard over the scene. We explored, sketched, fished; and, moved by a spirit of defiance, we took a swim in the icy waters, and shocked the ancient forests with rollicking songs. But soon the weird solemnity of the spot overmastered us. We became grave. Then we turned and fled back. The journey down was very swiftly accomplished. The distance of a hundred and odd miles was covered in a day and a half. The Indians sat and paddled gently,

and the shores slipped by like visions half noted in a dream. The sun shone hotly, but we were well protected from his beams;—the manner of it may be seen in the picture which stands in contrast with that entitled "Poling Up." When we came to the Red Rapids we cast aside our canopies, and seized our paddles. There was a brief season of wild excitement, while the canoes leaped down through the mad, white chutes, many a time just grazing through the perilous jaws of rock which thronged the channel. A longer and severer test of our Indians' skill awaited us at the Narrows, which we raced through during a sudden storm, with lightning gleaming across the gorge, and the roar of the water mingled with thunder in our ears. That evening we bade our guides a temporary farewell, and took train for Grand Falls.

Canada is the land of cataracts, and so many have been depicted in these pages already that the reader's ears may be wearied with the sound of many waters. Yet to pass hastily by the Grand Falls would be nearly as irreverent as to ignore Niagara. It is no rash enthusiasm to speak thus. Incomparably less in magnitude than Niagara the proportions and surroundings of the Grand Falls are such that they produce a similar overwhelming effect. A river nearly a quarter of a mile in width narrows to three hundred feet, and takes a perpendicular plunge of eighty feet into a chasm, beside the gloom and raging of which the gorge at Niagara seems joyous.



EMPTYING SALMON-NETS BY TORCHLIGHT.

The village of Grand Falls is an irregular scattering of white cottages upon the summit of a high plateau. From end to end down the centre runs a street ambitiously named Broadway. In truth, it is broad enough to be mistaken for a meadow. Over it, even in the hottest days, there is a continual racing of cool breezes. The citizens may be studied to best advantage in the neighbourhood of the little Post Office or in the shadow of the huge

white pillars which adorn the front of the hotel. These pillars are Doric in their massive simplicity; and the whole structure causes one to fancy that a Greek temple has captured a modern white washed barn and has proudly stuck it on behind. In spite of the paucity of citizens, the streets have an air of life, the pigs being numerous and always engaged in some work of excavation, while the geese are as clamorous as hawkers.

It was a perfect night when we arrived. The summer moon was at the full, low down in the sky, so we went straightway out upon the suspension-bridge which spans the gorge a few stone-throws below the falls. The falls are nowhere visible till you meet them face to face, but their tremendous trampling had filled our ears ever since leaving the hotel. From the centre of the bridge, which trembled in the thunder and was drenched continually with spray-drift, we looked straight into the face of the cataract, through the vagueness of the moonlight and the mist. On the one side leaned over the great crags, black as ebony, with their serrated crest of fir-tops etching the broad moon, which had not yet risen quite clear of them. On the other hand the higher portions of the rock, being wet, shone like silver in the light. To the white chaos beneath us no moon-ray filtered down, and we could mark there nothing definite. As we watched the cataract in silence the moon rose higher, and suddenly athwart the swaying curtains of the mist came out the weird opalescent arch of a lunar rainbow, which kept dissolving and rebuilding before our eyes. Not till it had melted finally did we go back to the hotel.



INDIANS MAKING TORCHES.

We took days to examine the falls and explore the grim wonders of the gorge. The longer we stayed the stronger grew the spell of the place. At the base of the cataract is thrust up a cone of rock some forty or fifty feet in height, which the foam alternately buries and leaves bare. From the foot of the descent the river does not, as at Niagara, *flow* away. It does not even rush or dart



LITTLE TOBIQUE LAKE.

away, but it is belched and volleyed off with an explosive force so terrific that masses of water, tons-weight, are hurled boiling into the air, where they burst asunder vehemently, white to the heart. Great waves leap unexpectedly far up against the walls of the chasm. At times the river heaps itself up on one side, giving a brief glimpse of naked rock down to the very bed of the gigantic trough. This ungovernable bursting of the waters continues through almost the whole extent of the gorge. A side ravine close beside the fall, a sort of vast wedge-shaped niche, is piled full of hundreds of thousands of logs, jammed inextricably during the Spring freshets. At half-freshet, when the cone is entirely hidden, we have seen mighty pine timbers lunge over the brink, vanish instantly, and then be shot their full length into the air, perhaps fifty yards away from the fall. Sometimes a log is raised half its length above the surface and held there in a strange fashion, so that it goes off down the torrent on its end, spinning like a top.

Throughout the gorge occur several minor falls, which disappear when the river is high. Except during freshet, most of the gorge is accessible to good climbers. At one point an elaborate stairway has been built to the water's edge. Here, in the opposite cliffs, there is a recess which is occupied by "the Coffee Mill." This is a whirlpool about one hundred feet across, kept constantly full of logs, blocks, and *débris*. The water is invisible under its burden, which sweeps around its circle unceasingly, ever striving to escape at the outlet and ever inexorably sucked back. Where the floor of the gorge is exposed the strata are all upon edge, crushed

together in coils and folds. Here are the "Wells," as they are justly called, deep circular pits, bored clean into the heart of the bed-rock. Here also is the cave, which is like the open jaws of some Titanic crocodile, threatening to crash together momently. Toward the exit from the gorge, which, by the way, is about a mile in extent, the cliffs again withdraw a little space to make room for Falls Brook Basin, a still black pool supposed unfathomable, contrasting its sullen surface with the white wrath of the torrent which roars past on the other side of a low shoulder of rock. From this pool towers, unbroken, perpendicular, and smooth as glass, a precipice two hundred feet in height. Toward one side of this vast wall, where it begins to break, Falls Brook spreads itself in a noiseless network of silver,

"And, like a downward smoke,
Along the cliff to fall, and pause, and fall doth seem."

It was here, if tradition lieth not, that the Indians used to hurl down their captives taken in war.

As might be expected, Grand Falls has been the scene of many an awful tragedy. The first bridge over the gorge fell with several teams upon it. Lumbermen—"stream-drivers"—have been sucked down, and, caught probably in the dreadful whirl of the Coffee Mill, never the smallest trace of them has been seen thereafter. One tragic story is a story also of woman's heroism. In the days when the Melicites were a great nation their implacable enemies were the Mohawks. A Mohawk war party launched its canoes upon the head-waters of the St. John, intending by this new route to surprise the chief village of the Melicites, at Au pak. Before reaching the Falls they captured a small party of Melicites, all of whom they put to death save one young squaw, who was kept to be their guide through the strange waters. As they drifted silently down



MAKING NEW POLE FOR CANOE.

by night she was put in the foremost canoe, and ordered to take them to a safe landing in the Upper Basin, whence they would, next day, make a portage around the cataract. She steered them straight for the vortex. When they started up from their half-slumber, with the hideous menace of that thunder in their ears, it was too late. A few moments of agonizing effort with their useless paddles, then they and their captive were swept into the gulf. Never did another Mohawk invasion vex the Melicites; but the latter have not preserved the name of the girl who saved them.



STRIPPING OR BARKING A TREE FOR TORCHES.

From Grand Falls by train to the mouth of Grand River; and hence, with our guides and canoes, summoned from Andover to meet us, we set out for the Restigouche and North Shore. Poling up Grand River, it appeared tame after the Tobique. Into Grand River flows the Waagansis, a meagre, dirty stream, grown thick with alders, through which we pushed our way with difficulty. Thence we made a portage to the head of the Waagan, a tributary of the Restigouche. We were now on the other side of the watershed, about to commit ourselves to the streams of the Gulf slope, famous for their salmon and trout.

The Waagan is, if possible, a more detestable little stream than the Waagansis. The canoes had to be pushed and dragged through the dense growth occupying the river's bed, and the shores were almost impenetrable with shrub. The only picturesque object seen was a bear, which evinced no regard for his æsthetic importance, but made all haste to vanish from the landscape. But the mosquitoes surpassed themselves in their efforts to entertain us fitly. At last we rounded a fair wooded point, and slipped out, in ecstasy upon the pale-green waters of the Restigouche, "the Five-fingered



GORGE BELOW GRAND FALLS, ST. JOHN RIVER.

River," as its name is said to signify. What a contrast to the Waagan! As we headed down the lucid current the sky now seemed to grow blue and the breeze to soften. A wood-duck winged past, its gorgeous plumage glowing in the sun. The mosquitoes and the gnats vanished, and in their place came exquisite pale-blue butterflies, delicate as the petals of flax blossoms, hovering about our heads, or alighting on prow and gunwale. Then from a dead branch projecting over the water a great kingfisher launched himself, and darted away down stream with mocking laughter. And through the whole down trip we never lacked the companionship of a kingfisher. There were bluejays, too, and sand-pipers, and Canada-birds whistling far and near; and sometimes the hermit-thrush sounded his mellow pipe as we passed a secluded thicket. The forests were everywhere luxuriant; the waters populous with fish as the air with birds and butterflies. We cast our mimic flies till we grew tired of it, and fed upon the fat of the land. Altogether, the Restigouche won our very hearty approbation, though in the upper portion it is not of such diversified beauty as the Tobique. However, in the possession of a mighty tributary, one of the "five fingers," the title thereof the "Quah-Tah-Wah-Am-Quah-Davic," it easily distances the Tobique. Luckily, the lumberman has been here, and has abbreviated the name to "Tom Kedgwick."

Here, fish-wardens being scarce, in the interests of art and science we took upon ourselves the guise of poachers, and went spearing salmon by torchlight.

Where the paper-birch grew large and clean upon the river shore, we called a halt. Rolls of bark about three feet in length were stripped from the larger trees, in the manner shown in the sketch. With a dozen of such rolls we were content, and proceeded to our torch-making. A strip of bark eight or ten inches in width was folded once down the middle. Five such folded pieces laced tightly together with tough and pliable straps of the inner bark of a young cedar constituted one torch, capable of burning for about fifteen minutes. With a couple of dozen torches we were fully equipped, as only one canoe was to engage in the forbidden sport. The night was windless, according to desire, but a faint mist coiled lazily on the placid surface of the river. The hour was late, and a gibbous, weird, pale moon peered through the lofty elms and poplars on the lower bank. The torch, thrust into a cleft stick and placed erect in the bow of the canoe, flared redly, and cast off a thick volume of lurid smoke, which streamed out behind us as noiselessly we slipped through the water. In the bow, spear in hand, stood our chief guide, his dark face gleaming fiercely in the sharp-cut lights and shadows, while his keen gaze searched the river-bottom. On one side loomed a rocky bank, which seemed about to topple over upon us Through the fitful glare and the distorting smoke, the trunks of solitary pine trees and of ancient birches that had fallen prone upon the brink took on strange menacing shapes of gigantic stature. White decaying stumps and half-charred branches leered impishly through the darkness of the underbrush, and a pair of owls flapped to and fro, hooting

dismally. All at once the spear, held poised just clear of the water, darted downward like lightning. But it was withdrawn empty, and the Indian grunted with disgust. He had missed his mark on account of the deceiving veil of fog. Again the breathless silence, the stealthy searching; and again the lightning dart of the two-pronged spear. This time a huge sucker was brought up, killed with a blow on the head, and deposited in the canoe, its flesh being held in honour by our guides. At last, after nearly an hour of drifting and watching, the lunge of the spear was followed by a mighty lashing of the water, and the silver belly of a splendid salmon flashed before our eyes. The steel prong of the spear was through his back; the cruel grip of the ashen barbs was fixed about his sides, and his writhings made our light craft rock, till the exultant Indian gave him his quietus. On the way back to camp a whitefish also fell to the well-wielded spear.

The mysterious scenes we had beheld, the intense but still excitement, and the inviting fire which we were surprised to find glowing before our tent, though our absence had lasted full two hours, had warned off sleep effectually. We heaped our blankets upon hemlock boughs, outside the tent-door, and lay with our feet to the fire, smoking, and repeating in low voices certain uncanny legends of these shores. Suddenly a long, tremulous, exceeding sorrowful cry came floating in upon our ears from vaguest distances. We sprang to our feet. Wild and unearthly it swelled, died away, rose again more near and more distinct; and it seemed as if we heard in it a note of strange laughter. Shuddering, we turned to our Indians, and saw them sitting attentive, awed, but not afraid. In answer to our mute inquiry the chief guide muttered — "Clote Scaurp's hunting-dogs! Big storm bime-by, mebbe!" He said they would not come near us. Their howls were often heard at night time in these regions, where they ranged in search of their master, but no man of those now living had ever seen them. Nor could he tell us what manner of beast they were. But, with that voice still in our ears, we straightway pictured them gliding under and parting the low thickets in the desolate, broad, moon-lighted spaces of the wilderness. Then, as the cry was not repeated, we questioned of this Clote Scaurp, and were told quaint fables of him. He was a wise, powerful, and benevolent hero, holding men and beasts and birds and fishes under his kindly sway, and they all spoke one language. In his time the moon had been a dreadful beast, greater than a mountain, and fierce; but Clote Scaurp struck it between the eyes with the palm of his hand, and it shrank to the size we see it now. The stories of his disappearance differed widely; but the one thing certain was that he vanished, and that earth had since become a sorry place. One legend of his going reads with the wild, impressive beauty of Celtic tradition. It is the Melicite "Passing of Arthur":

"After many years the ways of beasts and men grew bad, and Clote Scaurp talked to them, till at last he was angry, and very sorry; and he could endure them no

longer. And he came down to the shores of the great lake, and he made a great feast,—all the beasts came to it, but the men came not to the feast, for they had become altogether bad,—and Clote Scaurp talked to the beasts very heavily. And when the feast was over he got into his canoe, and his uncle, the Great Turtle, with



SPEARING SALMON BY NIGHT ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.

him, and went away over the great lake toward the setting sun; and all the beasts stood by the water, and looked after them until they could see them no more. And Clote Scaurp sang, and the Great Turtle, as they went away; and the beasts stood listening to them till they could hear them no more. Then a great silence fell upon them all, and a very strange thing came to pass, and the beasts, who until now had spoken one tongue, were no more able to understand each other. And they fled apart, each his own way, and never again have they met together in council. And Clote Scaurp's hunting-dogs go up and down the world in search of him, and men hear them howling after him in the night."

The deliciousness of that salmon soothed our uneasy conscience. The remainder of the voyage down, though luxurious, was uneventful. We passed the Petapedia, a tributary from the north which forms the boundary between New Brunswick and Quebec; then the Upsalquitch, from the south; and at last, having entered a

country of grand hills and winding valleys far withdrawn, we reached the mouth of the swift Metapedia, nigh to where the Restigouche meets the sea.

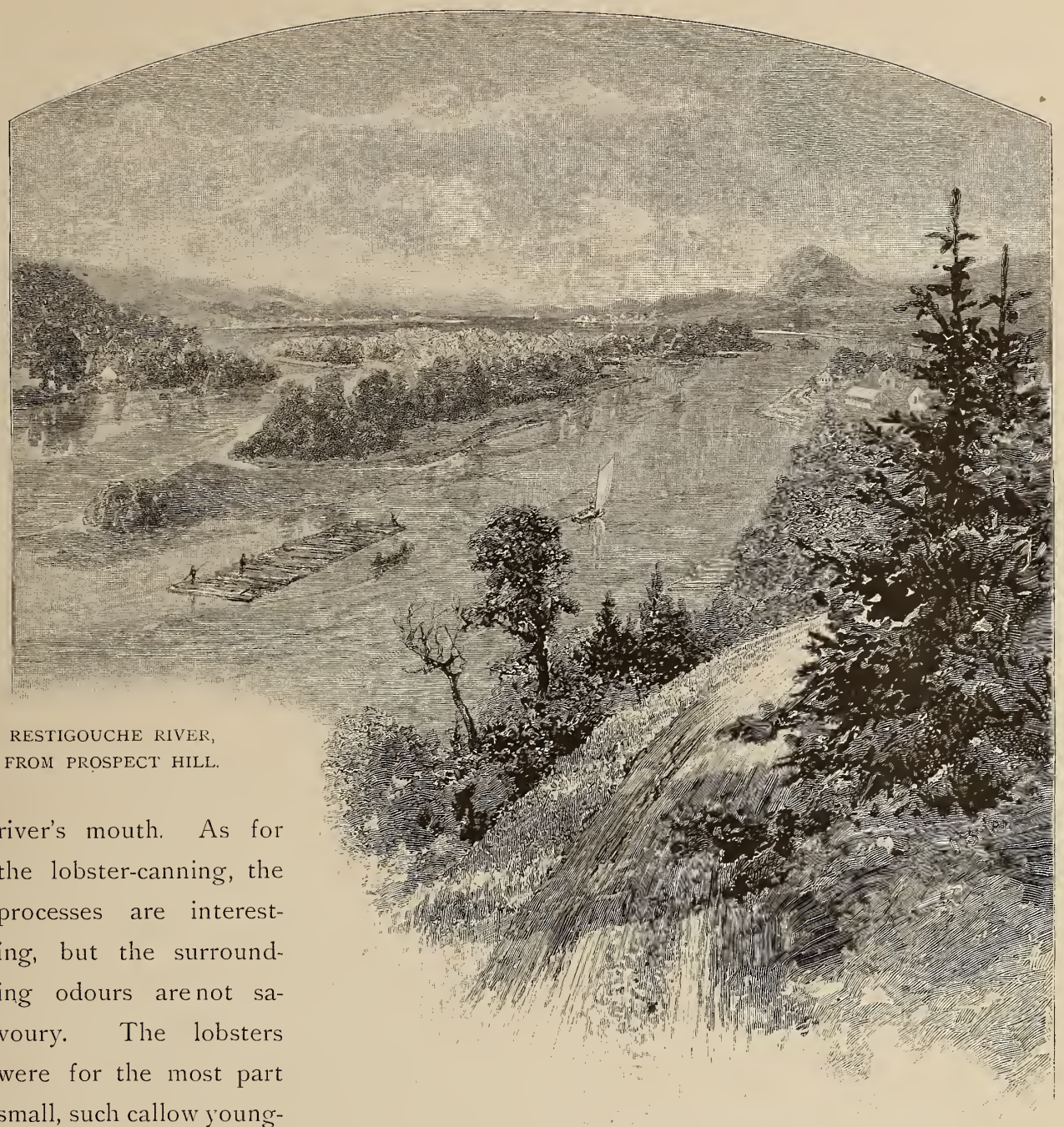
The junction of the Metapedia with the Restigouche takes place in a vast park-like amphitheatre, set with magnificent groves and dotted thick with clumps of tiger-



ON THE BAY CHALEURS.

lily. Steep mountains hem the valley in on every hand, save where, through a cliff to the north side, the Metapedia enters, and where, by a pass through which the setting sun looks down the valley, the Restigouche rolls calmly in. Seen from the hill summits the two streams appear to shun meeting. They wind, and double, and recoil, till the vale is embroidered in every part with sinuous bands of azure. From the naked top of "Sugar Loaf" we saw not this lovely vale alone, but beyond its eastern pathway the waters of Bay Chaleurs, golden in the late afternoon. We saw, too, the peaks of "Squaw's Cap" and "Slate Mountain," near at hand; and more remote the deep blue mountains of Gaspe, and the further purple shores. At our feet lay the village of Campbelltown, its white cottages shining as clear as marble in the transparent atmosphere, and all the western windows keenly ablaze. On the side next the village the "Sugar Loaf" is wholly inaccessible. As we rushed off by the Intercolonial for Chatham, its forbidding front took long to sink from view.

The little town of Bathurst is beautifully situated at the head of a spacious land-locked harbour. It is built upon both sides of an ample shallow estuary, across which runs a broad road built on piles. From this point we visited the lobster-canning establishments on the coast, and the falls of the Nepisiguit, twenty miles above the



RESTIGOUCHE RIVER,
FROM PROSPECT HILL.

river's mouth. As for the lobster-canning, the processes are interesting, but the surrounding odours are not savoury. The lobsters were for the most part small, such callow youngsters as the fishermen would once have scorned. At the present rate of destruction, the industry must very soon perish, and our delicate lobster salads become extinct as the dodo. But the other lion of the place, the Nepisiguit Falls, gave us unmitigated satisfaction. The river plunges down one hundred and forty feet, by four mighty leaps, into a cañon chiselled out of the solid granite. The basin at the foot is visited by salmon, who here take grave counsel together concerning this bar against their further progress up the river. Much consideration has thus far availed them naught, and no salmon knows the longed-for upper waters. In the neighbourhood of Bathurst, however, lobsters and waterfalls are not the sole attractions. There are the "Elm-Tree" and the "Nigadoo" silver mines. Since silver ore, very rich and workable, was discovered in

the county, the place has been in periodical peril from the mining fever. Fortunately, all the lands where silver was found have been safely gathered in by the capitalist; but every citizen who takes a walk in the country of a Sunday afternoon has become an amateur prospector, and dreams and possibilities are boundless.

From Bathurst to Newcastle, on the Miramichi, the run is through a barren and monotonous country. The Miramichi is the great rival of the St. John. About it cling romantic and stirring memories of old Acadian days. Here attempts at settlement were early and obstinate, but the savages were fierce and the French met with terrible reverses. A mile above Newcastle is the junction of the northwest branch with the southwest, or main Miramichi. Massive railway bridges span the twin streams at this point; and immediately below is Beaubair's Island, now uninhabited, but once the site of a flourishing little colony, with a chapel, and a strong battery commanding the sweep of river below. Of this colony the Governor was Mons. Pierre Beaubair. In 1757 a pestilence visited the settlement, and swept it out of existence. The few survivors fled to the Restigouche, to St. John's Island—now Prince Edward Island—and to Memramcook, on the Petitcodiac River, where their descendants now swarm. This at Beaubair's Island, however, was not the first settlement on the Miramichi. As early as 1672 a number of families from St. Malo emigrated hither, and established themselves near the river's mouth on the shores of Bay du Vin, or, as the first name hath it, Baie des Vents.

Soon after the obliteration of Beaubair's village came emigrants from England and Scotland. The first British settler was William Davidson, who landed on the Miramichi in 1764, and found the Micmacs, a vigorous and warlike nation, numbering about 6,000, in undisputed possession. They were friendly, however; and Mr. Davidson, joined soon afterwards by a Mr. Cort, from Aberdeen, soon developed a most profitable trade in salmon, exporting yearly some 1,800 tierces. But when the American Revolution broke out, here, as at the mouth of the St. John, came trouble. The Micmacs took sides with the Revolutionists, burned and pillaged several houses and stores, then summoned a grand council at Bartibogue Island, where they resolved upon the death of every British settler. During the session of the council an English ship appeared, sailing under American colours. The Indians detected the stratagem, attacked the vessel, and almost succeeded in capturing her. Once again were the Indians on the eve of massacring the colonists, but they were prevented by the coming of a priest of great influence among them, a certain M. Cassanette.

At the wharves of Newcastle, which is a prettily situated town of perhaps 3,000 inhabitants, the largest ocean ships can lie in safety. Here, in the season, the screaming of the saw mills never stops. The mills fringe the river. Opposite is the village of Nelson, with more saw mills, and more ships. Three miles below Newcastle is Douglastown, with saw mills and ships. Two miles further, on the opposite

shore, is the town of Chatham, the commercial centre of the Miramichi district, half hidden by a forest of masts; and, perhaps it is not necessary to say, here also are saw-mills. The river, at this point, more than twenty miles from the gulf, is nearly a mile wide, and in depth less like a river than an arm of the sea. The ships are at the wharves in places twelve deep. They are anchored in the channel. They are everywhere, and from all lands. And hither and thither among them rush the tugs.

Chatham, though its population does not exceed 5,000, extends a mile or more along the river's bank, and, from the water, creates an impression which a close acquaintance will not quite bear out. The town piles up picturesquely behind the spars and cordage; some white steeples give emphasis to the picture; and the highest hill, to the rear, is crowned with the bald but impressive masses of the convent, Bishop's house, hospital, and R. C. schools. The streets are narrow and ill-cared for and the houses not, as a rule, in any way attractive. But a change may come with the building of the Miramichi Valley Railroad, which will tend to break the supremacy of the lumber kings, widen the range of trade, and, above all, give direct access to the American markets, without transhipment at St. John, for the vast quantities of fresh fish which are annually exported during the winter. This exportation of fish packed in ice is a growing industry. Fresh Miramichi smelts are to be met with even in the markets of Denver.

From Newcastle a hasty trip up the Northwest Branch took us into the heart of the salmon country, amid sternly beautiful scenes. The river breaks over numerous low, shelving falls, below which halt the salmon on their way up stream. On this trip trout were ignored. In one famous pool, with a "Jock Scott" fly, which took when all others failed, we killed two splendid salmon. Some three weeks after our visit to this pool, a veteran salmon-fisher of this Province, killed here, with a medium trout rod, a twenty-eight pound fish!

Returning to Newcastle, we took stage for Fredericton, with the object of traversing the line of the proposed Valley Railway. The post-road leads up the Southwest Branch, through good farming lands, past bright little villages, with their inevitable saw-mills, and over beautiful tributary streams. Sometimes we saw the river, for miles of its course, black with a million feet of logs, packed in booms, extending along both shores, leaving only a narrow way between for the passage of tugs and small sailing craft. At Boiestown, a quaint, still village of one street, the loveliest of nooks for lotus-eating, we stayed the night. A portion of Boiestown bridge, picturesque but not in good repair, is shown in the sketch. The river, up which we look, is divided and choked with wooded, grassy islets innumerable, whereon the tiger-lilies lord it superbly over the meeker weeds. At Boiestown the road forsakes the Miramichi, and strikes across an elevated table-land for the head of the Nashwaak valley. Here, more plainly than ever, we trace the ravages of the awful conflagration which in 1825 swept over



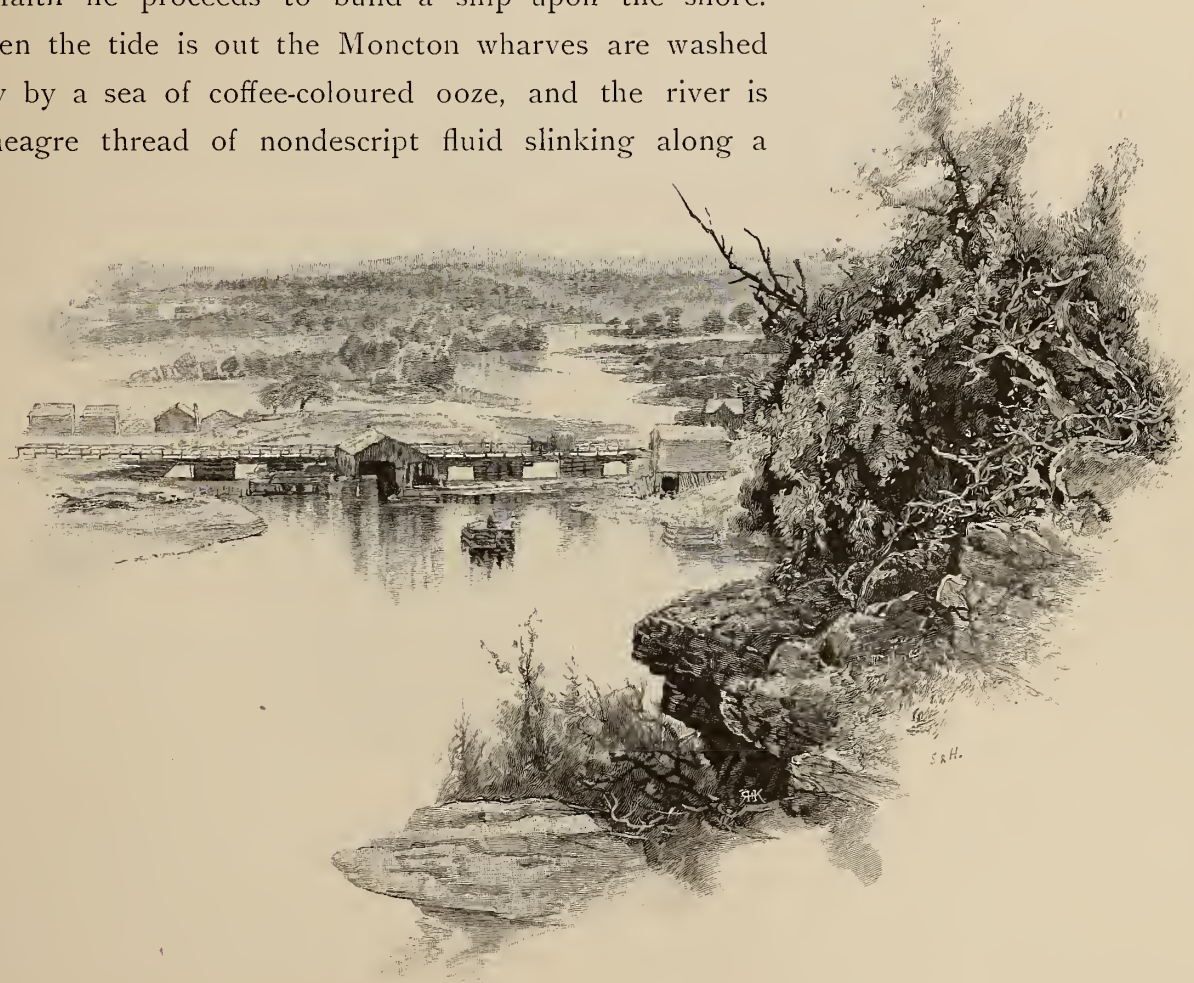
RIVER-FRONT, CHATHAM.

the whole Miramichi basin, from the Nashwaak to the Bartibogue, and north to the Tobique highlands, an area of six thousand square miles. In the settled districts the villages are all rebuilt, and the hand of man has covered up the scars. But on this high divide the forests are nothing but dead, ghastly, fire-hardened, indestructible trunks; and the baked soil even now bears little but a stunted growth of whortle-berries and shrubs and moss.

Striking the rim of the valley through which the Nashwaak winds to the St. John, we look down upon a deep-set landscape, which breaks out into laughter with harvests. The fields are so fertile, the farms so sweetly nestle amid their orchards, the river ripples so contentedly under its fringes of mountain ash and sumach, the elms so emulate palm trees, the islands are set so jewel-like, and all the distances so melt in purple and gold, that our road not seldom leaves the lowland and goes by the summits of the hills, apparently for no other purpose than to let the fairness of the valley well be seen. At the junction of the Tay with the Nashwaak, that low cottage, prominent in our sketch, is "Bell's," the resort of merry men who drive out hither from Fredericton, fifteen miles distant, to cast the mimic fly upon the Tay. The distance from Chatham to Fredericton by this road is just one hundred miles. We grudged not our two days' drive, but, from a business and commercial point of view, the railroad will offer some advantage.

From Fredericton back to St. John by rail; and here the Intercolonial once more received us and whirled us off to Moncton. The rails follow up the Kennebecasis,

and bid its diminished waters farewell a little beyond the thriving town of Sussex. Names of stations along this section of the road are fresh, and a trial to the memory. Quispamsis, Nauwigewauk, Passekeag, Apohauqui, Penobsquis, Anagance, Petitcodiac—they are jumbled in our ears inextricably. Moncton is a railway centre, a place of car-works and machine-shops, of incessantly screeching locomotives, of trains ever coming and departing, so that one at first imagines it a great metropolis. But when he leaves the station he finds himself in a very crude little city of perhaps seven thousand inhabitants. Hotels are primitive, and with one exception, the quaint, homelike, old Weldon House, unsatisfactory. The streets are deep with mud on a rainy day, and in dry weather deeper still with a marvellously pervasive red dust. No one was ever heard to claim that Moncton could be called beautiful. But it is certainly lively, and to all appearances is going to give a good account of itself. Everywhere houses are going up, and shops and factories. The citizens have unlimited trust in themselves, and the trust seems to be tolerably well grounded. At the remotest end of the city, spouting black smoke, rises the tall tower of the sugar-refinery, toward which the faithful Monctonian turns his face in adoration seven times a day. In faith he proceeds to build a ship upon the shore. When the tide is out the Moncton wharves are washed only by a sea of coffee-coloured ooze, and the river is a meagre thread of nondescript fluid slinking along a



LOOKING UP SOUTHWEST MIRAMICHI.

full half-mile from the spot where the ship is on the stocks. But he knows that when he wants it the water will be there. Twice a day the Petitcodiac takes its rank among great rivers. After the wide, rusty-hued mud-flats have lain vacant during the long hours of the ebb, their gradual slopes gullied here and there by headlong rivulets, there is a distant, muffled roar beyond the marshes and the dykes. Presently a low white bar of foam, extending from side to side of the channel, appears around the bend. Almost in a moment the channel is half-filled, the flats disappear, the flood is pouring into the creeks, and behold a mighty river, able to bear fleets upon its bosom. Moncton's present desire is for docks, which she will probably get. Then, having set her heart upon becoming a seaport town, in spite of the slight inconstancy of the Petitcodiac, a seaport town she will in all likelihood be.





GRAND PRÉ, AND BASIN OF MINAS, FROM WOLFVILLE.



NOVA SCOTIA.*

NORSE adventurers, storm-loving Vikings, explored the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia from Cape North to Cape Sable four hundred years before Columbus turned inquiring eyes upon the Western Sea. Icelandic and Norwegian tales tell of bootless wandering far from home, nameless lands, — lands sunny and fertile, bordering upon waters blest with perpetual calm, — but very far away. All honour to the unremembered pioneers, strong of arm and stout of heart, who, fleeing from a victorious tyrant, sought freedom under the gloomy skies of Iceland and on the lonely waters of the ocean. That old discovery of the New World survived only as a dream; the record of it was hidden away amid myths and romances. Actual European settlement was made in Cape Breton, near Canso, as early as 1541; and before that time the fisheries of Canso and other places in the vicinity had attracted the attention of the French. One old mariner is spoken of who had made forty-two voyages between Canso and his home in France, prior to 1605.

In 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert visited Sable Island

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and found it then (as we find it still) rough and perilous. No lighthouse warned him of dangerous sands or treachous currents; and he lost one of his vessels with a hundred men. The two vessels which remained, the *Golden Hind* and the *Squirrel*, set out for their English home. They were sorely tossed by tempests, and on a dark night, off the Azores, the poor little *Squirrel* was swallowed by the waves, Sir Humphrey Gilbert going down with her. She was a craft of only ten tons. "Courage, my lads! we are as near Heaven by sea as by land," was Sir Humphrey's last message to the Captain and men of the *Golden Hind*.

Baron de Leri had attempted, some years before, to colonize Sable Island, but the only good resulting from his effort was that live stock was left on the desolate spot, a veritable casting of bread on the waters, which has since saved many a shipwrecked seaman from famine. Towards the close of the Sixteenth century a grim experiment in colonization was made by Marquis de la Roche, who had been sent to America with two hundred convicts from French prisons. Forty of these he placed on Sable Island to prepare for a larger settlement. He was to call for them, but while trying to fulfil his promise a terrific storm caught him and hurried him across the Atlantic in twelve days. The captives were left to battle with hunger, cold, and the rage of an almost ceaseless tempest. For seven dreadful years they struggled for existence. At the end of that period twelve survived, gaunt, long-bearded, squalid,—eager enough to return to their native land, where they were pardoned and provided for. Thus ended the attempt to colonize Sable Island. The dreary spot is twenty-six miles long, by two or three miles in width. There runs along its centre a salt water lake, thirteen miles long. The almost constant gales pile up great sand dunes into hills, and surround their bases with fringes of white foam and spray. Here myriads of sea fowl gather, lay their eggs, and hatch their young. It is also a gathering place of vast flocks of seals. Sable Island ponies have a reputation second only to those of Shetland. There are about two hundred on the island, and from twenty to thirty are sent up every season to Halifax to be sold. D'Anville lost part of his ill-fated fleet on these sands. A Spanish fleet sent out to colonize Cape Breton was wrecked here. Every winter brings its sad tale of ships and lives lost; but the story becomes less heart-rending as lighthouses, fog-horns, fog-bells and other provisions for saving life and preventing suffering are becoming more and more efficient. The benevolent care of the Government has robbed Sable Island, this dreary outpost of our Dominion, of more than half its terrors.

When De Monts and Champlain explored the Nova Scotia peninsula, in 1604, they found that it was spoken of by the Indians as Acadie, a "region of plenty." It abounded in what the Indians prized most highly, fish, moose, caribou, partridges and the smaller fur-bearing animals. We, who have succeeded the Micmac and the Malicect have ampler proofs that Acadia is rich in "the chief things of the ancient mountains,

the precious things of the lasting hills, and the precious things of the earth and the deep that coucheth beneath." Champlain, with De Monts, explored the coast, visiting the harbors all round to Annapolis Basin. The Bay of Fundy was named Baie Française; a name which it retained till the British took permanent possession of the country.

On board De Monts' ship was an active and intelligent priest from Paris, an ardent student of nature. This good priest, Aubrey by name, was wont to land with the exploring parties, in order to take note of the flora and fauna of the country. At St. Mary's Bay he landed, but failed to return to the ship. Days and nights were spent in searching for him, without success. The expedition was partly Catholic, partly Protestant; and the last person seen with Aubrey was a Protestant, an ardent controversialist. For a time the grim suspicion crept into the minds of Aubrey's friends that he had met with foul play at the hands of his keen antagonist; but after seventeen days he was found on the shore, very weak and wasted, having subsisted on herbs and berries.

The explorers crept along, by creek and cape and headland, till they came to a marvellous gap between two hills, offering a vista into the bowels of the land. Entering, they found themselves in a placid harbour, very beautiful, and most inviting to men who were weary with the rough buffeting of the Bay of Fundy. Poutrincourt breaks out into simple eloquence: "It was unto us a thing marvellous to see the fair distance and the largeness of it (the Basin), and the mountains and hills that environed it; and I wondered how so fair a place remained desert, being all filled with woods, seeing that so many pine away in this world who could make good of this land if only they had a chief governor to conduct them thither." "We found meadows, among which brooks do run without number, which come from the hills and mountains adjoining." "There is in the passage out to sea a brook that falleth from the high rocks down, and in falling disperseth itself into a small rain, which is very delightful in summer."

This is our first authentic glimpse of what is now and long has been "Annapolis Basin." The praise lavished on its loveliness is not unmerited. Steamers now daily come and go through Digby Gut, the narrow and picturesque entrance. The Basin itself is rimmed with hills, which, in the stillnesss of the morning and evening are reflected in its bosom. Between the hills and the water's edge are ranges of white cottages, long lines of orchards, gardens, cultivated fields—proofs enough of the presence of an industrious and prosperous population.

Poutrincourt obtained a grant of this region and founded the town of Port Royal on the north side of the river, several miles above the present town of "Annapolis Royal." For a time the little colony lived right merrily, as if there were no plagues, famines or wars in the world. They toiled and rested when it suited them; they formed

lasting friendships with the Indians; they explored the country, endured its inevitable hardships, and enjoyed its freedom. They boasted of a baker who could make bread as good as could be found in Paris itself! For a time they had to grind their grain by hand—labour which they detested; but by and by they were able to utilize water power. They had a good store of wine, and used daily three quarts each; but the supply showing signs of exhaustion, the allowance was reduced to a pint. Fish and game of the finest quality were abundant. The Indians freely gave their new friends half the venison they brought in. Was it any wonder that Champlain was moved to institute a new order of chivalry—*l'ordre de bon temps?* It consisted of fifteen chief members, each of whom became in turn caterer and steward for the day, and entertained all the rest. At dinner the steward for the day led the van, with napkin on shoulder, staff in hand, and the collar of his order round his neck. The guests followed in procession, each bearing a dish. At the close of the day's festivity a new steward assumed the insignia and the cares of office, and was responsible for the next feast. Thus cheerily passed the winter of 1606-7 on the shores of Port Royal Basin—the happiest winter, perhaps, in all these centuries.

We cannot follow minutely the fortunes of this brave and heartsome little colony. Once and again, when they felt the sting of winter's frost, they resolved to remove to a warmer clime; but storm or misadventure drove them back again. Bad news from France led to the total abandonment of the little settlement in August of 1607, greatly to the regret of the Micmacs, among whom they had made many friends and no foes. Champlain had been three and a half years in Acadia. He left it now for a wider sphere and vaster explorations.

In 1610 Poutrincourt, with the King's sanction, returned to the spot he loved so well. He was accompanied by Jesuit missionaries, among whose converts was the veteran Chief Membertou, who was then a hundred years old, and could well remember Jacques Cartier. Dying shortly after his baptism, he was the first Indian in Acadia buried in consecrated ground. How simple a matter in those days for kings and queens to dispose of provinces and parcel out the earth's surface! Poutrincourt had a grant of Port Royal. De Monts had the whole of Acadia besides. Madame Guercheville bought out De Monts, and then the King granted her the whole province, with the exception of Port Royal.

Evil times were near. In 1613 Captain Samuel Argall, commissioned by the Governor of Virginia, swept down upon the French settlements along the Bay of Fundy, and utterly demolished Port Royal. The rough seaman destroyed every memorial he could find of the French pioneers. Before leaving Port Royal he had a stormy interview with Biencourt, son of Poutrincourt, then in charge, a stream running between them. They accused each other of robbery, piracy, and other crimes. An Indian naively expressed surprise that men who seemed of the same race and faith should

make war on one another. How often has that difficulty occurred to other minds since 1613! Poutrincourt abandoned his beloved scenes forever. Returning to France, he died in battle in 1615. The two expeditions of Argall from Virginia to destroy the



ANNAPOLIS FROM THE OLD FORT.

French settlements on or near the Bay of Fundy were the first acts of a series of tragic conflicts between Great Britain and France, which knew but short intermissions until the final triumph of British arms upon the Plains of Abraham.

Annapolis Basin, so peaceful now, was the scene of many a hard tussle between the contending races. The hills echoing to the whistle of the steam engine, the rumbling of railway trains, or the signal guns of steamers, often echoed the thunder of war. After Argall's destructive swoop, a Scotch colony came, but failed. The French tried again with fair prospects of success, but an English fleet visited them and left nothing behind but ashes. It is a sadly monotonous story for many long years,—sunshine and hope and then sudden hurricanes of war.

Biencourt bequeathed his rights in Port Royal to young Charles de La Tour, a man of remarkable sagacity, courage, and enterprise,—the most noteworthy figure, indeed, in the Acadian period of Nova Scotia. For a time he lived at Port Royal, and then, about 1626, he removed to a convenient port near Cape Sable, and built a fort there which he held for France, and which he named Fort Louis.

Charles La Tour is remembered for his chivalrous loyalty to his country in the face of severe temptation. His father had been captured by Admiral Kirke and taken



DIGBY HARBOUR AND GUT

as a prisoner to England. In a few months he was ready to give up his own country and serve King James, to whom he was introduced and with whom he became a favourite, and married an English lady; and being made a baronet of Nova Scotia, he returned to Acadia in the interest of England, promising that his son also would at once submit to the English crown. He had with him two armed vessels, and, accompanied by his wife, arrived at Port Latour. He told his son how the King of England had honours in store for him if he would only give up the Fort; he coaxed, he promised, he entreated, he threatened; but all in vain. He even attacked Fort Louis with what force he could bring to bear upon it; but the attack was bravely repulsed. The father, chagrined, disappointed, dreading the punishment of treason if he fell into the hands of the French, and ashamed and afraid to return to England, hastened with his Scotch colonists to Port Royal. After a time, when Charles La Tour was in quiet possession of Acadia, he invited his father to live near Fort Louis, in Port Latour, but neither he nor his wife was ever allowed

to enter the Fort. In the days of his deep poverty and disgrace, Charles La Tour told his English wife of his grief on her account and his willingness that she should return to her old home with its peace and comfort. She replied that she had not married him to abandon him in the day of adversity—that wherever he should take her and in whatever condition they were placed, her object would be to lessen his grief. It is pleasant to learn that their closing years were peaceful and happy.

The Scotch colony existed in Port Royal for about ten years. Disease made fearful havoc in their ranks; and the Indians did the rest of the deadly work. Two or three survived and joined the French. The little town of Port Royal was taken and retaken over and over again by contending adventurers,—Frenchmen against Frenchmen, or New England Puritans against the French. In 1654 Cromwell sent a fleet to recover Nova Scotia from the French, and Port Royal was captured but not destroyed. Charles II. restored it to French rule. It was captured in 1690 by Sir William Phipps, who came suddenly from Boston with three war vessels and eight hundred men. The defences were in a deplorable condition. The fort contained eighteen cannon; but there were only eighty-six soldiers, and no defence was attempted. The Governor of Acadia, M. Menneval, though present, was ill with gout. The people offered no aid to the soldiers. So the shrewd old Governor made the best terms he could, which were highly honourable. Phipps, however, found pretexts for breaking the articles of capitulation, made the Governor a prisoner of war, and permitted the wholesale plunder of the place.

This year the much-vexed Acadian capital was visited by two pirate vessels with ninety men on board. They burned all the houses near the fort, killed some of the inhabitants and burned a woman and her children in her own house.

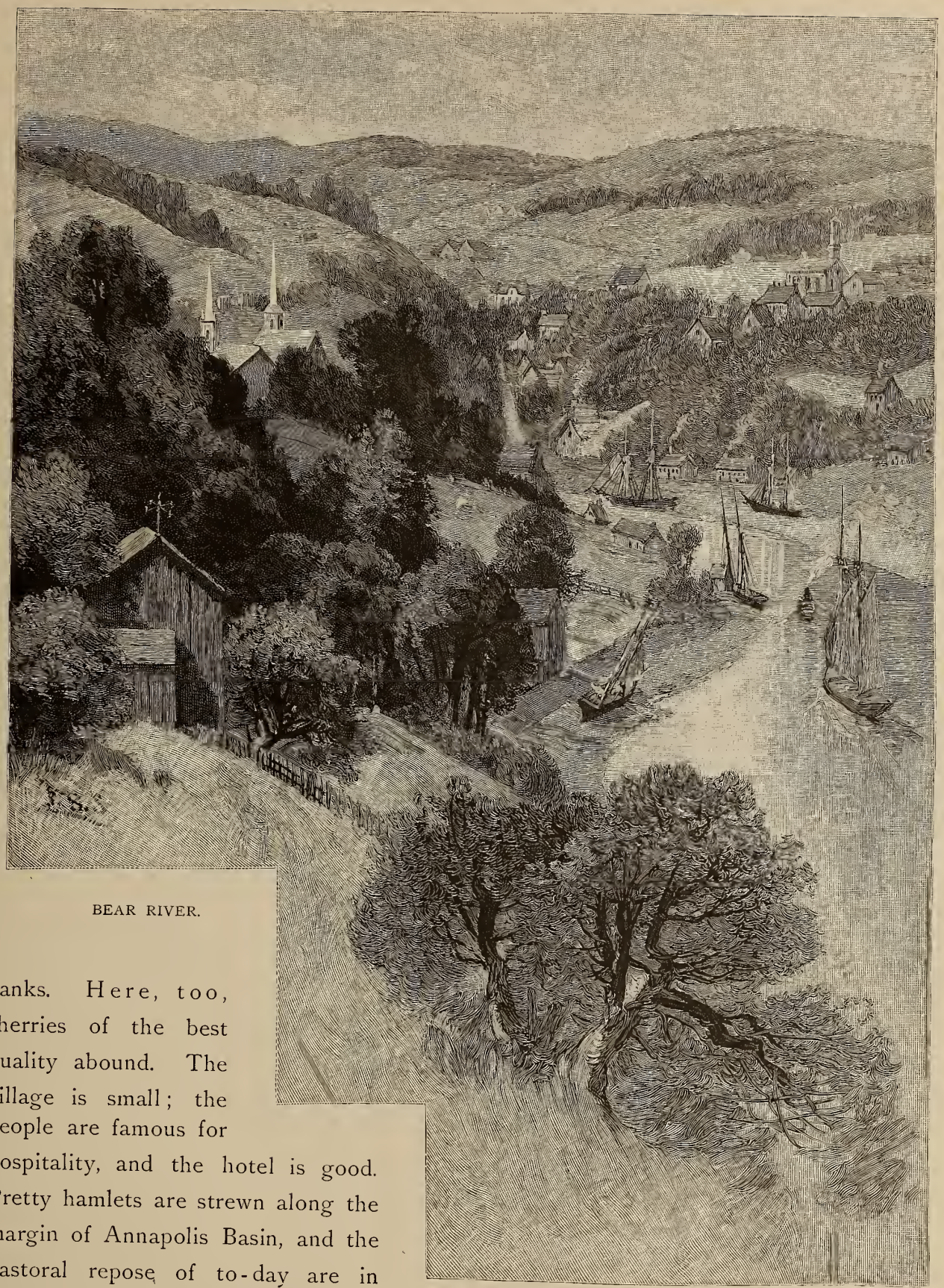
Port Royal was then given up by the French authorities until Nov. 26, 1691, when Villebon resumed possession. In 1707 repeated but fruitless attempts to conquer it were made by strong but ill-managed expeditions from Massachusetts. The French defenders fought with wonderful skill and gallantry,—at the same time complaining bitterly of the neglect with which they were treated by the King's government. Three years afterwards the New England colonists, aided by the British Government, sent a force consisting of four regiments of colonists and one of Royal marines. Queen Anne largely aided the expedition out of her own purse. The invaders were well equipped for their work. A sturdy veteran, General Nicholson, had supreme charge. Port Royal was in no condition to resist. Soldiers and civilians were poor and discontented. Governor Subercase had only about three hundred men on whom he could depend, while the invader had more than ten times that number. The siege continued six days when Subercase capitulated. Garrison and town people were almost in a state of starvation. Nicholson changed the name of Port Royal to *Annapolis* Royal, in honour of the Queen. He left a garrison of two hundred marines and two hundred and fifty

New England volunteers in charge of the place. The expedition cost New England £23,000, but the amount was reimbursed by the English parliament. This proved to be the final conquest of "Port Royal"; but the era of peace was still in the far future.

The English tried to establish friendly relations with the Indians, but their efforts were defeated by keen-witted French missionaries. The Acadians refused even for hire to procure timber for rebuilding the fort. Eighty men, the best in the garrison, were sent twelve miles up the Annapolis river (1711) to capture some troublesome Indians. They were waylaid, and thirty were killed, and the remainder made prisoners. The French, with Indian allies, besieged Annapolis, reducing its garrison to sad straits. But it held out bravely, and in 1713 came the peace when France at last acknowledged Nova Scotia as a British possession. In 1744, Annapolis was again in great peril—besieged by Acadians and Indians. Through the energy and determination of Governor Mascarene the safety of the place was secured. The last sound or touch of war was in 1781, when two American vessels crept into the Basin under cover of night, captured the fort, spiked the guns, locked the townsfolk in the block-house, and then plundered the houses to their hearts' content.

To-day no scene is less likely to suggest war than this peaceful Basin, these gardens, orchards, groves,—these well-shaded streets and fragrant pathways. Even the ruins of the ancient fortifications—ditches, walls, ramparts,—wear an aspect of peace. A few ancient cannon are rusting, never again to waken the echoes of the vales and hills. Relics of the French regime are still to be met with; cannon balls are turned up by the plow, and the tide sometimes washes to the surface other souvenirs of the wars. One house built in the French period remains.

Annapolis Basin is perhaps never so delightful as when the voyager enters its placid waters after encountering for a night or so the wild tumult of the Bay of Fundy. You leave behind the fog-laden gale, and the darkness, and the rage of waters, and you bless the sunshine and calm inside the narrow gateway. Digby Gut (called by the earlier voyagers by the more dignified name of St. George's Channel) is about eighty yards wide and two miles long. The cliffs on the north are six hundred and fifty feet high, and on the south side from four hundred to five hundred and sixty feet. The town of Digby is three miles southeast of the strait, and is very pleasantly situated on the hillside. The white houses are embowered among cherry trees, apple orchards, and ornamental shrubbery. It is a favorite resort during summer, and its attractions are doubled when cherries are ripe. Excursionists from Halifax, St. John, Portland, Boston, and still greater distances, come to Digby to taste the cherry ripe and red, or ripe and black, in its cool perfection. No fruit surpasses it in delicacy or flavour. A few miles beyond Digby, along the edge of the Basin, Bear River tumbles down from the South Mountain between bold and picturesque



BEAR RIVER.

banks. Here, too, cherries of the best quality abound. The village is small; the people are famous for hospitality, and the hotel is good. Pretty hamlets are strewn along the margin of Annapolis Basin, and the pastoral repose of to-day are in pleasant contrast with the troubled times that are gone. Annapolis Royal rejoices in its growing export of apples, for which an ample market is now secured in London. Digby is famed for its "Digby

chickens"—its smoked herring, "bloaters," haddock, and shad. Bear River builds ships, exports lumber, and fascinates with its cherries. Clements exists on the reputation of long-slumbering iron works. Bayview smiles from its pleasant perch at the very entrance of the Bay. Granville lies under the shelter of the North Mountain, and is connected with Annapolis by a constantly plying ferry.

But Annapolis Royal ceased to be the capital of Nova Scotia more than a hundred and thirty years ago, and we must now tell the story of Halifax.

The Honourable Edward Cornwallis sailed from England with 2,576 emigrants, and entered Chebucto Harbor June 21, 1749. Thirteen transports, led by the "Sphinx," war-sloop, swept up the bay, their flags flying, their sails outspread, watched by wondering savages, who darted about in their bark canoes like shuttles through the silvery meshes of the water.

The men of Massachusetts had presented the claims of Nova Scotia before the British Parliament in 1748, and their representations resulted in a generally aroused interest in the Province. A scheme was formed for populating it with the troops which had been disbanded on the declaration of peace with France. The Earl of Halifax, President of the Board of Trade and Plantations, was empowered by the King to carry out the project, and as he felt for the infant colony a paternal affection, he entered into the details with the utmost ardour. Parliament granted £40,000 to fit out the expedition.

Intending emigrants were to be conveyed to the colony, maintained for twelve months after their arrival, and supplied with weapons of defence and implements for clearing the land and for fishing, all at the expense of the British Government. So liberal were the inducements held out that in a short time the thirteen transports were filled by an eager throng, impatient to enter upon the new Land of Promise.

The settlers chose a site upon the western shore of the harbour, and commenced work vigourously. Five thousand people had to be housed before the cold weather, and few of them had handled builders' tools before. Under the leadership of their gallant young Governor, they cleared away the woods and laid out a number of straight streets, crossing each other at regular distances. A large wooden house was built for Cornwallis, the doors, window-frames, etc., having been brought from Boston. A strong palisade, with block-houses at intervals, armed with guns, was thrown round the town. By the time the dreaded winter had arrived most of the emigrants had houses of their own, and those who were unprovided for found shelter in the transports.

The settlers had other and more formidable enemies to contend against than forest and winter. The founding of a military town on Chebucto Bay meant that the English would ultimately possess the whole country if they could. The Acadian French understood it so, and they and the Indians, influenced by them, were thoroughly unfriendly. Soon collisions occurred. Men who ventured into the forest for firewood

never returned. Children were snatched from the cradle while the mother filled her bucket at the spring. Lonely huts were burned, and whole families carried off to a captivity worse than death. On one occasion Dartmouth, a small hamlet on the eastern side of the harbour, was discovered in flames at midnight, the shrieks of the helpless victims and the rattle of fire-arms apprising the horrified watchers across the water of the attack. When a party from Halifax ventured across next morning they found a third of the village destroyed, and the scalped bodies of their countrymen consuming in the embers of their homes.

No Fenimore Cooper has yet arisen to chronicle these tales of blood. Through the musty pages of ancient city archives, and the impassive records of history, they are scattered like thorns dropped by a careless hand to pierce the hearts of those who read. These are the nails which fasten Chebucto's pioneers forever upon the memory.

The early settlers of Halifax were of a devout mind. We hear of the first divine service on what is now known as the Grand Parade. St. Paul's Church and St. Matthew's meeting-house were both commenced the first year of settlement. Government House was built on the site of the present Province Building. It was but a primitive abode for a commander-in-chief, with its low walls of one story, and its defences of cannon small enough to be mounted on hogsheads filled with gravel. Another residence was built on the same site eight years later, which was afterwards sold for private use and removed to a distant part of the town. It stands to this day, or rather the bones of it stand, for modern shingles and plaster have clothed the old skeleton, and it has lately been turned into an Infants' Home, as a gay young belle might ripen into a Sister of Mercy in her old age. The present Government House was erected in 1800, at the south end of the town, the stone for the building having been procured from Scotland. Our early settlers seem to have been unaware of the wealth of freestone and granite at their very feet. The Province Building was erected on the old Government House site in the same year. It contains the council-chamber, library, and assembly room, and is a plain and rather gloomy edifice.

It is said, no doubt truly, that a thousand vessels may ride in perfect safety in Halifax Harbour. It lies nearly north and south, is six miles long, and contracts into the "Narrows," widening afterwards into the Bedford Basin, a beautiful sheet of water. The harbour is accessible at all times of the year. Sambro Island, with its light-house, marks the entrance; here a party of artillery are stationed with their guns to give the alarm in case of danger.

Any foe attempting to run the blockade past the fortifications of Halifax Harbour would encounter a perfect *chevaux de frise* on both sides of the bay. Three miles from the city is MacNab's Island, on which stands Sherbrooke Tower, a circular stone battery, bearing on its top a beacon light to warn ships off the Thundercap Shoals.



HALIFAX, FROM CITADEL.

Next come the Martello Tower and batteries of Point Pleasant on the western side, Fort Clarence on the eastern side, and Fort Charlotte on the small green island called St. George's, which rises like a sugar-loaf hat in the middle of the harbour. Should fortune favour the invader thus far, he would be exposed to a *feu d'enfer* from Fort George on the Citadel, a hill overlooking the town, apparently fashioned by Nature herself for its defence.

Leaving our imaginary foe where, let us hope, our guns would blow him—nowhere—let us take a peep at the big, rambling earth-work called Fort George. A superb view of the city, harbour, and surrounding country can be seen from its walls, as a glance at our illustration will show. Citadel Hill is 256 feet above the level of the sea. The city lies between it and the water, but as far as the eye can reach on either side the houses have crept up, hugging their guardian. It is a pretty scene on a clear, sunny morning—the straight cross-streets leading the eye down to the glistening water; the spires here and there among green foliage; then beyond the wide sweep of sail-flecked ocean, with the smoke of a steamer brushing the horizon; the low hills on the Dartmouth side, and St. George's Island, so green and prim, like an islet dropped out of a play, mid-harbour. The first battery that was raised on the Citadel was an octangular wooden tower, with port-holes for cannon; a ditch and ramparts surrounding it, pickets placed close together. Massive stone-work has displaced the wood; a spacious fort, with subterranean casemates, shows only a grass-covered roof above the wide, dry moat which surrounds it. Cannon at every angle, and few would guess what a busy world is concealed within those earth-works. A sentry marches up and down the swinging bridge before the narrow entrance-gate, and eleven guns stand in a semi-circle below him, like petrified watch-dogs.

Halifax is viewed to best advantage, however, from the water. Step into a small rowboat, such as wait for hire by scores at the various public wharves, and push out on a summer evening, when the sun is setting behind the Admiral's house and the moon waits behind the Dartmouth hills for her turn. On every glassy ripple glimmers a mimic sun; the terraced city is bathed in *couleur de rose;* the grass in her Majesty's Dockyard and the big tree near which his Worship the Mayor stands to welcome royalty take on a gem-like green, as though illuminated and transformed by Aladdin's Lamp. The windows of Mount Hope Insane Asylum are sheeted with fire, that slowly dies as the sun sinks lower; soon only the tall flag-staff on the Citadel, with its many flags telling of ships coming home, flames in the dying sunset embers. Myriads of pleasure-boats thread their way in and out on the water alleys among the ships at anchor; her Majesty's flagship and her consorts lie motionless as forts amid the animated scene.

Before we leave the harbour let us take a peep at the battery on St. George's Island. Like the fort on Citadel Hill, it is built of massive stone, behind great earth-

works. It is an ant-hill of human beings, whose cells are casemates, armories, and arsenals in the vaulted flanks of bastions, deep buried in the piles of masonry. As we grope after a guard through descending passages, the air gets colder and colder, until the walls can be seen glistening with the ooze-hidden springs, and ice-cold pools receive our unwilling feet. We step, at length, into one of the casemates, where a cannon stands before its round port-hole, like a lion peering from his covert, waiting for his prey.

No lovelier "bit" could be than the bird's-eye view from that port-hole out of the bowels of St. George's Island. All round the grim circle sun-gilded grass waved in wanton grace, concealing the port-hole and its deadly occupant from outsiders. Out yonder a flood of sea and sunshine, with a lonely light-house perched upon its tongue of rocks, and a yacht skimming past, her sails tinged like rose-leaves, while a sea gull flew from the dark woods on MacNab's Island and fluttered seaward.

Halifax is fond of her big pleasure pond. There is the Royal Yacht Club, of which the Prince of Wales became an honourary member during his visit in 1860, and to which he presented a challenge cup for yearly competition. There are boat races, water parties, excursions, and fishing ad libitum. In the winter season the Basin, which is ten miles long, makes an admirable ground for trolling matches, sleighing parties, and a score of other ice amusements. "Up the road" is a favourite drive of the citizens, and a lovely one when the oaks and maples are in foliage. You skirt the edge of the Basin for nine miles, when the pretty village of Bedford comes in view, and you put up at one of the hotels, and return to the city in the moonlight. The "Prince's Lodge" is a relic of the Duke of Kent's days, situated about six miles from Halifax, and built by him for a summer house. Nothing now remains but a small wooden pavilion (once the music room), perched upon a romantic height, overhanging the deep, maple-shadowed water. The railway now cuts so closely under it that it trembles to its foundations as the iron steed thunders on its way.

There are upwards of thirty churches to the city's forty thousand inhabitants, the oldest being the "Little Dutch Church" (Lutheran), built by the German settlers in 1761. It remains unchanged, with the exception of such necessary repairs as prevent it from falling to pieces. A conspicuous object, as seen from the water, is the tall white spire of St. Mary's Cathedral (Roman Catholic). Like the "Dom," of Cologne, it swallows up all other spires, a fact due rather to its excellent situation than its architectural merit.

Halifax is distinguished for its charitable institutions—the Lunatic, the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb Asylums, Infants' Home, Orphans' Home, and a long list of others. A stately castle in red brick, with turrets galore, was dedicated to the paupers; but it was, unfortunately, destroyed by fire in 1883, and the old Penitentiary received the inmates for a time.

Until recently the twin arts of music and the drama found but a lukewarm welcome in Halifax; but the erection of the Academy of Music, a gay little theatre somewhat in the style of the Fifth Avenue, New York, has given them an impulse. Exhibition Hall not only serves for Provincial exhibitions, but also for a spacious rink,



MEN OF WAR. HALIFAX HARBOUR.

bazaar hall, and general public entertainments. Dalhousie College, situated at the north end of the Grand Parade, was established in the year 1820, at the desire of Lord Dalhousie, whose name it bears. It has had a somewhat checkered history, but is at the present time in a flourishing condition. Within the past few years it has benefited by the liberality of one of Nova Scotia's best sons, who has contributed to it over a quarter of a million of dollars. The High School, which is the old Grammar School resuscitated and enlarged, occupies a central position at the south end of the Citadel.

Let us now turn from these details to the contemplation of some of the city's breathing places.

A charming resort for the people of Halifax is Point Pleasant Park, situated on the tongue of land between the harbour and the Northwest Arm. Broad carriage-drives of a most excellent smoothness wind through the natural forest, the shimmer of the sea ever and anon closing the vista. Foot-paths abound, where one might lose himself most enjoyably among the labyrinths of rock, trees, and tall brackens Shut your eyes and ears to the plashing ocean all around, and fancy yourself in

the Black Forest of Germany. There are the mossy reaches under tall pines, the wealth of wild flowers, the sweet, resinous odour, as the path winds up and up, you care not whither. Where are the ruins? There is a good substitute in the old Martello Tower — "Prince of Wales Tower" — standing guard in the centre of its green clearing, and though there are no legends of Black Barons or wily Lorelei attached to its walls, it is a memorial of the days when rough-handed marauders hung about the shores and skulking Indians peered out of the surrounding greenery at the pale-face braves, longing for their scalps!

This park contains one hundred and sixty acres, and its foot-paths, riding-paths, and driving-courses average some ten or fifteen miles. The commissioners, with admirable taste, have merely cleared away the underbrush, planted young trees in vacant spaces, and crowned the best spots for views with summer-houses. Four forts and batteries, besides the Tower, command the coast at different points. The War Department owned the whole peninsula until 1874, when it handsomely conceded it to the city for a park. Almost opposite the park stands another frowning fort, York Redoubt, on the west bank of the Northwest Arm. The quaint little village of Falkland clings to the side of a precipitous hill below it. Beautiful is the scene from this stern spot, of the Arm, with its richly wooded banks and its graceful inundations. Near the mouth of it are two massive iron rings, fastened into the solid rock, from which heavy chains were wont to be stretched across to the opposite bank in time of war. Melville Island, near the head, contains what was formerly a war-prison. It is a two-story wooden building with grated windows, and is utilized by the resident garrison as a jail for their criminals. Any day as you drive past on the charming "Shingle Road" you may see the soldier felons in their prison garb at work upon the walls or embankments of their small territory. Gentlemen's residences can be seen

"Bosomed high in tufted trees"

along the shores of the lovely sheet of water, and tiny pleasure-boats dot the clear expanse. If one would feast his eyes on a prospect not easily forgotten, let him climb the hill which overlooks the Arm on the western side and enjoy it at his ease in the rustic summer-house that has been perched there by Sandford Fleming, the great engineer.

Humanity in this quarter of the globe is worth a passing glance; and if one desires his specimens *au naturel*, let him go to the Green Market on Saturday morning. There is an excellent brick market-house with stalls that can be hired for a very small rent, but the preference of the honest country folks is to sit in the open square behind the Post-Office and there vend their goods untaxed to the early customer. From the country settlements east and west they come in horse-carts, ox-teams, and

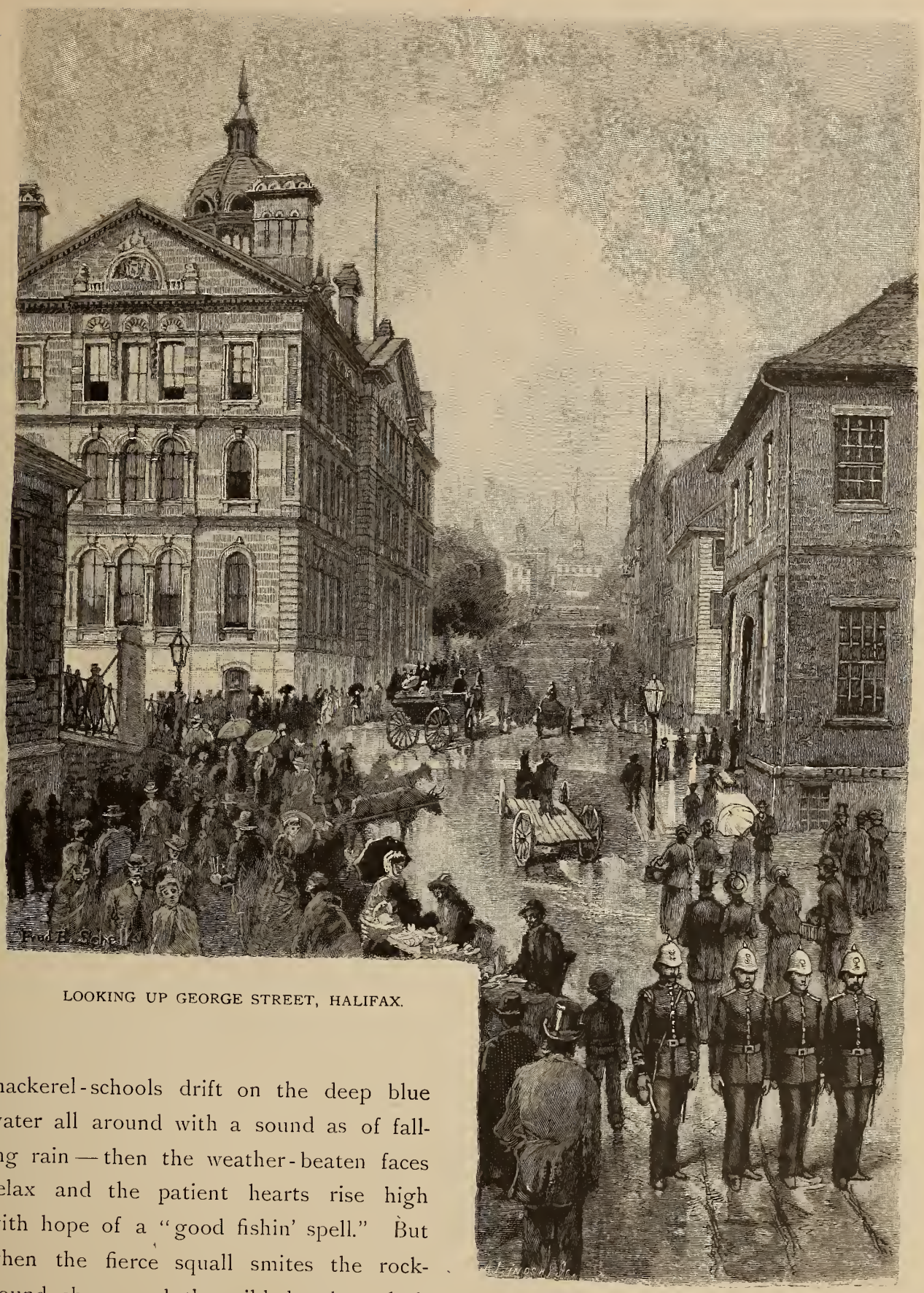
on foot. There are Dutchwomen from along the eastern shore with their baskets of green crops, which have been nourished on the purest ozone and the richest sea-kelp. There are the Blue-nose women, broad and high-coloured, fearless alike of wind and weather, as they drive their loaded teams by night over rough and lonely roads, to reach the earliest Dartmouth ferry-boat. They offer, with a friendly smile on their weather-beaten visages, primrose butter, *perdu*, under cool cabbage-leaves, and pearly eggs, food for the gods. There are lank-limbed countrymen clad in rough gray home-spun, standing beside their loads of vegetables or salt marsh hay; not keen and shrewd-eyed, like New England farmers, but bashfully courteous of speech, with the soft lisp of the German fatherland on their tongues or the burr of their Scottish ancestry. Here are a pair of Frenchwomen with baskets of knitted goods on their arms. Contrast the withered and yellow grandame, her grizzled hair bulging in a roll above her bushy eyebrows, her claw-like hands plying her knitting-wires, with the fresh young girl by her side, whose arch black eyes sparkle from out of her smooth olive face, and her white teeth display themselves in full force as we finger the huge mittens in her basket. Old and young are habited alike in blue or black handkerchiefs tightly knotted under the chin, loose blue jackets with napkin shawls folded over them, and short woollen skirts. Scores of them have been on the road all night, trotting the twenty-six miles from Cheggetcook on foot, their fingers busily plying the knitting-needles all the way. There squats a negro matron on the pavement, her clouted feet stretched before her in utter disregard of passers by, a short black pipe between her pendulous lips. Her layers of rags clothe her like the fungi of a dead tree; her padded hood is fashioned to fulfil the office of a saddle for her load. She has luscious wild strawberries in little birch-barks, which she offers you in an unctuous falsetto, stuffing her pipe into her bosom the better to overhaul her store for a fresh one. You pause in your bargain as you wonder whether *her teeth* hulled the tempting fruit!

The "noble red man" and his squaw also attend market. There they stand, a degenerate pair, clad in the cast-off clothes of the white man, their merchandise consisting of flag and willow baskets gayly dyed and an occasional porcupine-quill box. The squaw is prematurely aged. Her broad, copper-coloured face is inconceivably wrinkled; her eyes, from their ambush of folds, peer forth with a snaky gleam. The "brave," propped up right against the Post-Office wall, dozes with his bunch of rabbits (in their season) dangling in his hand, and, working his jaws mechanically on his quid, dreams of—rum. A bronze-tinted papoose is strapped under a filthy blanket at the mother's back and its impassive little face surveys life over her shoulder with a perfect philosophy. This trio has drifted from one of the wigwam hamlets near Dartmouth, and thither they will return when their wares are disposed of, if they do not fall victims to rum and the station-house.

Before we leave the market-square let us glance up George Street, a busy quarter at all times, but doubly so on market days. In the foreground a company of her Majesty's 97th regiment is marching to the Dartmouth ferry-boat — probably on its way to the Eastern Passage shooting-ground. Some of our market-folks are sitting at the receipt of custom driving their bargains, while an ox-cart or two are composedly stationed by their coloured owners where the street traffic must flow round them as it best can. On the left of the picture stands the Post-Office, a handsome stone building of recent date. The vista up the street is very quaint, closed in as it is by Citadel Hill, so softly green, with the queer old town-clock in front of it.

The Public Gardens on "band-days" are the favourite resort of nurse-maids and their charges and young gentlemen fond of flirting and lawn-tennis. There are fourteen acres of ground, beautifully arranged with ornamental shrubberies, rookeries, arbours, ponds, fountains, lawn-tennis court, etc. The military or marine band, as the case may be, performs in a tree-circled stand; the babies and their maids wind round the musicians, and the fair ladies of Halifax promenade the outer walks to the music of Strauss or Sullivan, quite unconscious of the knots of young exquisites who stand on the grass and admire them. A stranger is struck with the peculiarly healthy glow of these ladies' complexions, as compared with the bleached faces of their American sisters. Doubtless, the Atlantic breezes have to answer for the delicate *soupçon* of tan—the light sprinkling of freckles on pretty noses—that William Black has taught us to admire on his heroines.

Since Nova Scotia was settled fishing has been one of its most important industries, and Halifax county has gone into the business largely. Not only are salt-water fish in abundance, but the lakes and streams swarm with salmon, trout, gaspereaux, perch, and eels; not forgetting the small, delicious smelts, caught through the ice by the cart-load, and worthy of a place on Delmonico's bill-of-fare. Halifax fish-market is said to have a more varied supply all the year round than any other in America. There are sixteen different species, of which the salmon, cod, and mackerel are the most important. Halifax fits out numerous fleets for the Labrador and Island Banks fisheries, but all along the Atlantic shore, east and west, there are fishing villages, whose chief subsistence is gained by the cod and mackerel fishing along the coast. As the Spring opens the boats are exhumed from barns or heaps of spruce-brush and caulked, pitched, or painted anew; long nets are spread on the grass around the cottages; the women are busy netting or mending, their fingers plying the rude wooden shuttles as dexterously as a lady weaves her fairy tatting with her ivory toy; hooks and lines are prepared; all is bustle and expectation. And when the boats go out in the brightening dawn, full of stalwart men—the fathers and husbands of those they leave behind them—when the sun smiles through the white fog, sending it back to its breeding-ground; when the fish come in fast as hands can haul them, and the



LOOKING UP GEORGE STREET, HALIFAX.

mackerel-schools drift on the deep blue water all around with a sound as of falling rain — then the weather-beaten faces relax and the patient hearts rise high with hope of a "good fishin' spell." But when the fierce squall smites the rock-bound shore and the wild breakers lash it with resistless force, many a deeply-laden boat is swept to its destruction; many

a brave man sinks in sight of wife and home; the earnings of toilsome years are lost in the greedy maw of the sea.

"For men must work, and women must weep;
And the harbour-bar is moaning."

Not one of the dozen towns or villages that lie along the Southeastern coast of Nova Scotia but has its story, or garland of stories, of adventure on the stormy deep. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters," sometimes go forth to come back again with no returning tide. The sea claims her prey; and nowhere is there a larger proportion of young widows and groups of little orphans than along the Atlantic coast. But there are abundant stories of triumphant conflict with the elements. Many a one has battled the storm all the way from Labrador to La Have, and the recital stirs the young blood during the long winter evenings when it is all in vain for the fisherman to tempt the perils of the deep. Many have won wealth on the coasts and banks and coves of Newfoundland, or away up among the rough Magdalens. They tell of comrades lost or snatched from the very grip of death. They tell of long, weary waiting, and then of sudden fortune, and the joy of the home-coming. No time in all the year is so eventful as when the well-known vessel heaves in sight, and the eager watchers name her name, and the word passes from lip to lip till the good news reaches the hearts of wife and children. Anxious fears are dispelled; gloomy forebodings are laughed at and forgotten; and there is more than the joy of harvest. The gains of this year tempt to renewed adventure next year; or the season's losses kindle a hope of next season's gains.

Scarcely a family along these bays and coves but has a deep personal interest in the sea: it is their mine and their harvest field; a father or brother, a cousin, a lover, perhaps, is on the wave. The mother, the wife, the sister, the sweetheart, will watch and wait with longing heart and eager prayers. And often the waiting is for a 'morrow that never comes—for a smile that is never seen again.

One has to go back only to the closing years of last century and the earlier years of the present to gather up tales of privateering, bold robberies by invaders and keen reprisals by the sturdy children of the sea. One story out of many must serve our turn. Its authenticity is vouched for. The hero was Captain Godfrey, of the little town of Liverpool, and the vessel was the armed brig *Rover*, which carried fourteen four-pounders. Her crew consisted of fifty-five men and boys, nearly all hardy fishermen. Near Cape Blanco, on the Spanish Main, the *Rover* was attacked by a schooner and three gunboats under Spanish colours—the schooner carrying 125 men, ten six-pounders and other heavier guns. After a struggle which continued over three hours the gunboats made off, and the schooner, *Santa Ritta*, was taken! Says Captain God-



CAPE SPLIT, FROM BAXTER'S HARBOUR.

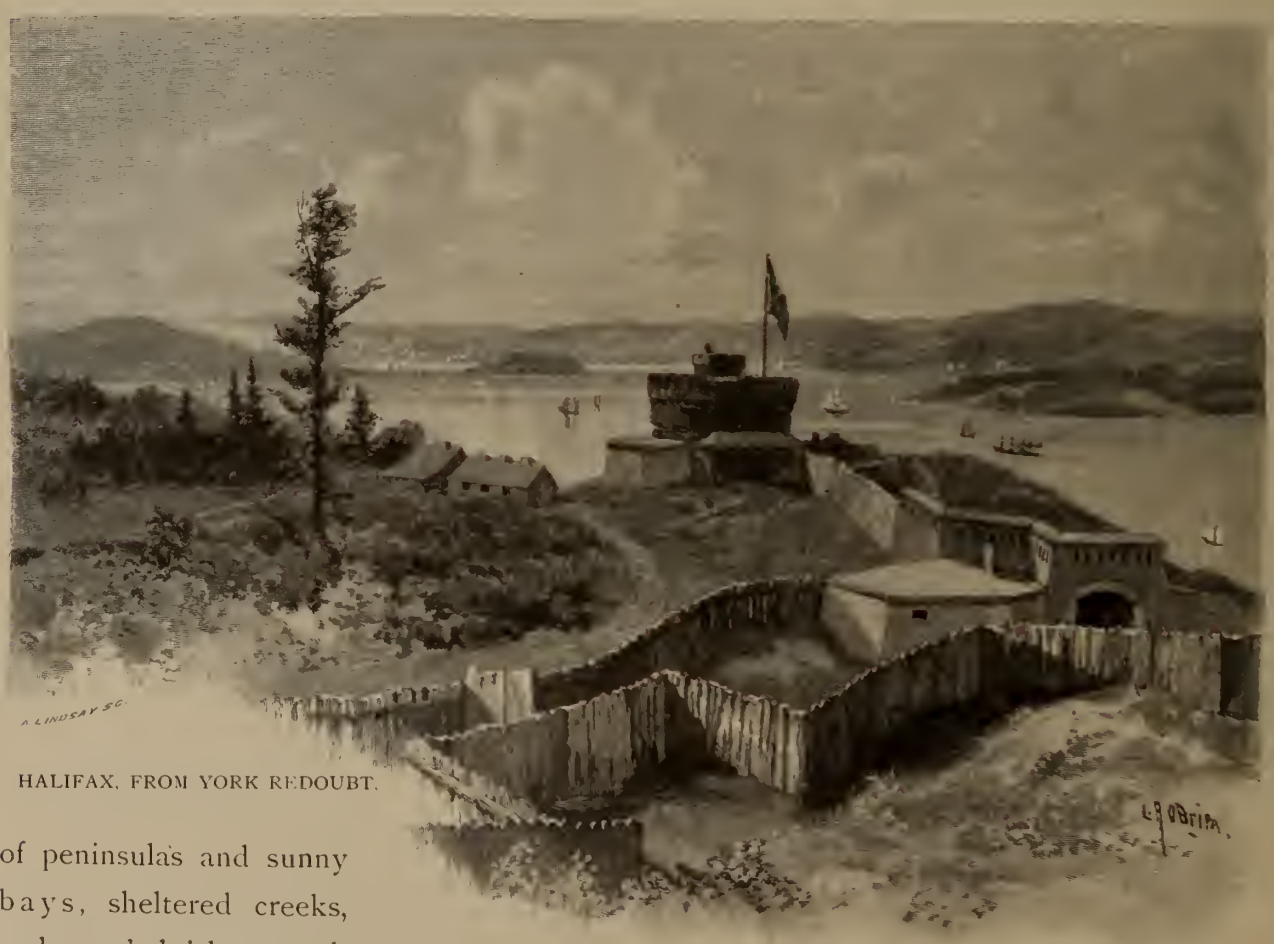
frey: "She was fitted out the day before for the express purpose of taking us; every officer on board of her was killed except those in command of a party of 25 soldiers; there were fourteen men dead on her deck when we boarded her, and seventeen wounded; the prisoners, including the wounded, numbered seventy-one. My ship's company, including officers and boys, by this time amounted to forty-five, and behaved with that courage and spirit which British seamen always show when fighting the enemies of their country. I had not a man hurt! The enemy lost fifty-four. I landed all the prisoners except eight, taking their obligation not to serve against His Majesty until regularly exchanged." After numerous adventures Captain Godfrey arrived safely in his *Rover* at Liverpool, where, after the peace, he disarmed her and used her to carry fish to the West Indies. The British Government had offered him the command of a man-of-war, but he declined the offer.

Tales of sore battle with the fierce Atlantic storms are too common at some spots. Yonder by that jagged, rocky islet, a great steamer sank in the gale, and not a soul survived to tell the story. In the grey dawn the fishermen on the shore could descry the masts and rigging of the *Hungarian* as the furious gale shrieked through them. Sadder still, close by a quiet cove near Prospect and sheltered from the storms by a beetling headland,—the spot where are hundreds of graves, of men and women and children, drowned, when no storm was on the sea and no darkness in the sky to excuse the cruel blundering of the careless captain of the *Atlantic*. The ledges are still pointed out beyond Cape Sable where many a gallant ship has gone down—where long ago a large portion of D'Anville's fleet was cast away by the great storm which the worthy Puritans of Boston believed to have been sent specially in answer to their Fast Day prayer to confound the plans of the invader.

Halifax has within easy reach of it some sandy beaches that naturally attract hosts of summer visitors. Cow Bay, within a few miles of the city, is one of the most bracing and delightful bathing resorts in America. Westward, we find two silvery sand beaches at the head of Margaret's Bay, and the largest of all, some miles in extent, at Petite Riviere. These places are not so easily accessible—not reached by railway or steamer—and hence are not yet popular. The Atlantic coast seems as if specially designed to afford the greatest possible relief in summer to those who suffer from the terrible heat of the interior of this continent. The large bays are dotted with islands, affording abundant scope for safe and pleasant boating excursions. The streams abound in fish; and the coast waters yield codfish, herring, mackerel and sometimes halibut, in abundance.

CHESTER, forty miles south-west of Halifax, is reached by daily stage-coach, or private conveyance, along a delightful road, skirting the shore, or passing under the shadow of lofty hills. The village crowns a hill which slopes towards the sea and commands extensive sea views. There are delightful drives in the vicinity, and the bay is

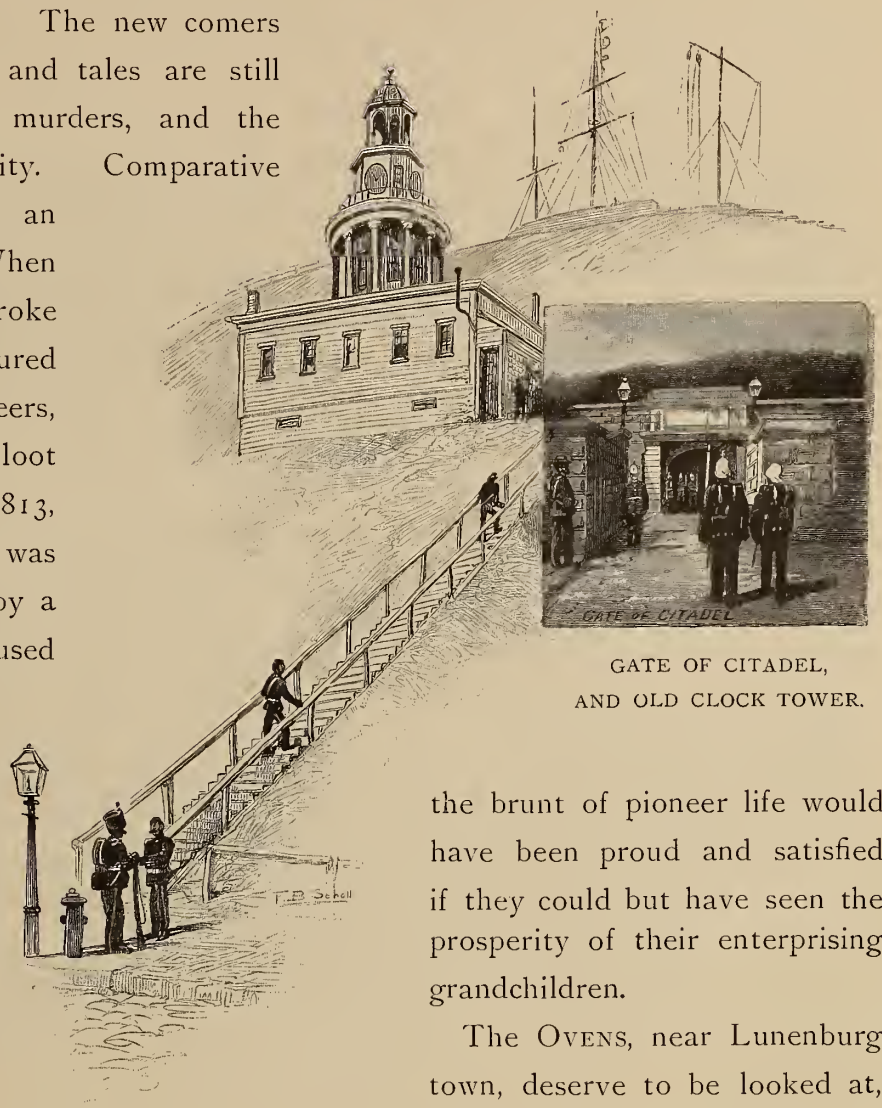
dotted with innumerable islets. Aspotogan, a bold, bare hill, the loftiest along the Atlantic coast, is usually visited from Chester. From its summit one sees the fabled three hundred and sixty-five islands of Mahone Bay. Captain Kidd, the redoubtable pirate, is credited with having hidden his treasure on Oak Island, near Chester, and ardent seekers after forbidden wealth have expended fortunes in trying to reach the earth's centre here. Once and again they have penetrated over one hundred feet, as if a pirate could dig so deep even if he had wished! The village of Mahone Bay is charmingly situated at the head of a narrow basin, whose mouth is screened by islands, and whose sides are sheltered by steep hills. A few miles farther on is Lunenburg, a flourishing town, the centre of the county of the same name—a slice of Germany laid down in Nova Scotia. In winter this county is bleak and dreary, the forests having been largely destroyed by fires. In summer it is green and lovely, and in harvest time its hillsides are golden with yellow grain. The town of Lunenburg rises on a gentle slope from the shore of the harbor. Viewed from Cosman's Observatory, which stands on the summit of an adjacent hill, the town appears white and clean in the midst of a vast panorama



HALIFAX, FROM YORK REDOUBT.

of peninsulas and sunny bays, sheltered creeks, and wooded islets—each set in a mirror of molten silver;—pretty cottages on grassy hillocks or half hidden in the valleys; northward a vast crescent sweep of dark forest; far southward the shining sea. An

Indian village, Malagash, once stood on the site of the town. Over two hundred families, German and Swiss, settled here in 1753, at the invitation of the British Government, which gave them farming implements and three years' provisions. The new comers suffered from the Indians, and tales are still told of atrocities, fearful murders, and the horrors of a long captivity. Comparative nearness to Halifax was an element of safety here. When the Revolutionary war broke out, Lunenburg was honoured with a visit by two privateers, which took away all the loot they could find. In June, 1813, an American privateer was chased into these waters by a British man-of-war. It refused to surrender, and being in imminent danger of capture, was blown up by one of its officers. The whole crew perished. Lunenburg is now deeply engaged in fisheries, in ship-building, and in the lumber-trade. The German colonists who stood the brunt of pioneer life would have been proud and satisfied if they could but have seen the prosperity of their enterprising grandchildren.



GATE OF CITADEL, AND OLD CLOCK TOWER.

The Ovens, near Lunenburg town, deserve to be looked at, if not explored. High cliffs facing the Atlantic have been undermined by the constant crash of the mighty waves. Several caverns have been formed a hundred feet wide and two hundred feet deep, or more, into which the waves roll and rush with tremendous force, and with a noise like thunder. When the wind is favourable the spectacle presented is grand, and the battle-sound of rock and wave deafening. Here, in 1861, gold was found in considerable quantities in the sand; but the "washings" were quickly exhausted. Let us take a glimpse at the broad and peaceful tidal river which meets the sea inside of Ironbound Island,—the La Have, a favourite resort of the French when they possessed this land. The river winds between banks that are well cultivated, or still picturesquely wooded. Along the sandy borders of the river the waters curl in gentlest ripples or seem quite asleep, while a mile or two outside the perennial conflict of iron, rocky barrier and fiercely dashing wave goes on. Ironbound is a treeless rock, serving to break

the force of the sea and to screen the islands that are inside, which are well wooded, fertile, and habitable. But when the storms of winter rave round these coasts, when the Atlantic is aroused by the gales of March and April, there are weeks that the dwellers on the islands cannot communicate with the mainland. This was one of the first spots colonized by France: here Isaac de Razilly, the wise and gallant Knight of Jerusalem, the sagacious Lieut.-General of Acadie, the far-sighted captain of the West, died suddenly in 1636, and here he lies buried. His death was an irreparable loss to the men of whom he was the leader; for internal strifes followed which proved more deadly than the attacks of the common foe.

Liverpool is the aspiring designation of a pretty little town, a mile long, on the right bank of the Rossignol. The river is the outflow of a series of lovely forest lakes away up in the bosom of the hills. This region was explored in 1622 by Sir William Alexander, who found "a pleasant river, and on every side of the same they did see very delicate meadows having roses white and red growing thereon, with a kind of white lily which had a dainty smell."

Shelburne is one of the prettiest of towns, on a land-locked bay ten miles long by two or three wide. It has a curious history. The beauty of the situation attracted the attention of the Loyalists of New England, large numbers of whom came here in 1783. In one year the forest along these peaceful shores gave way to a city of 12,000 people. Wealthy patricians sought here to live under the old flag. For the first year all seemed brilliant with hope. Governor Parr entered the bay in a royal frigate, and so delighted was he with the progress and promise of the place, that he encouraged the project of making it the capital of the Province in place of Halifax. Unfortunately, the harbor is so thoroughly land-locked that it is frost-bound in winter; and this proved fatal to the claims of the new city. There was also no back country—nothing but the mighty forest behind from which to draw supplies or with which to trade. For two years the city grew apace. Two millions and a half dollars were expended in the costly experiment. It collapsed almost like a dream. In three or four years it became a village of 400 inhabitants. Many of the Loyalists went back to the United States. Many moved to other places where the hand of industry could earn a living. But the beauty of the situation remains,—bay, cliff, stream, island, the gleam of the distant sea, and the unbroken belt of forest along the low ridges of the Blue Mountain range. There are fertile and well-peopled valleys in the county, and rising towns, such as Lock's Island, that the fisheries have made wealthy.

Port Latour must be looked at in honor of the brave man whose name it bears, and who stood true to his loyalty in spite of every temptation. Fort Louis, which young Latour held against his father, has vanished into space. There is but a small fishing hamlet now, where in the 17th century there was much trade and military stir. Cape Sable is the veritable Land's End of Nova Scotia,—rocky, rough and barren.

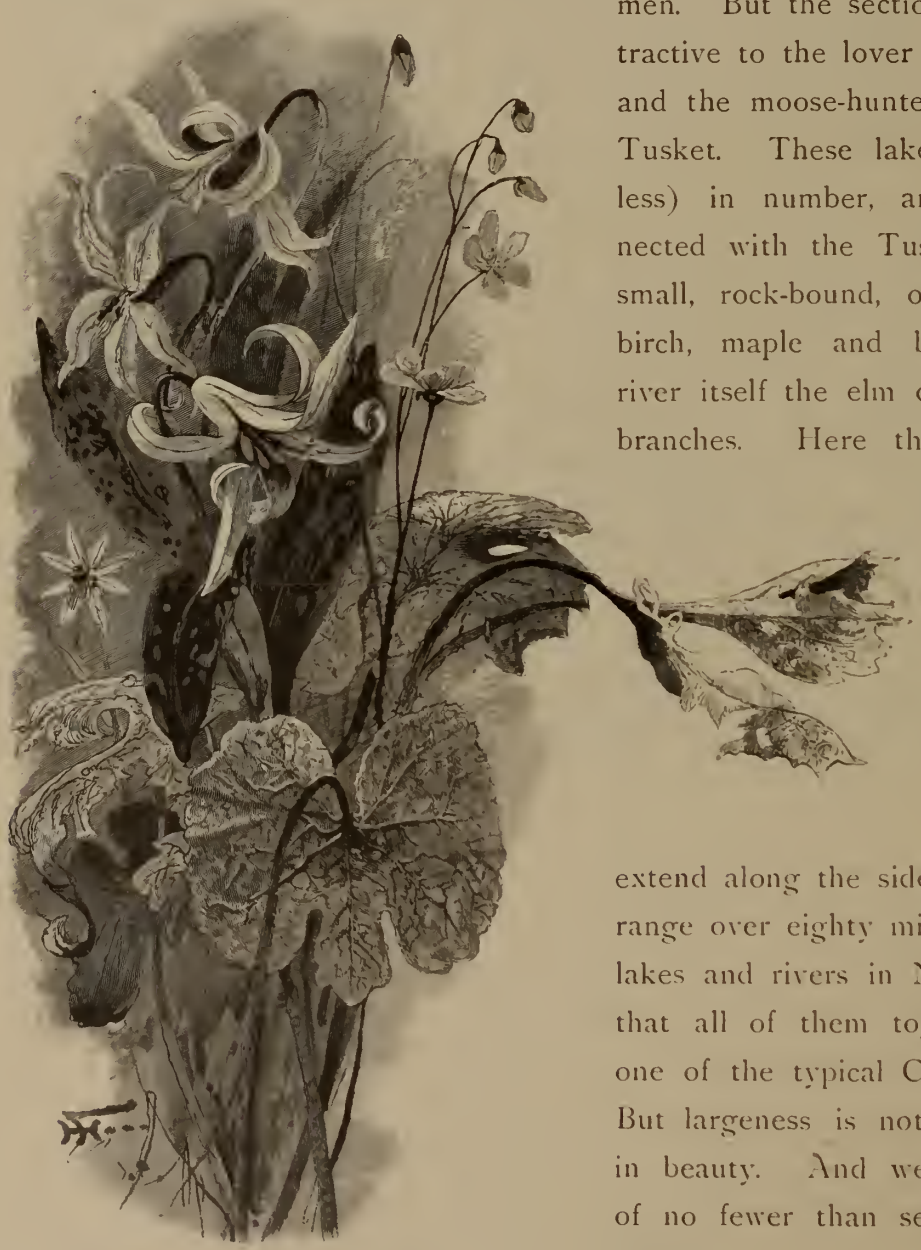
Yarmouth lies along a line of low, rocky coast,—the harbour at high tide full to the brim with the turbid waters of the Bay of Fundy, and at ebb tide scantily enough supplied. Cooling mists and dense fogs often come in with the tide, and the consequence is that the verdure of Yarmouth is of the deepest green, and its blossoms of the bright-



FISHERMEN LANDING IN A GALE.

est white and red and purple. The streets are fairly well built, and off the lines of the streets rise the handsomest villas, embosomed in gardens and presenting every appearance of taste and wealth. Nowhere will you see six thousand people better housed; and the schools, churches, court house, factories and shops have caught the same air of substantial comfort. Yarmouth is a ship-owning town. It is stated that in 1761 the whole county owned 25 tons of shipping. The town now owns over a hundred and twenty thousand tons,—more in proportion to the population than any other place. The most eligible sites, the most elegant buildings in town and vicinity, are the property of "captains" who have won wealth on the stormy seas, and who return to enjoy their well-earned rest in the bosom of their families. Every one is deeply interested in the sea, and shipping news is eagerly scanned to find tidings of father, brother, son, or friend. The cruel sea claims large tribute from those who woo it for wealth,

and Yarmouth has paid its share. The graves of her sons are in many a strange port, and in many an ocean cave. Prudently, Yarmouth is turning her attention to manufacturing industries. She has foundries, woolen mills, a duck factory; and a beginning is made in iron ship-building—one of the greatest industries of the future. The Acadian story could be repeated here—the long conflict, the expulsion, the return of a few, the coming of New Englanders to take possession of the pleasant heritage. Argyll Bay in this county is singularly beautiful with its 365 islands and numerous peninsulas, and pleasant little hamlets of prosperous fishermen. But the section which is peculiarly attractive to the lover of nature, to the angler and the moose-hunter, is the lake region of Tusket. These lakes are eighty (more or less) in number, and are nearly all connected with the Tusket River. They are small, rock-bound, overshadowed by spruce, birch, maple and beech; while over the river itself the elm often droops its graceful branches. Here the fisherman is sure of abundance of gaspereaux in the lower reaches of the river, and farther inland, salmon and trout. The favorite haunts of the stately moose and graceful caribou extend along the sides of the Blue Mountain range over eighty miles. When we speak of lakes and rivers in Nova Scotia, be it noted that all of them together would not make one of the typical Canadian lakes or rivers! But largeness is not necessarily an element in beauty. And we boast in Nova Scotia of no fewer than seven hundred and sixty lakes!



SPRING BEAUTY, SANGUINARIA, AND DOG-TOOTH VIOLET.

And now let us return to the beautiful Annapolis Valley which we left in order to pay our respects to Halifax and the Atlantic coast. The North Mountain, running from Blomidon to Digby Gut, screens the valley from the raw breezes and fogs of the Bay

of Fundy. The South Mountain, which runs the whole length of Nova Scotia, is parallel with the North Mountain for a distance, of say eighty miles. The intervening valley is the "garden of Nova Scotia." Its western half is the "Annapolis Valley," and



CHESTER.

its eastern half the Cornwallis Valley. The river is navigable to Bridgetown. But here, as elsewhere along the shores of the turbid Bay of Fundy, the traveller is startled by the amazing contrast between full-tide and low water. The waters rush inwards with superabundant energy and opulence, filling up every creek and brooklet, till you begin to fear that old limits are to be overleapt. Boats, ships, steamers ride gaily where an hour or two before they were squat upon a brown mud bottom. But watch, with just a little patience. At the perilous fullness there is a pause, a brief period of seeming hesitation. Then, there is the panic rush of retreat, until cove and creek are dry again, and strong swollen rivers are mere dribbling brooks.

Following up the valley we find little towns and villages and hamlets, churches and schools; richly cultivated fields, leagues after leagues of apple-trees; orchards with trees old as the French régime; orchards newly set out; some apparently dying of age or from lack of care; the great majority thrifty and doing well. No sooner is one of the great old farms subdivided by the father for the benefit of one or two sons than a new orchard is set out, even before a house or barn is built. The farms hug the sides of the steep hills, and some of the best fruit is raised on these sunny slopes. There are two periods of the year when this apple country is peculiarly delightful,—in June, when the trees are red and white with blossom—snowy white and rose-red, full of

promise for the future while affording abundant present delight; and again in September and October, when the limbs are laden with green, russet and gold,—when the orchards laugh with abundance and the air is literally fragrant with the aroma of gravensteins and pippins and the nameless varieties in which the fruit growers of this region take delight. Apple culture now is an important industry here; and in prosperous years farmers realize many thousands of dollars as the fruit of their toil.

Bridgetown, Lawrencetown, Paradise, Kingston, Middleton, are steadily improving in appearance and growing in population as the result of improved agriculture and horticulture. Wilmot Springs are noteworthy for the health-giving qualities of the water.

The Cornwallis Valley presents a lovely expanse of level country, between the North and South mountains. It has been largely rescued from the sea and transformed into wondrously fertile territory. The Canard and the Cornwallis rivers, once navigable streams, have shrunk in their oozy beds into mere brooklets. The level uplands near the dikelands are occupied by miles and miles of "streets," with long streams of handsome, well-built houses, the homes of thrifty and prosperous farmers. Spring opens early, and summer lingers long in the sheltered villages and secluded hamlets of Cornwallis. The South Mountain screens it from the fogs and chill breezes of the Atlantic, and the North Mountain serves as a barrier against the still denser fogs of the Bay of Fundy. One of the finest views of the valley is to be enjoyed by climbing up North Mountain near its termination in Cape Blomidon. At your feet lie the little town of Canning and the village of Pereaux. In front stretch long lines of "streets" with orchards and farm-houses—churches rising here and there where population is thickest. Across the valley, miles southward, is Kentville, nestling among the brooks that rush down the gorges of the South Mountain, a pretty and tidy town almost hidden from sight with its glorious elms, chestnuts, locust trees, willows, and apple-orchards. Farther to the left, some eight miles, is Wolfville, another town famous for its elms and orchards, its white cottages, educational institutions, and its wealth of legendary and historic associations. Pretty clusters of houses dot the landscape far and near, while, as your eye turns eastward, the view embraces Grand Pré and the whole scene of the culmination of the Acadian tragedy. How changed this valley within the century! There appears to be not a remnant of the old Acadians in a place once so dear to them, and in which they battled so bravely with the sea.

A favourite view of this lovely valley, with the Basin of Minas, is from Acadia College, which itself occupies a commanding site on rising ground at Wolfville. This view embraces the "Land of Evangeline," the spot which Longfellow's muse has consecrated for all time. The Grand Pré, which stretches between Wolfville and the Basin of Minas, was evidently redeemed from the waves. It is flat, perfectly monotonous, except when dotted with cocks of new-mown hay, or with great loads ready to be hauled to upland barns. Strongly-built dikes keep back the sea, except when

the Bay of Fundy has been filled to overflowing by a mighty gale. Then the waters overleap all barriers—old dikes and new together, and the flooded lands are rendered infertile for a year or two. Happily these great invasions do not occur frequently, not oftener than once in ten or twelve years.

Specimens of the genuine old French dike are few, and becoming fewer. The best sample is near "Long Island," which lies between Wolfville and Cape Blomidon, and which is an island no longer. One is still able to trace the foundations of the Acadian chapel at Grand Pré. There are grass-grown hollows where cellars were wont to be. Relics are picked up from time to time which belonged to the Acadian period. Sometimes coffins are disturbed by the plough. Earthenware is also occasionally found which once did duty on the tables of the quiet but stubborn race that so persistently hated British rule. The most interesting, because the most certain, relics of the olden time are these long rows of willows, and these gnarled and mossy apple-trees.

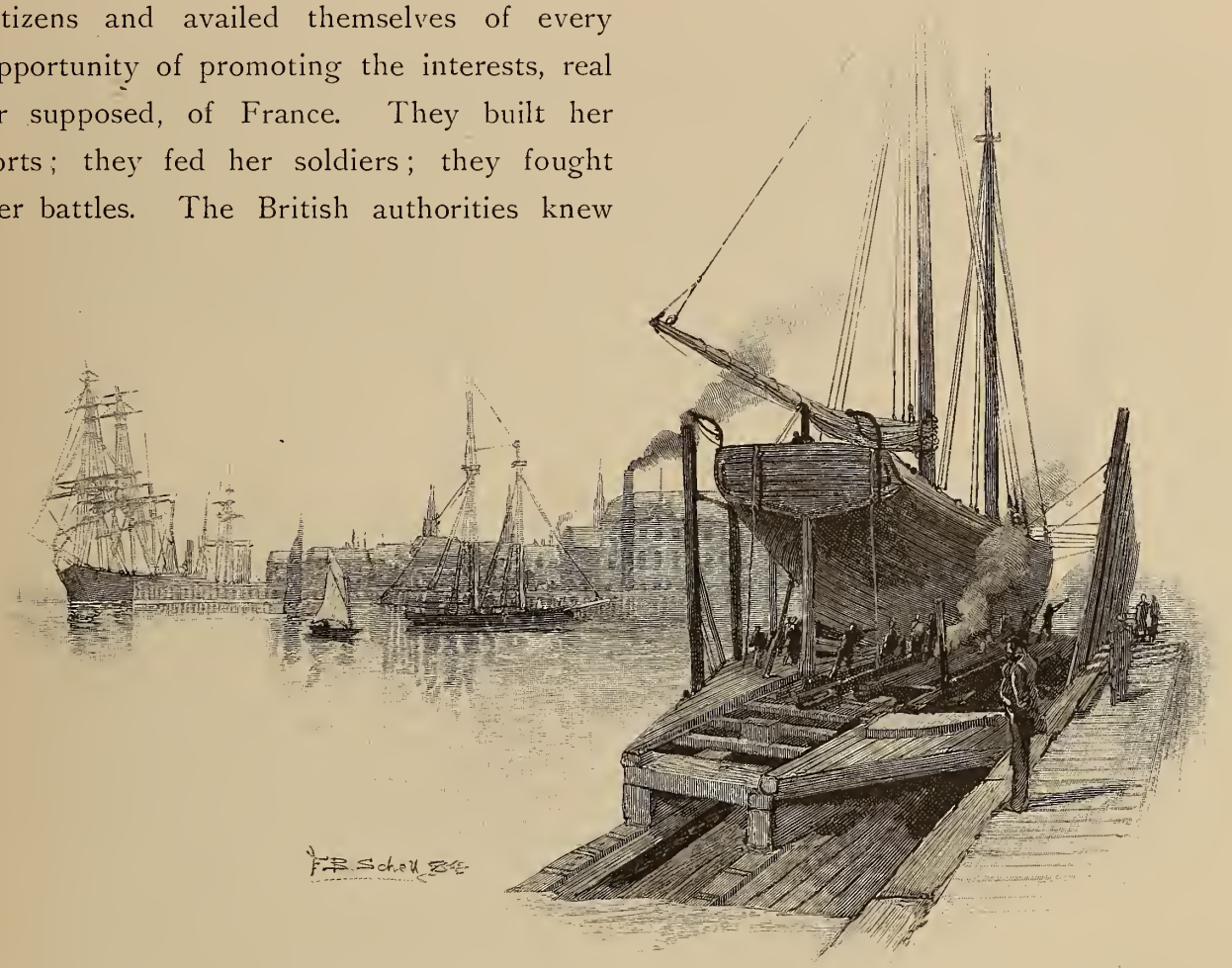
This district was settled early in the seventeenth century by immigrants from La Rochelle and its vicinity. Owing to the fertility of the soil and the almost complete exemption from the ravages of war and the burdens of taxation, the people prospered greatly. They were on terms of perfect amity with the Indians. Their loyalty to France was as intense as their hatred of England. Indeed the French authorities took pains to cultivate their sympathy. Hardly a war of any account was waged on this continent between France and England in which the Acadians failed to take part; and they fought with the self-sacrificing ardor of the early crusaders. After the conquest of Nova Scotia and its permanent cession to Great Britain, the Acadians refused over and over again to take the oath of allegiance. Living on British territory, they claimed to be "neutrals." Not only would they not take up arms for the King of Great Britain; they could not be trusted to abstain from acts of hostility against him. They sent supplies to the French at Louisburg, at Fort Beausejour, and elsewhere when supplies were sorely needed at Annapolis and at Halifax. They were allowed the free exercise of their religion; they were not to be molested in person or property so long as they would consent to be subjects of the British crown. But it was here that their great difficulty lay. Distance in time and space had made old France dearer than ever to their hearts. Their collisions with the New England militia and other representatives of British power had only intensified their hatred of that power. They were in full sympathy with the Indian tribes in all parts of the country, and entered into their plans of offense against the British settlers and garrisons.

Vicar-General La Loutre, who came to Acadia in 1740, was a man of indomitable perseverance and restless enterprise. He at once gained the confidence of the Acadians and the Indians; and his grand aim was to keep them in a united attitude against the English. He was in full sympathy with the feeling then universal in Quebec—intense loyalty to France, and a determination to promote French interests wherever possible.

He transgressed all bounds of prudence in the measures which he devised and carried out. For example, Beaubassin, a pleasant and prosperous village of 1,000 inhabitants, all French, was by his orders utterly deserted and then burnt, in order that it might not pass under British control. This act will explain to some extext the spirit which led to the "expulsion" of the Acadians five years later. La Loutre's orders were carried out with promptitude, for he had bands of Indians at his back who were glad to punish any disobedience. Several years before the expulsion, the people of River Canard, Grand Pré and Piziquid sent deputies to Governor Cornwallis asking leave to evacuate the Province, and intimating their determination not to sow their fields. Cornwallis answered them in the most conciliatory terms, and in perfect good faith. He warned them against La Loutre, who had ordered the savages to cut off those that should remain loyal to England. He told them of the inevitable ruin which would come upon them should they persist in disobeying their lawful king. They were now subjects of Great Britain, not of France; no one could possess houses or lands in the Province who would not take the oath of allegiance, and those who left the Province would have to leave all their property behind them. In a few weeks deputies from the same places appeared again before the Governor, asking permission to leave the Province. Cornwallis replied that whenever peace was restored he would furnish passports to all who wished to go; but at present he refused, because the moment they stepped beyond the border they would be required to take up arms against Great Britain. He assured them that their determination to remain in antagonism to Great Britain gave him great pain. He praised their virtues and their exemption from vice. He added: "This Province is your country; you and your fathers have cultivated it; naturally you ought yourselves to enjoy the fruits of your labour. Such was the desire of the king, our master. You know that we have followed his orders. You know that we have done everything not only to secure you the occupation of your lands, but the ownership of them forever. We have given you also every possible assurance of the enjoyment of your religion, and the free and public exercise of the Roman Catholic faith." He pointed out to them the immense advantages they would have in the large markets that would be opened to them, and of which they would for many years have the monopoly, for they possessed the only cultivated lands in the Province. "In short, we flattered ourselves that we would make you the happiest people in the world."

Cornwallis's successor, Governor Hobson, was not more successful than Cornwallis in winning the Acadians. La Loutre and his Indians had their affections and their fears as well. Disaffection prevailed among them to such an extent that they refused to sell wood and provisions to the British soldiers stationed among them. The infection of disorder and discontent extended to the German colony in Lunenburg. Three hundred Acadians, refusing work at good wages at Halifax, and disregarding

the Government's orders, crossed over to Beausejour to work under La Loutre. Here, then, we have the explanation of the ever memorable tragedy of 1755. France and England were contending for supremacy in America. It was the death-grapple of giants. The Acadians for forty years had been under British sway, yet refused to become citizens and availed themselves of every opportunity of promoting the interests, real or supposed, of France. They built her forts; they fed her soldiers; they fought her battles. The British authorities knew



MARINE SLIP AND DOCKS, YARMOUTH.

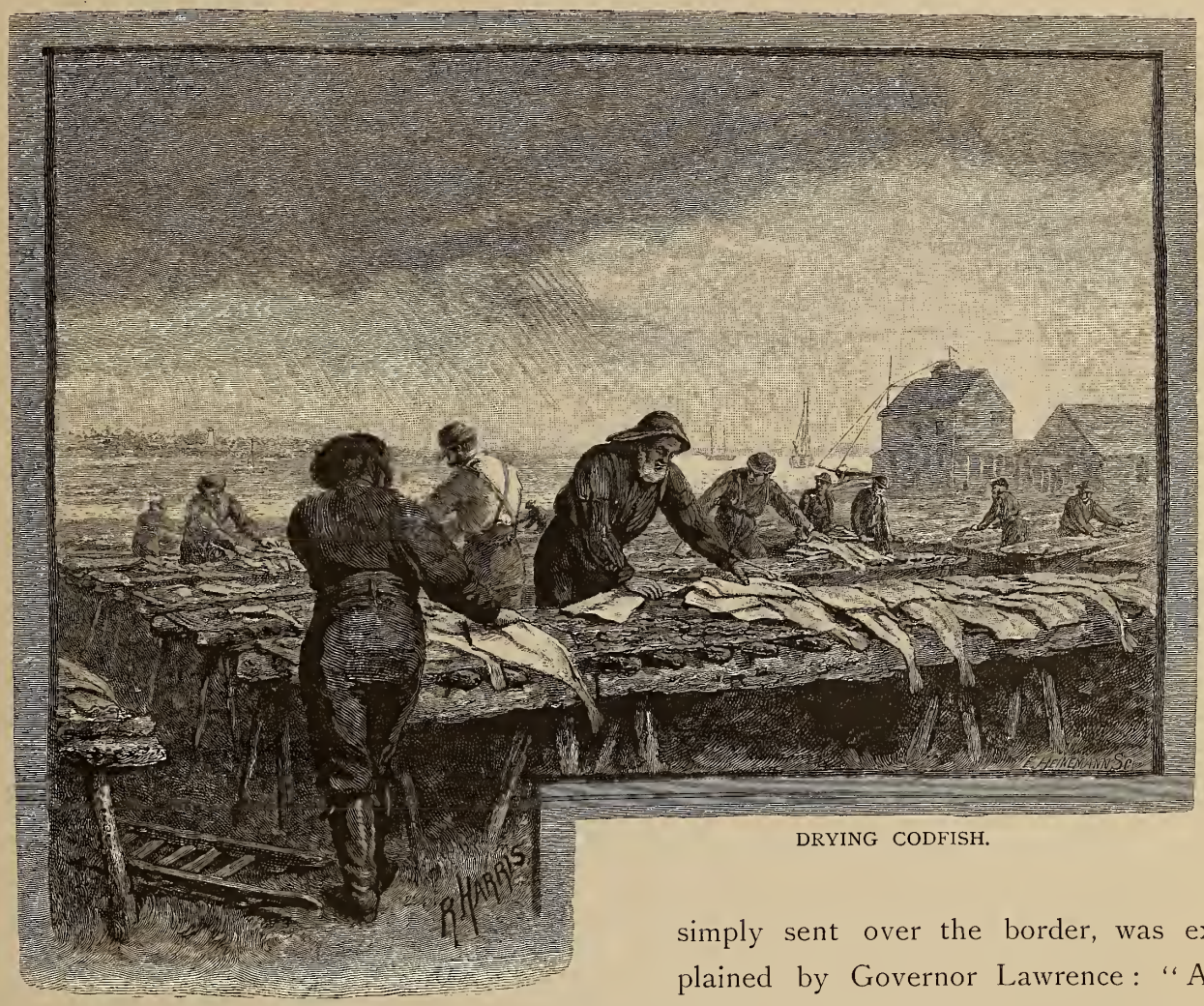
that a French conquest of Acadia would be hailed with exultation by the Acadians throughout the whole territory. Looking at the matter from the New England and British point of view, it is not to be wondered at that decisive steps were taken. Harsh and deplorable as the measure was,—it was war. It was a piece of public policy designed to ensure the possession of Nova Scotia by Great Britain. It was one of the steps in the great drama of conquest in the New World. That the British were not moved by greed for the fair, rich lands of the Acadians is abundantly proved by the fact that Grand Pré lay desolate for five years after the expulsion, and that the other depopulated districts were some of them nine or ten years without a British settler. Seven thousand Acadians were induced to leave all they possessed in the rich old settlements of Acadia in order to be under the French flag. Their houses

were either burnt by the Indians or allowed to go to ruin; and their fields were left uncultivated. The suffering caused by this voluntary migration was very great. The sacrifices made by the emigrants were incalculable. The fact that the Acadians preferred such perils and deprivations to citizenship under the British flag, enables us to view the "Expulsion of the Acadians" in its true light.

During the spring and summer of 1755, the Acadians were required to give up their fire-arms. Symptoms of uneasiness and dissatisfaction were noticed among them. The commanding officer at Fort Edward reported that they had acted towards him with "great insolence," leading him to believe that they had secret intelligence of an expected French invasion. Fifteen representatives of the Acadians appeared in Halifax, on the 3rd July, before Governor Lawrence and his council, when their faults, errors, true position, advantages and duties were fully explained to them. They were asked to take the oath of allegiance, but after much deliberation they declined. They were told that they would henceforth be regarded not as subjects of the British King, but of the King of France, and as such they would be treated. The council then resolved that the Acadians should be ordered to send new deputies to Halifax with their decision, whether they would take the oath or not; and that none who refused to take it should be afterwards permitted to do so, but "that effectual measures should be taken to remove all such recusants out of the Province." This decision was conveyed to the delegates, who, becoming alarmed, offered to take the oath. They were, however, not permitted to do so, but were kept as prisoners on St. George's Island in Halifax harbour. Governor Lawrence conferred with Admirals Boscawen and Mostyn, and both agreed with him that it was time the French should be required to take the oath or to leave the country. This was on the 14th July. On the 25th July, deputies came from the French in Annapolis, intimating their determination to take no "new oath." Governor Lawrence plainly intimated to them what would be the result. He asked them to reconsider the matter till Monday, for if once they refused the oath, they should have no other opportunity of taking it. On Monday, July 28th, the full council met with the Acadian deputies, all of whom made substantially the same report,—that they had already taken the qualified oath of fidelity, and that they would take none other. The whole body of delegates were called before the council, and the case again carefully explained to them; but they all peremptorily refused the oath. The Acadians knew what they were doing; and they did it deliberately. They risked all—and lost.

The decision of the authorities was taken. Arrangements were made to remove the Acadians about the Isthmus, in what is now the county of Cumberland. The turn of those at Minas was to come next; and those in Annapolis and Yarmouth were to follow. Colonel Winslow was in command at Minas. His instructions were to collect the people and place them on board the transports which the government would furnish. Two thousand persons were to be removed: five hundred to North Carolina;

one thousand to Virginia; five hundred to Maryland. They were to be sent thus far away, to prevent their easy return. One thousand were to be removed from Annapolis, and to be scattered thus — three hundred each to Philadelphia and Connecticut, and two hundred each to New York and Boston. The reason they were not



DRYING CODFISH.

simply sent over the border, was explained by Governor Lawrence: "As their numbers amount to near seven thousand persons, the driving them off, with leave to go whither they pleased, would doubtless have strengthened Canada with so considerable a number of inhabitants, and such as are able to bear arms must have been immediately employed in annoying this and the neighbouring colonies. To prevent such an inconvenience it was judged a necessary and the only practicable measure to divide them among the colonies, where they may be of some use, as most of them are strong, healthy people, and they may become profitable and, it is possible, in time, faithful subjects."

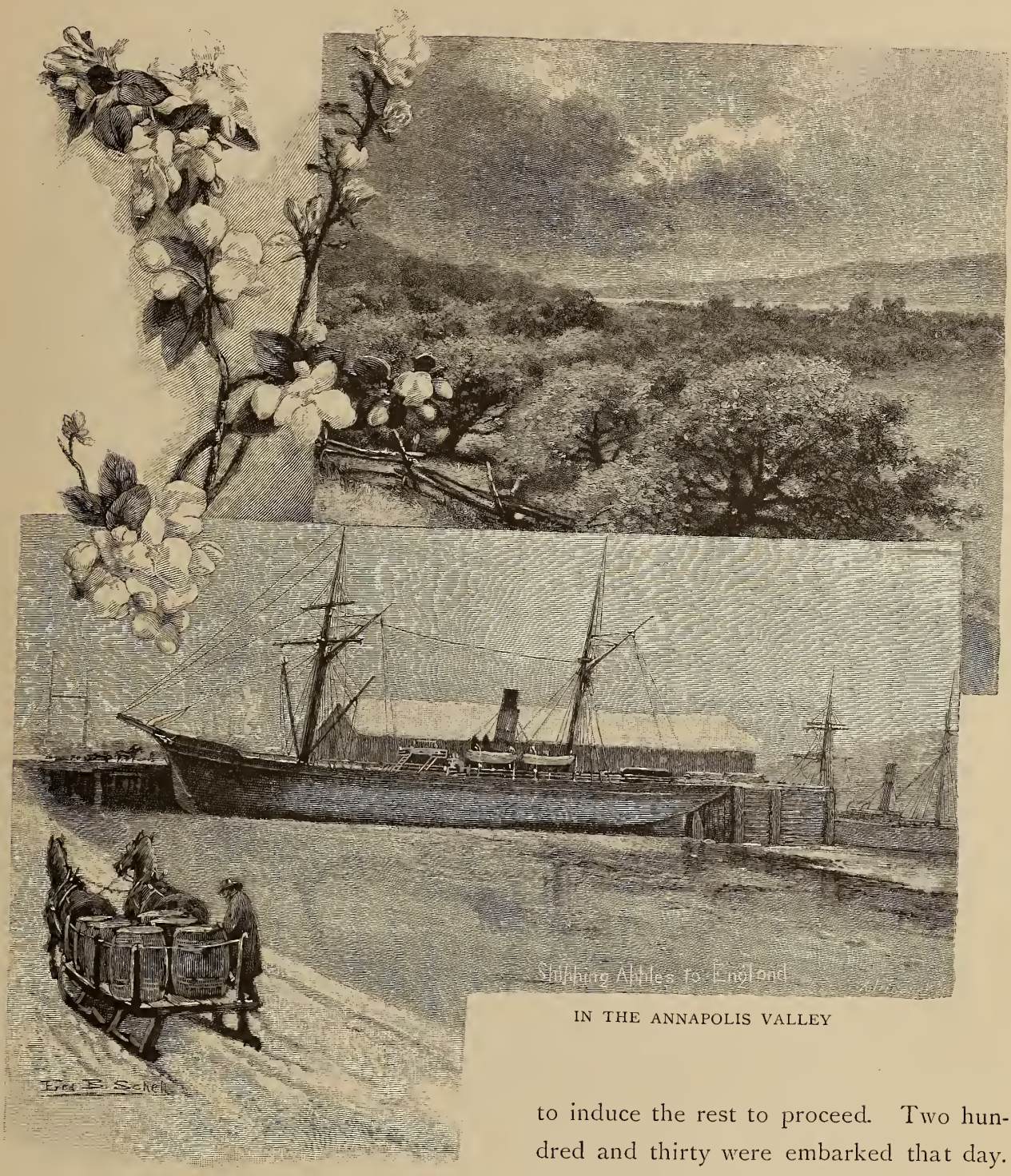
The effort to remove the Acadians from the isthmus, and what is now known as the New Brunswick side of the Bay, proved a total failure; but a large number of their dwellings were destroyed.

Around Minas Basin the deed was done secretly and thoroughly. On the 5th September, 1755, in obedience to the summons of Colonel Winslow, the people of Grand Pré, Minas, and River Canard, "both old men and young men and lads of ten years of age" assembled at the Grand Pré Church, "to hear what His Majesty had authorized him to communicate to them." At first, four hundred responded to the call. These were frankly told that in consequence of their refusal to take the oath of allegiance, all their property, except their money and household goods, was forfeited to the crown, and they themselves were to be removed from the Provinces. They were to remain prisoners till placed on board the vessels which were to bear them away. Families would be conveyed together. About two hundred were to be brought from Piziquid (now Windsor), and the total number to be embarked at Grand Pré amounted to 1,923 persons.

On the 30th August, Winslow writes to the Lieut-Governor that the crops are down, but not housed on account of the weather,—that the people think the soldiers have come to remain with them all winter. "Although it is a disagreeable duty we are put upon, I am sensible it is a necessary one." The soldiers, who were taken into confidence, had to swear an oath of secrecy. On the 4th September, "all the people were quiet and very busy at their harvest."

On the 5th September, Winslow was very busy from early dawn. He ordered "the whole camp to lie upon their arms this day." "At 3 in the afternoon the French inhabitants appeared at the church at Grand Pré, 418 of their best men." Twenty of this number were allowed to go back to their friends at Canard and other places and tell them what had come to pass. Guards were doubled. Regulations were made to ensure the safety of the prisoners, and, adds Winslow, "Thus ended the memorable 5th of September, a day of great fatigue and trouble." Millers were allowed to keep their mills at work. The prisoners in the church were fed by members of their own families. Winslow did his work "without any accident to our own people or to the inhabitants." The officers had to be on the alert, for, we are told, "The soldiers hate them [the Acadians] and if they can find a pretence to kill them, they will." The women are reported to have been remarkably calm, almost indifferent. On the 9th, an ominous stir being noticed among the prisoners, Colonel Winslow resolved that fifty of the younger men should be put aboard each of the five transports in the bay and should be under guard. The prisoners were drawn up six deep, the young men to the left. When ordered to march to the vessels, they answered they would not go without their fathers. Winslow told them that "No" was a word he did not understand, "for the king's command was absolute and should be absolutely obeyed." He ordered the troops to fix bayonets and advance towards the prisoners. He marked out 24 and ordered them to proceed. He took hold of one "and bid march. He obeyed and the rest followed, though slowly, and went praying, singing and crying, being met by the

women and children all the way (which is one and a half miles) with great lamentations, upon their knees praying." "The ice being broke," as Winslow puts it, it was easier



IN THE ANNAPOLIS VALLEY

to induce the rest to proceed. Two hundred and thirty were embarked that day. Winslow himself speaks of it as a "scene of sorrow." The vessels dropped down stream. Provisions were carried on board by their friends, and as many visitors as the boats could carry were allowed to come and go. On the 11th, twenty more were sent on board. There was a period of tedious and anxious waiting, week after week, until the wet, stormy and chill October days came, when tents were but poor protection for



DYKE LANDS.

the soldiers, and Winslow was almost in despair. More transports were ordered, and were expected, but they were desperately behind time. Disasters here and there interfered with carefully matured plans. Couriers and expresses made the best speed they could between Halifax and Cornwallis and Cheignecto; but bad roads, rough seas, contrary winds, often caused delays. The poor Acadians still thought that it was only a scheme to frighten them into taking the oath of allegiance. The longer the stay the less likely it seemed to them that they were to be torn from the land they loved so well. On the 6th October, Colonel Winslow writes, with unconscious pathos: "Even now I could not persuade the people I was in earnest." On the 7th, 24 of the French young men made their escape off two of the vessels — how, nobody could tell On the 8th, Winslow tells us that he began to embark the inhabitants, who went off very sullenly and unwillingly, the women in great distress, carrying their children in their arms; others carrying their decrepit parents in their carts, and all their goods, moving in great confusion,—a scene of woe and distress." In course of a few days twenty-two of the twenty-four who had escaped out of the vessels came back. Two refusing to surrender had been killed by the soldiers. On the 27th the preparations for setting sail were completed: the Piziquid contingent of about a thousand souls was combined with the people from Grand Pré and Gaspereau. It is easier to imagine than to describe the scene that must have been presented, as the nine transports, convoyed by a

man-of-war, dropped down Minas Basin, out of sight of the lovely Gaspereau Valley, and the bold headland of Blomidon, and Cape Split, and all the islands and hills and familiar shores of home and native land. More transports were needed, for Winslow had six hundred Acadians on his hands, collected at River Canard and Pereaux, and more distant localities. Weeks lengthened into months of weary waiting; and it was not till the 20th of December that "Phins Osgood" was able to report that "the last of the French sailed this afternoon."

The whole number of houses destroyed in this district, 255; barns, 276; mills, 11; church, 1. Total people shipped away, 2,242. Only two deaths by violence occurred. The force under Winslow numbered 320. These men were, with hardly an exception, New Englanders. No doubt Old England approved of what was done; but the removal was devised and carried out by hard-headed New Englanders. In Annapolis many escaped to the woods; but ultimately upwards of eleven hundred were placed on board transports and sent away. One of the vessels, having 226 Acadians on board, was seized by them in the Bay of Fundy and taken into St. John, whence they made good their escape.

The vessels employed in transporting the Acadians numbered in all seventeen; and the persons removed were about three thousand. These peace-loving and gregarious people were scattered far and wide among an alien race who were ignorant of their



VALLEY OF THE GASPEREAU.

language and hated their religion. They were snatched away from scenes of loveliness and plenty to be flung as beggars upon the cold charity of people who wished to have

nothing to do with them. It is estimated that at least two-thirds worked their way back, some in a few months after their expulsion, some after an exile of nearly fifteen years. Before the end of the century all the Acadians were reported as "wholly British subjects, and entirely changed from their former sentiments." They were "among the most faithful and happy subjects of His Majesty."

The expulsion of the Acadians was but an episode in a great epic of which the American continent and Western Europe were the arena. France and England were contending for supremacy in the New World. The destinies of unborn nations were involved. For England the outlook in 1755 was dark enough. The shattered remains of Braddock's ill-fated expedition were entering Philadelphia about the same time that Winslow was gathering the Acadians to the little chapel at Minas. The sad Acadian episode is thus explained: we do not say that it is justified.

The story of EVANGELINE has made the region classic. Longfellow had never visited Nova Scotia; and his ideas of the topography of the Basin of Minas were obtained at second-hand, but the picture he draws is fairly accurate.

The railway now passes through the Grand Pré, and the Grand Pré station is near the site of the historic chapel. As a tribute to the *genius loci*, the engines bear such names as "Evangeline," "Benedict," "Basil," and "Gabriel."

The Gaspereau River flows into the Minas Basin within easy sight of Grand Pré. It was at a point a short distance up from its mouth that the transports received the weeping Acadians, and still a little farther inland they sought shelter when the rough autumnal gales swept down upon the basin, churning its waters into spray. The tide rushes up the Gaspereau with great force for four or five miles. Following the river in its innumerable windings, you are led into the bosom of the South Mountain. Ridges rise high right and left, with space enough between to allow of a succession of prosperous farms on each side the river. There, sheltered from every stormy wind, embosomed in orchards, stand the neat white cottages of a happy and peaceful peasantry. The stream becomes more rapid and its banks more picturesque as you ascend its course. Salmon pools abound. By and by the stream gracefully leaps some twenty feet down a ledge of rock. The fall is pretty, and when the river is full with spring or autumn rains, the music of it is borne upon the breeze for miles. The source of the river is a series of forest lakes near the height of land where the misty Atlantic sends up its clouds to unburden themselves ere they spread their kindly shadows over the Cornwallis Valley. Here, too, as far up as the fall, the feet of the Acadians trod and their hands toiled. The trees they planted are growing still, the fields they cleared yield abundant crops, and the dikes they built resist the invading tides. The traveller sees so much to attract attention along the usual routes, that he is apt to overlook the Gaspereau Valley; but let him come here for a picture of rural comfort and beauty,—sheltered from the North and West winds by the bleak ridge of the



MOUTH OF THE GASPEREAU, AND GRAND PRE.

Horton hills, and from the South and East by the lofty forest-crowned ridges of the South Mountain.

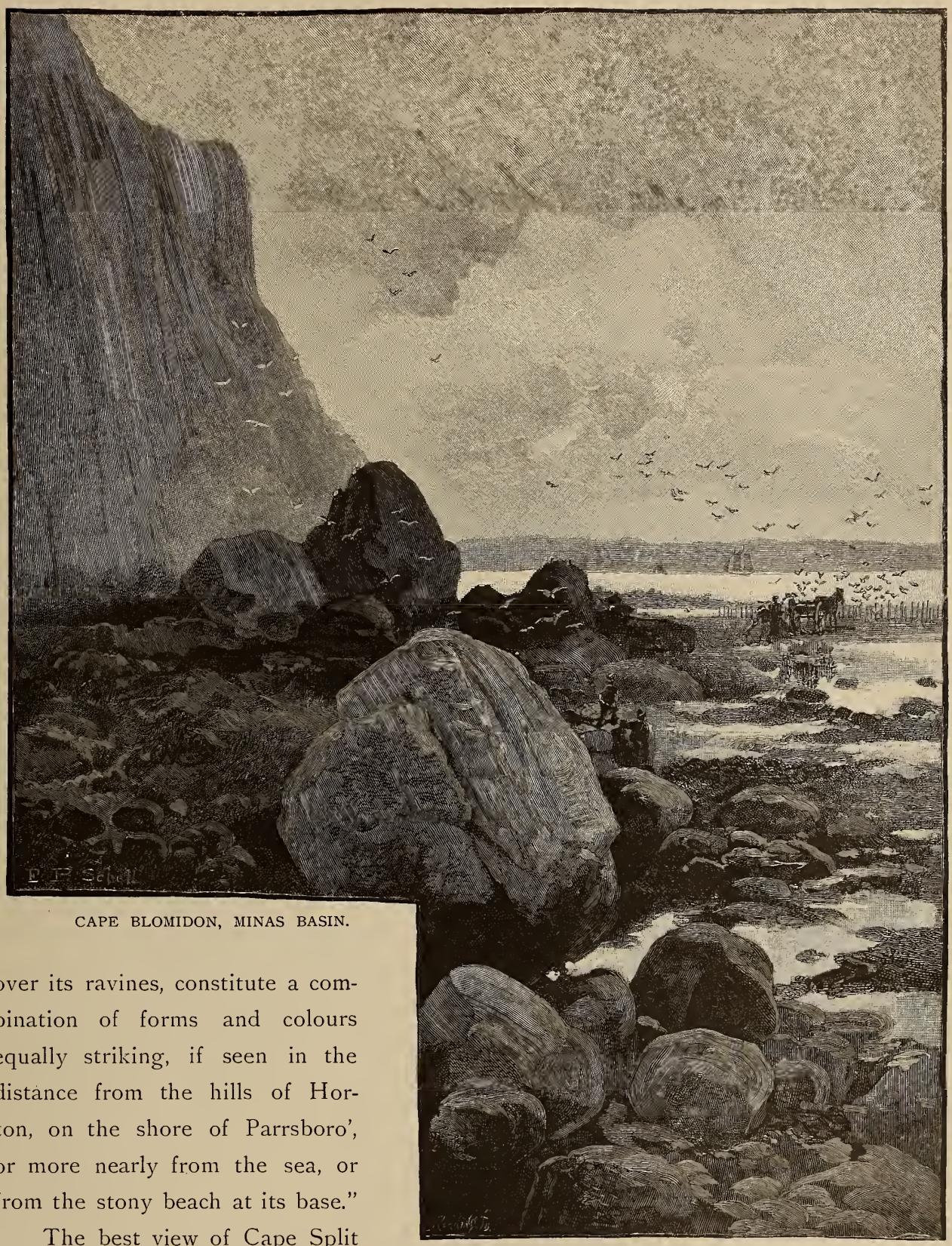
The peace and loveliness of the present carries one back by way of tragic contrast to that morning of February 10, 1747, when under cover of darkness and a furious snow-storm a band of 346 Frenchmen, pounced suddenly upon the English garrison of 470 men quartered among the houses yonder. The attack was wholly unexpected. The English were sleeping in fancied security. Their assailants were completely successful, and the decimated garrison agreed to march off to Annapolis Royal, leaving 70 killed and 69 prisoners. The French lost only 7 or 8. Happily, battles, surprises, victories, expatriations have long been unknown in these valleys. The only struggles are with the forces of nature; and all the victories are those of peace.

The North Mountain is a mighty rampart of trap-rock, running all the way from Digby Gut to Cape Blomidon, at an almost uniform elevation of 450 feet. The rough waters of the Bay of Fundy have been beating against this great barrier for unknown ages, and the results are many picturesque coves, bold bluffs, bleak headlands, beetling crags. Here and there, wherever convenient shelter offers, fishing hamlets cling to the

cliffs or nestle in the coves, offering in the hottest days of summer, retreats cool enough to satisfy one's utmost wish for bracing breezes. As the tide rolls up, angry and brown, it cools the air which rushes in with the tide at half a gale.

Blomidon has been happily compared to the handle of a huge walking-stick: the North Mountain being the stick, and the end of the curved handle being Cape Split. From a distance it appears as if jutting into the Basin at a sharp angle; but the explorer finds that it curves gracefully down Minas channel till it terminates in the curious pinnacles of Cape Split. The boldest part of Blomidon is a grand sandstone cliff, about 500 feet high, and a quarter of a mile in length. Farther on comes the columnar trap rock, beetling and dark, but relieved by occasional intermixture of bright red sandstone. Little rills tumble down here and there from the summit, and a constant course of disintegration is going on. Farther along the curve the hill is less steep. Land and water come to a kindlier meeting. The explorer steps ashore and finds rare ferns, and rejoices, perhaps, in emeralds, agates, and amethysts. Indeed, Blomidon every spring drops from his crown (or out of his numerous pockets) many bright and precious things, the choice specimens falling to the lot of the earliest searchers. Gems from Blomidon once sparkled in the crown of France; and it is quite likely that nothing more valuable was discovered in the sixteenth century than may be stumbled upon now, if you come along sufficiently early after the frosts of winter and the storms of spring have done their work. As you approach Cape Split the tide becomes more rapid and there are eddies and whirlpools that demand careful seamanship. A Professor of Acadia College, and two or three companions, were lost here some years ago through incautious sailing. Sudden gusts often descend from the hills on both sides of a narrow channel which runs between Blomidon and the Parrsboro' shore.

Great masses of clouds and of fog often roll up this channel and over the summits of the mountain, carrying one back in imagination to the period not very ancient, geologically, when a huge volcano was active here; when the air was darkened with ashes and scoriæ; when the Cobequid hills and the South Mountain echoed the thunder of volcanic explosions; when mighty streams of lava flowed westward, we cannot tell how many miles. Volcanic action is plainly visible past Digby Neck, and in the beautiful basaltic cliffs of Briar Island. Mountains grow old and yield to decay, and Blomidon and the North Mountain are no exception to the rule. The face of that noblest of our sea-cliffs is deeply scarred and furrowed by torrents. The frosts, melting snows, and scourging rains loosen vast quantities of *débris*, which, tumbling to the base, the tides sweep away. Yet the beauty of the Cape remains. "The dark basaltic wall, crowned with thick woods, the terrace of amygdaloid, with a luxuriant growth of light green shrubs and young trees that rapidly spring up in its rich and moist surface, the precipice of bright red sandstone, always clean and fresh and contrasting strongly with the trap above and with the trees and bushes that straggle down its sides and nod



CAPE BLOMIDON, MINAS BASIN.

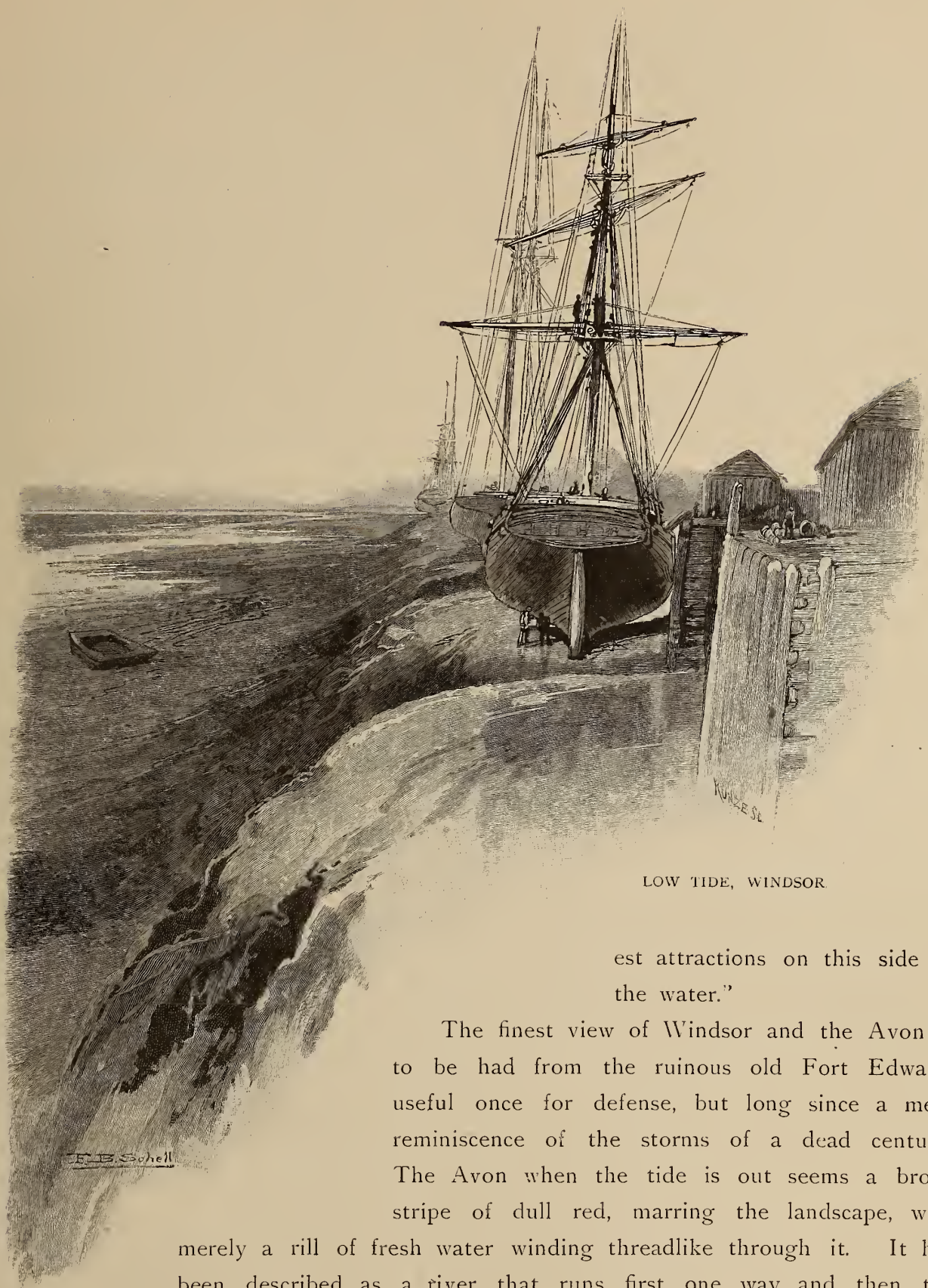
over its ravines, constitute a combination of forms and colours equally striking, if seen in the distance from the hills of Horton, on the shore of Parrsboro', or more nearly from the sea, or from the stony beach at its base."

The best view of Cape Split is from Baxter's Harbour, about two miles distant. In the foreground is a beautiful waterfall, some forty feet high, tumbling into a deep, dark gorge, which is overhung by huge masses of trap-rock. Across the waters of the semi-circular bay the oddly isolated peaks of Cape Split rise out of the water, and if the water is still are mirrored on its surface.

We are now, as Indian legends tell, amid the scenes where the wonder-working Glooscap, the semi-divine Mediator of the Micmacs, displayed his power. He was the Indian's friend, and was always ready to help those who would receive his counsels. He was exalted over peril, sickness and death, and was the enemy of the magicians. Minas Basin was his beaver pond, dammed up by Blomidon and Cape Split, which then (the legend says) stretched across to the Parrsboro' shore. As the dam was flooding the whole valley, Glooscap swung the barrier out of the way and pushed it into its present position. In his conflict with the great Beaver, he flung at him huge fragments of rock which have been changed into the Five Islands. Spencer's Island is Glooscap's overturned kettle. All the Acadian land was dear to him. He could do wonders for the people, providing abundance of fish and game. The powers of evil at one time came to overthrow his great wigwam and put an end to his reign. But he sent a mighty storm, which quenched their camp-fires, and then a bitter frost, which caused them all to perish in the forests. The ways of beasts and men becoming evil, Glooscap was sorely vexed; and, unable to endure them, he must pass away. So he made a rich feast by the shore of the Minas Lake. All the beasts came and partook of the feast, and when it was over, he and his uncle, Great Turtle, stepped into the canoe and went over the lake singing a song of farewell as they went towards the West. The beasts looked after them till they could see them no more, and listened till the singing became faint and fainter and died away. Then a great silence fell upon all; and the beasts, who till then held council together and spoke but one language, now fled and never met again in peace. All nature mourns, and will mourn till Glooscap comes again to restore the golden age and make men and animals live happily together. The owl hid herself in the deep forest to repeat every night her mourning cry, and the loons, that had been Glooscap's huntsmen, fly restlessly up and down the land seeking their friend and wailing sadly because they cannot find him. According to one legend, it was not till the English came that Glooscap finally turned his hounds into stone and passed away. One story tells how he travelled with majestic strides from Newfoundland to Blomidon, thence to Partridge Island, and thence to the unknown lands of the setting sun. His companions being weary, he, with swift, strong hand, built a causeway to make their journey easier.

Leaving Wolfville, Horton, and the Gaspereau Valley, we reach Avonport, at the mouth of the broad and turbid Avon River. We next come to Hantsport. Passing the orchards of Falmouth, we cross the Avon over a long iron bridge, and arrive at ship-building, ship-owning, gypsum-exporting Windsor. Here Haliburton, the author of *Sam Slick*, was born, and here for a number of years he lived. Concerning the scenery he writes:

"He who travels on this continent and does not spend a few days on the shores of this beautiful and extraordinary basin may be said to have missed one of the great-



LOW TIDE, WINDSOR.

est attractions on this side of the water."

The finest view of Windsor and the Avon is to be had from the ruinous old Fort Edward, useful once for defense, but long since a mere reminiscence of the storms of a dead century. The Avon when the tide is out seems a broad stripe of dull red, marring the landscape, with merely a rill of fresh water winding threadlike through it. It has been described as a river that runs first one way and then the other, and then vanishes altogether. The large ships are left high and dry, leaning against the wharves, in seeming helplessness. But wait an hour or two. See how the water rushes and pours in, hissing, foaming, eddying, boiling,

till it rises almost by leaps and bounds to the full height of the banks and dikes, and the vessels float easily upon its bosom. King's College, Windsor, was founded in 1787, and is thus the oldest college in Canada. It received a royal charter from George III. in 1802.

East of Minas Basin is Cobequid Bay, which receives the waters of the Shubenacadie River, along whose course ran years ago the "Shubenacadie Canal." This canal was one of the earliest enterprises of the kind in Canada. After costing the country, and several companies, many thousands sterling, it proved a total failure, and it is now a ruin. The river flows through fertile meadows that unfailingly yield magnificent crops of hay. The turbid tide of the Bay of Fundy rushes inland some twenty-five miles, making the river for some distance navigable to the largest ships. The tide here, in rapidity and height, is equalled nowhere else in the world. Hence, navigation is extremely dangerous, and deadly accidents were wont to be startlingly numerous. Many spots along this river are "haunted," and weird stories of ghosts, visions, apparitions, sudden perils and hairbreadth escapes abound. Maitland lies at the mouth of the river. Maitland ships, captains, and crews are heard of in every sea from the South Pacific to the Baltic. Many a pleasant home that overlooks the rapid ebb and flow of the Shubenacadie thrives on the well-earned wealth brought home from far off lands. Near Maitland is a remarkable cave. The mouth is large enough to permit easy entrance, and the cave widens as you go in, until its roof is from ten to twelve feet above your head, and the walls stand far enough apart to allow of a dozen men walking abreast. It has never been fully explored; but it is at least a quarter of a mile in extent. The rock is plaster of Paris.

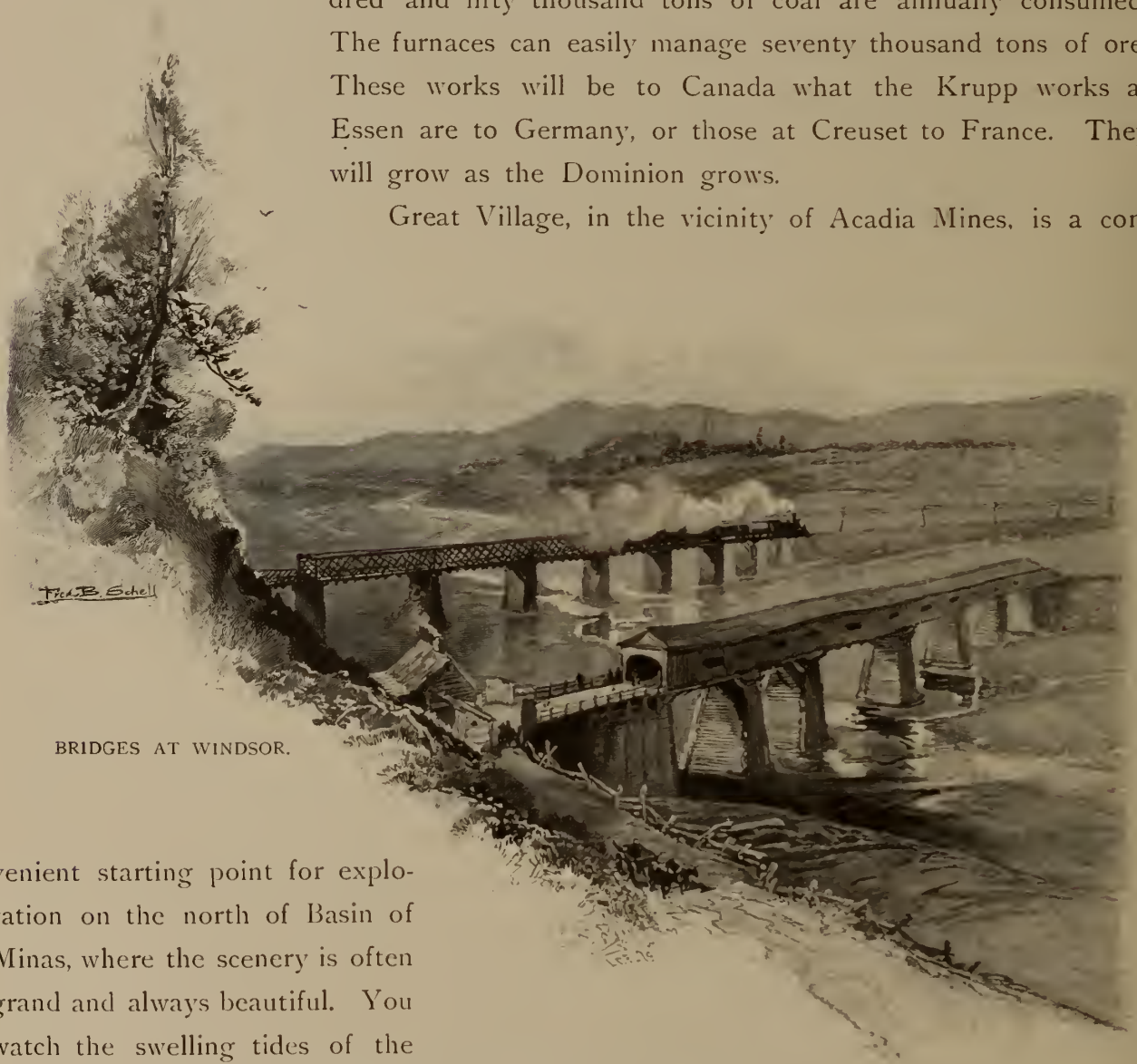
Truro, a few miles above Maitland, sits prettily amid well-tilled fields, fragrant gardens, rich orchards, pensile elms, and here and there groves of evergreen. Her horizon is bounded by long ranges of hills, still clothed with their own hard wood forests. Exceedingly pretty scenes are to be found in the vicinity. Leper's brook tumbles down a crag some twelve feet, and forms as graceful a cascade as the eye could wish to rest upon. The Salmon River and the North River flow through fertile meadows under branching willows and stately elms. MacGregor, in his "British America," describes Truro as "The most beautiful village in Nova Scotia, and as far as my impressions go, the finest I have seen in America." This place, like Cornwallis, had been settled by Acadians; but they were removed. Not till 1761 did their successors come to possess the rich heritage. They were mainly North of Ireland people and their descendants, from New Hampshire, who responded to the Proclamation of Governor Lawrence inviting immigrants to fill the blank caused by the expatriation of the French. In a very few years the settlers had their church and school, their parson and school-master, and Truro has continued to be one of the educational centres of the Province. It is now an important railway centre; but a hundred years ago there

was only a bridle-track to Halifax. Among the first settlers were four brothers, Archibalds, from whom all the Archibalds in Nova Scotia and many in the other Provinces and the United States are descended. David Archibald, the first Truro magistrate, was wont not only to pass sentence, but to execute punishment with his own hands. Two boys who were captured by him in the act of stealing apples on Sunday were imprisoned in his cellar, and on Monday were tied to the tree which they had robbed, and there caned!

Skirting the head of the bay, one sees in every creek and gully the work of the Bay of Fundy tide. A wide extent of dike-lands, redeemed from the sea by the Acadians, is still as fertile as ever. At Masstown—where there is now no town—there stood the largest chapel the French owned in Acadia. It was visible from all sides of Cobequid Bay, and here the people came to mass from great distances. Hence the name of the place. No vestige of the chapel remains. The dikes, the poplar, the apple-tree, and the willow are the sole remembrances of the Acadians. We are now within easy reach of one of the most stirring hives of industry in all Canada. Two mountain streams cleave their way through the Cobequid hills, or wind around their rough spurs, and unite their waters just after passing through deep and gloomy gorges. At the junction, the ACADIA MINES are situated. The village is built on more than seven hills—on a small sea of hills—and it is out of the bosom of the hills that the ore is extracted which gives work to so many hundred hands. The spot, irrespective of the iron works, is picturesque in a high degree. Far off southward are the gleaming waters of the bay, and beyond are the blue hills of Hants County; north, east, west, are the Cobequid hills, with their goodly crown of forest, their deep, dark gorges, their hurrying streams. The town is built without the slightest regard to symmetry. There are two immense blast furnaces, heated, throbbing, angrily shrieking—disgorging great streams of molten metal which, in the sand-moulds, is formed into pig iron. The heat of a furnace filled with molten ore cannot be much if at all short of 1,100 degrees Fahrenheit. Two furnaces are kept continually at work, the smoke of their burning rising day and night in the heart of the town. A railway is constructed upon which the ore is carried from the mine some four or five miles away. These mines are not so deep, dark, and dirty as ordinary coal mines. Cornishmen, Nova Scotians, Swedes, Irishmen, and Scotchmen emerge with their faces painted with red and yellow ore, and with a keen appetite for dinner after half a day's work. Seldom is there aught but peace and good will among the toilers underground, or around these raging furnaces; but at no time do they appear better natured or to greater advantage than when hurrying in friendly groups to their meals. Besides the blast furnaces there are long ranges of coke ovens, and iron works where the "pig" is transformed into bars, sheets, wheels, axles, and all sorts of articles in this line. In dark nights the village has the appearance of an active volcano. At stated periods

the lava-streams of "slag" and iron pour forth liquid and fluent as water. Ghostly lanes of light issue out from every opening of the great structure surrounding the furnaces, and there is the constant clank and crash of machinery and the mighty roaring, full of repressed fury, of the furnace fires. A hundred and fifty thousand tons of coal are annually consumed. The furnaces can easily manage seventy thousand tons of ore. These works will be to Canada what the Krupp works at Essen are to Germany, or those at Creuset to France. They will grow as the Dominion grows.

Great Village, in the vicinity of Acadia Mines, is a convenient starting point for exploration on the north of Basin of Minas, where the scenery is often grand and always beautiful. You watch the swelling tides of the bay; you note the successful efforts of human enterprise to bridle the angry waters and to redeem thousands of acres from their sway. As you travel past Parrsborough and the classic cliffs of Cap d'Or, westward and northward, you come to the Joggins, a scene of petrified forests dear to the heart of the geologist. It is a spot where the process of world-making, past and present, may be studied to good effect. Coal is found; and there are submerged forests, trees standing as they stood when still growing, but now turned to stone. The tide beating against the coast wastes away these rocks as well as all else that comes within its reach. Farther up the Cheignecto Bay are to be found forests below the present sea-level and not



BRIDGES AT WINDSOR.

yet turned into stone, but evidently sinking slowly as those other older forests sank ages long ago.

Following up Cumberland Basin, we come into the region of rich marsh-land, dikes, great herds of cattle, vast expanse of meadow dotted here and there with hamlets and villages. The dike-lands of Nova Scotia cover nearly 40,000 acres, and additions are made from year to year. The largest share of these fertile acres is under the spectator's eye as he gazes over the Tantramar Marsh, an inexhaustible mine of wealth to the agriculturists around. Here are visible a few vestiges of the war-period—Fort Lawrence and Fort Cumberland, the scenes of the last struggles between nationalities which now dwell together in peace under the folds of the British and Canadian flags. The passions of 1755 are as obsolete as these forts and this old rusty cannon. The town of Amherst is a pleasant little hive of human life. From its hillside it looks abroad on as fair a rural scene as Canada anywhere presents—marshes, meadows, orchards, sloping uplands, dark belts of forest.

The Cobequid range runs through Cumberland, Colchester, and Pictou counties, a length of over a hundred miles. The hills vary from 400 to 1,000 feet in height. From the summit of Sugar Loaf, at Westchester, we can see at the same time the Bay of Fundy and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and portions of the three Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and P. E. Island. Embosomed among these hills are many beautiful lakelets, from a few rods to five miles in length, usually abounding in salmon trout. Following the Cobequid range eastward, we look down upon sunny valleys, fertile fields, great breadths of forest, towns like Pugwash, Wallace, Tatamagouche, and River John, all bordering on Northumberland Straits, and all largely given to ship-building and the lumber-trade. At last we come upon Pictou harbour, a singularly well sheltered, land-locked, quiet sheet of water. The land slopes upward somewhat steeply from the shore, until it reaches bald and bold summits at Frazer's Mountain, Greenhill, Fitzpatrick's Mountain, and Mount Thom. The harbour receives into its bosom the West, the Middle, and the East rivers. The valleys through which these rivers flow are thickly settled with prosperous farmers. The uplands and hillsides have been bravely attacked, and in most cases compelled to yield an honest livelihood. In summer Pictou harbour is enlivened by the presence of vessels and steamers from many ports. In winter it is thickly sealed with ice and gay with the sports of skaters, curlers, and sleighing-parties. Scenes of great beauty are presented to the eye as one ascends the Pictou hills—scenes in which field and forest, hill and valley, river and shore, and shining sea appear in well-ordered array. The sky southward from the town is often blurred with the smoke that ascends continually from the coal mines in the distance. Pictou harbour is by far the best on the northern coast of Nova Scotia. Its only drawback is that it is frost-bound for four months in the year. The rivers are not large, but some of them present scenery of the loveliest character. The East River

for many miles flows through a valley picturesque as the Trossachs. Sutherland's, Barney's, and West rivers have their claims on the tourist's attention. The sportsman loves their banks and often traces them far up among the hills to the lonely loch or mountain tarn whence they begin their course.

The name PICTOU is of Indian origin. Its meaning is uncertain. Fishermen from old France found their way here early in the 16th century and were delighted with the abundance of fish and game of all kinds, from the oyster to the seal and walrus, from the otter to the moose. Monsieur Denys, Governor of the Gulf of St. Lawrence some 240 years ago, speaks of "oysters larger than a shoe and nearly the same shape, and they are all very fat and of good taste." The Micmac Indians, a branch of the Algonquin race, held dominion at one time from Virginia to Labrador. They occupied Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, P. E. Island, and a large part of New Brunswick. Pictou was the centre of their power. Fierce battles were fought between them and the Mohawks, the latter fierce invaders from the west. Battlefields have been discovered, presenting proofs of war's deadly work—human bones, broken skulls, stone axes, flint arrow heads, spear heads, and other implements. Though these wars are centuries old, the Micmacs still remember with terror the invasions of the Mohawks and have a superstitious dread of the very name.

The French made no permanent or effective settlement in Pictou; but some relics of their temporary visit remain—some rust-eaten guns, some well-tempered swords, a few human skeletons.

Attempts at settling Pictou were made by the British between 1765 and 1773. Immense tracts of land were granted to speculators on conditions generally easy and reasonable. Benjamin Franklin was interested in the Philadelphia Company which, on the 10th of June, 1767, actually effected the first feeble settlement, consisting of twelve heads of families, twenty children, one convict servant, and perhaps one or two coloured slaves. These came by sea from Philadelphia, and were met shortly after their arrival in Pictou by five or six young men from Truro to afford some help in beginning their campaign. "The prospect was dreary enough. An unbroken forest covered the whole surface of the country to the water's edge. What is now the lower part of the town was then an alder swamp. All around stood the mighty monarchs of the wood in their primeval grandeur, the evergreens spreading a sombre covering over the plains and up the hills, relieved by the lighter shade of the deciduous trees, with here and there some tall spruce rising like a minaret or spire above its fellows." The white pines, in great numbers, reared their tasselled heads 150 or 200 feet.

This little band of Philadelphians were the only English settlers on the coast for a distance of some two hundred miles. They had expected to find here dike-lands similar to those which had previously attracted settlers to Grand Pré and other districts on the Bay of Fundy; but in this they were bitterly disappointed, and felt



PICTOU.

themselves in utter exile. Most of them were eager to return in the little *Hope*, which had borne them thither; but the Captain slipped away in the night, leaving them to battle for life as best they could.

The settlers of to-day in the western prairie, or in the backwoods of the older Provinces, may well learn courage from the experience of these Pictou pioneers. During the first year they lived chiefly on fish and game. In the spring those who were able walked through the pathless woods to Truro, a distance of forty miles, and returned each with a bag of seed-potatoes on his back. The crop was good, but not large, as they had not been able to clear much ground. The second winter also was one of severe privation, and in the spring they had to go again to Truro for seed. Cutting out the eyes of the potatoes, they were able to carry much larger quantites, and they succeeded in raising enough for their winter's supply.

On the 15th December, 1773, the ship *Hector*, with 189 Highland emigrants on board, arrived. The voyage had been long and dreary; supplies fell short, and a number of women and children died of small-pox and dysentery. Till the Highlanders arrived

the Indians had been troublesome. They were now told that men like those who had taken Quebec were at hand. When they saw the Highland costumes and heard the bagpipes, they fled for a time to the forests, and never gave farther trouble. The arrival of the *Hector* marked an epoch in the settlement of Canada. The stream of Highland immigration poured into Pictou, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, and portions of the Upper Provinces. The newly arrived Highlanders suffered incredible hardships for the first nine or ten years. Patiently, sturdily they struggled with difficulties from which the bravest might well shrink. They had to travel through the woods forty miles to carry potatoes and other provisions on their backs for their wives and little children. One bushel of potatoes was load enough for a man. He had to spend three days on the road. Streams had to be forded, stiff braes to be climbed, steep banks to be descended, storms of snow and rain to be encountered. Sometimes the potatoes would freeze on the burdened back. After the third year they were able to secure at least the necessaries of life without the terrible pilgrimages to Truro. In 1775 their poverty was aggravated by the arrival of a group of Scotch families that had been literally starved out of P. E. Island by the devastations of a plague of mice. The Highlanders, true to their character, welcomed the starving strangers, and shared with them to the last morsel.

The War of Independence was felt, the first settlers sympathizing very decidedly with the Thirteen Colonies, while the recently arrived Highlanders were intensely loyal. The result was that the disloyal element was gradually crowded out. Slaves were owned in Pictou. Matthew Harris sold Abram, a negro boy, to Matthew Archibald, of Truro, for the sum of fifty pounds. This transaction occurred in 1779. In the records of Pictou, in date 1786, we have a document duly attested, signed, sealed, and delivered, testifying for the information of "all men" that Archibald Allardice sold to Dr. John Harris "one negro man named Sambo, aged twenty-five years, or thereabouts, and also one brown mare and her colt, now sucking, to have and to hold as his property," as security for a debt of forty pounds. Slavery did not live long in Nova Scotia; nor is there on record a deed of cruelty to a slave in Pictou

Valuable additions to the population were made shortly after the close of the American war, Scottish regiments which were disbanded on this side the water having large grants of land assigned to them. Many of the descendants of Highland veterans still flourish in this county and Antigonish. In 1786 there was immigration direct from Scotland, and this movement continued and increased in subsequent years, the county becoming dominantly Scotch, Highland and Presbyterian. It was in this year that the Rev. James MacGregor arrived and began his missionary labours. The young minister (afterward well known as Dr. MacGregor) travelled from Halifax on horseback. From Halifax to Truro the road was but a rough bridle-track; from Truro to Pictou there was but a "blaze," a mark on trees, along the line that

was to be travelled. On his arrival at Pictou town there were but few buildings, and the woods extended to the water's edge. On the 23rd of July his first sermon was preached in a barn. In 1787 the first two churches were built in the county. The minister, abhorring slavery, was resolved to put an end to it in Pictou. He did so by



ACADIA MINES.

paying fifty pounds to Harris, the owner of a young mulatto girl, "Die Mingo"—twenty pounds the first year, and the balance in course of the two succeeding years. His stipend was twenty-seven pounds !

The town was commenced on its present site in 1788. After a feeble beginning it grew rapidly, and was particularly prosperous during the Bonapartist wars. A vigourous lumber-trade centred here ; prices were exorbitant ; the demand was greater than the supply ; money was plentiful, and there was no thought of the days of adversity. In 1820 came a relapse—a collapse—which was, however, partially redeemed by the coal-trade, which commenced with considerable vigour in 1830. Other towns have sprung up in the county, which are likely to outstrip in population the old shire-town ; but Pictou is a well-ordered, well-educated, wealthy place, of about 4,000 inhabitants. Its Academy was one of the first, as it has been one of the best, educational institutions in Nova Scotia.

For amenity of situation Pictou cannot easily be surpassed. On the side of a

gently rising hill, it commands a view of the lovely basin in whose bosom it is mirrored with magical distinctness whenever the winds are still. No fog ever dims the air, which is cool and bracing, even in the heat of summer; and in winter you may always count on snow enough to make travelling by sleigh practicable. The weather is much less changeful than along the Atlantic coast. The roads leading to the town are good, and the favourite drives lead to scenes highly picturesque. Pictou has its banks, court house, public schools, churches, and elegant private dwelling-houses. Besides all these, it has (what is not supposed to be absolutely essential to the happiness of a modern community) a haunted house. Fallen chimneys, broken windows, decaying free-stone pillars, doors ajar on rusty hinges, weed-grown garden walks, fences broken down—the whole surroundings declare "this place is haunted." It was once a scene of activity, energy, gayety, and wealth. The owner was the "King" of the country-side for a space of three hundred miles. Enterprising, industrious, vigilant, generous, kind-hearted, he succeeded in all his undertakings. Edward Mortimer died at the age of fifty-two, worth, it was supposed, half a million dollars. The hard times and terrible revulsions of 1820 and succeeding years dissipated his estate so that nothing but a very modest jointure was left for his widow. The house in which he lived has long been desolate, and his wealth has vanished, but his name is held in grateful remembrance.

New Glasgow is a rapidly rising town on the East River of Pictou, near the great coal-mining district. Heretofore it has been noted for its ship-building; but it is now engaging in other industries—iron-works, steel-works, glass-works. Iron and steel ship-building may be developed here when the timber supplies are exhausted. The East River, before reaching the town, becomes a tidal stream, and loses its mountain force and purity.

Before leaving Pictou we must mention the "Year of the Mice." Curiously enough, there are on record several visitations of the mice plague in P. E. Island; but we know of only one such in Nova Scotia. This was in 1815. The mice came, no one knows whence. Their number was so vast that it was as impossible to check their ravages as it would be to bridle the locusts of the East. They devoured the seed-grain in the fields. They ate the seed-potatoes. They destroyed the growing crops. Their march was toward the seashore, where they perished in heaps and lay like lines of seaweed.

Antigonish is pronounced the prettiest village in eastern Nova Scotia. It is a pearl set in the green of rich fields and meadows. The white dwellings gleam out cosily from among the overshadowing trees and the surrounding shrubbery. A river from the far off Guysboro hills winds its way by church, and mill, and tidy hamlet, and pastoral scenes of exquisite loveliness. The crags of Arisaig at no great distance tell the story of the earth's geologic eras with marvellous distinctness, and hence are precious in the sight of the geologists of the Old World and the New. Not far off

inland is the beautiful Lochaber Lake, its banks overshadowed by maples, beeches, and elms. When aflame with the tints of autumn, and the lake reflects the green and gold, the beauty is redoubled. St. Ninian's Cathedral, Antigonish, the seat of the Bishop of Arichat, is one of the most commodious ecclesiastical structures in the Maritime Provinces.



NEW GLASGOW.

CAPE BRETON.

To one visiting the Dominion from the Straits of Belle-isle, Cape Breton is the advance guard and promise of Canada; and, in every sense, Cape Breton is worthy to stand as a sentinel in the great gate of the St. Lawrence. It has riches in coal and minerals complementary to the bountiful harvests of the fertile West. Its cliffs and capes and the Bras d'Or are germane to Niagara and the St. Lawrence; and the traditions of Louisburg should kindle the imagination of the Canadian to as bright a heat as those which glorify Quebec.

We cannot approach this island more favourably than by the way most convenient to the people of more western Canada. The passenger by the railway catches glimpses of the broad expanse of St. George's Bay, with the Cape Breton shore



ENTERING ANTIGONISH.

lying like a cloud on the horizon. He sees over deep gorges the wooded back of Cape Porcupine, and soon by a steep incline the train descends to the level of the Strait of Canso, a magnificent natural canal fifteen miles long by a mile and more in width, which separates the island from the mainland.

Indian legends tell how the Divine Glooscap was stopped in his mission to Newfoundland by the waters of this strait. Not to be balked, he summoned a whale, which bore him safely across. The problem at present agitating the Cape Breton mind is how to get the railway across—how to lead the iron horse through these sheltered valleys and under these towering hills, and across these streams and straits, to St. Anne's, or Cape North, or Louisburg. A swift ocean ferry will bear mails and passengers thence to the west coast of Newfoundland. Traversing that island by rail, the longer ferry from eastern Newfoundland to Ireland will be crossed in three or four days.

Thus it is hoped that mails and passengers will be borne from continent to continent in less than a week.

At early morning we take a steamer down the Strait, which even within its narrow boundaries seems to possess something of the dignity of the sea. The sun rises over Cape Breton and bathes the sloping shores of the Strait. At Bear Island the steamer turns to the left, through Lennox Passage between Cape Breton and Isle Madame, where there still survives a small colony of French fishermen. Long vistas open up seaward between the islands, and we catch glimpses between the shores of bays which reach far inland.

The primeval forces which made for the lakes of the Bras d'Or a bed of irregular and fantastic outline, left at St. Peter's a narrow isthmus through which a canal has been cut, by which the steamer reaches the Bras d'Or. Here, about 1630, first of white men, the Sieur Denys settled, a brave and pushing pioneer, with his fishing stations in Nova Scotia and the Bay of Chaleurs, ready to defend his rights against all comers. In journeys between his two Cape Breton stations, St. Peter's and St. Anne's, he must have traversed the Bras d'Or, and, perchance, less than any explorer of this continent would he find changes in the country with which he was once familiar. The hillsides have been somewhat cleared, there are houses and a church about the lovely little lagoon at Christmas Island, a village and a settled countryside at Baddeck, and late harvests ripen on Boularderie Island. North of the Bras d'Or are mountain ranges encircling lakes, and divided by rivers, the valleys of which are sheltered and fertile. Beyond these again is a dreary tableland, and within seventy-five miles of Newfoundland Cape North stands in silent grandeur above the surges where mingle the currents of the gulf with the waves of the Atlantic.

To those whose taste is robust, the Bras d'Or presents a succession of delights. The shores rise here into gently swelling hills, farther on into forest-covered mountain crags. In the pellucid waters are jelly-fish of tints so exquisite that the name of any colour seems too crude to describe their hues. The outlook at one time expands over a wide lake, at another the steamer follows a silver thread through the Strait of Barra. Long arms extend beyond sight to within a few miles of the Strait of Canso on one side; on the other, even nearer to the waters of Sydney harbour.

The atmosphere is not that of inland landscapes which gives hard outlines and harsh colours. It has the clearnes, not of vacuity, but of some exquisitely pure liquid; and blending outlines and colours save the wilder regions from savage roughness, and throw a softness over all which adds infinitely to its charm.

One is surprised to find that a long morning has been spent without fatigue before the steamer passes through the wider of the two passages which, on either side of Boularderie Island, connect the lake with the Atlantic. To the north stretch the precipitous shores where Smoky Cape in the distance wears above its purple steeps

the halo of vapour which suggested its name. On the right hand the sea has wrought an isolated rock into the semblance of a huge turtle, and farther on a long point of rock has been undermined in two places by the surges. Its turf-covered point and the next beach, in shape like a steep-roofed warehouse, stand isolated and gaunt until in time they, too, will succumb. Then after some memorable gale the point will disappear, and in its place will remain a long and dangerous reef.

The harbour of Sydney, sheltered, commodious, and of easy access, is of no mean maritime value. During the season of navigation steamers on the voyage to Europe from the more southern ports of the United States, and from the St. Lawrence, call for bunker coals and lie clustered about the colliery wharves which railroads connect with the mines in the interior. With these are some of the many steamers engaged in carrying coal to Montreal, and humbler craft which supply the nearer and less important markets. The mine on the shores of Sydney harbour has great advantages over the exposed outports in which vessels take in cargo. Many fishing and trading schooners lie off the new and more active town of North Sydney, while the frequent visits of French and British men-of-war give dignity to the older town.

The harbour divides into two great arms, and on a peninsula which marks the entrance to the Southwest arm stands the town of Sydney, which was, before the union of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, the seat of government. At the end of the peninsula are the remains of earthworks and dilapidated and dreary quarters for the garrison which was stationed here until the Crimean War. Other traces of departed glories are to be found only in the traditions of the inhabitants. Their splendours have not taken more concrete shape.

But Sydney at an earlier day than that of its possession by the British has seen stirring scenes. French and British fleets have made its harbour a rendezvous, not, as now, in peace, but as a point of vantage in their struggle for the continent. Somewhere on its shores, Admiral Hovenden Walker, returning from his unsuccessful attempt against Quebec, set up a board made by his ship's carpenter claiming the island for his master. But two great sieges had to result in victory before it became British. The old name of Sydney, Spaniards Bay, came from a time when, although the fishing grounds were neutral, fishermen of different nationalities resorted to different harbours, so that the occasions of rekindling in the New World the animosities which made Europe a battlefield might, as much as possible, be avoided. The Spaniards came then to Sydney, the French to St. Anne, while English port, the name of Louisburg before it became a French stronghold, shows that it had been the chosen resort of English fishermen. None of these nations laid claim to the island; there were no laws, and justice depended on a consensus of opinion among enough captains of vessels able to enforce it. The customs which grew up under this condition of affairs, and the value of this neutrality, are fully described in Mr. Brown's "History of Cape Breton."

Louisburg is the place in Cape Breton about which are collected most historic memories and traditions.

Other places in the Dominion have the dignity which attaches to the scene of great deeds; but in most of them the claims of the present on the attention of the



ON THE TANTRAMAR MARSHES.

visitor are insistent. The commercial marine which lies in the stream at Quebec, and the bustle of a modern town; draw us away from the memories of Champlain and Frontenac, of Wolfe and Montcalm. It is yet more difficult to realize on the Champs de Mars of Montreal that there have been paraded the armies of France, of Britain, and of the United States. But when one looks over Louisburg, he sees only a few scattered houses along the shore, a few fishing boats in the deep land-locked harbour. The life of to-day has not stir enough to disturb whatever realization of the past his imagination has power to frame. It seems strange to think that on that low point to the Southwest was once a fortress reputed impregnable, a town the trade of which was of first importance, that, although it was the key to the French possessions in America, it was twice captured, and that after both victories English cities and colonial towns were illuminated and thanksgiving services held in all their churches in gratitude for a crowning victory.

But no camp-fires now twinkle in the shadow of the low hills, no ships of war are

shut into the harbour. All is changed except the outline of sea and shore, and the beating of the surf which French and British heard in the intervals of fight. Here, no less than at Quebec, a great stride onward was made by British prowess. Should not some memorial be raised which would show that Canadians, living when these



NORTH SIDNEY.

animosities are dead, are still mindful of the great deeds done on Canadian soil? There could be no fitter site than the old burying ground of Louisburg, where French and English dust commingles in peace, and where the ashes rest of many a brave New Englander who fought and fell in the gigantic strife between two great races.

The Island of Cape Breton is 100 miles long by 80 wide, and covers an area of 2,000,000 acres. Nearly one-half consists of lakes, swamps, and lofty hills. The coast line is 275 miles long, and the centre of the island is occupied by the Bras d'Or, which nearly divides the island into two. Indeed, St. Peter's Canal has effected the division. In 1765 Cape Breton was annexed to Nova Scotia. Twenty years later it was made a separate Province, and so continued till 1820, when it was again united to Nova Scotia.

The people of Arichat and vicinity are almost all French. The rest of the island is peopled mainly by Scottish Highlanders, who still cherish their ancestral Gaelic, and

cling to the ways of the Highlands and Islands. France and Scotland were friends three hundred years ago, and for many centuries before. The old allies meet in many of our colonies, and rarely fail to fraternize.

The fertile valley of Mabou, with its adjacent glens and its flanking hills, pays tribute to the harbour of Port Hood, the only port of safety on the west coast of Cape Breton north of the Strait of Canso. A small island lies half a mile off the harbour, and often a strong current rushes between it and the mainland. "The oldest inhabitant" remembers when this passage was only a few yards wide and was easily fordable. But the woods were cleared away and the sea made a clean breach over the little isthmus. A great gale came and ploughed up a deep channel, which has been widening these sixty years.

Lake Ainslie and Margaree River are dear to the angler—rich in sea trout and salmon, and delightful to the lover of beautiful natural scenery. The soil is fertile. The forests, birch, beech, maple, and the graceful witch-elm, cover the hills to their summits a thousand feet high. The roads skirting the hills are like avenues through the finest parks. Nothing can be more charming than these hills and valleys, lakes and streams, when clad in the gorgeous tints of autumn, or the living green of summer. From Baddeck to St. Anne's Bay, thence to Cape North, over moor and mountain, through forests dim and silent, over morasses and dreary wastes, is a route becoming popular with the lovers of adventure when moose and caribou are sought, or when the angler is anxious to venture beyond the beaten round. No ride could be desired more beautiful or satisfying to the eye than that around St. Anne's Bay. This harbour is a possible competitor for the advantages of being the point where trains and swift steamers shall meet to exchange mails and passengers when the "Short Route" shall have been established. Great ships can lie so close to the lofty cliffs that water may be conveyed into the ship by hose from the rocky bed of the torrent. The French came here more than two hundred and fifty years ago, took possession of the bay, and gave it the name that still clings to it. They left it in favour of Louisburg.

Ingonish is a little secluded village hidden among the boldest hill scenery of Maritime Canada. Cape Smoky is cloud-capped, while lower hills and the valleys and shores are enjoying bright sunshine. Deep ravines and dark gorges furrow the sides of the hills; and from commanding heights are gained ever varying views of the majestic sea. St. Paul's Island, the dread of mariners, the scene of many a fearful wreck, stands some thirteen miles northeastward from Cape North. It is a mass of rock three miles long by one mile wide, exhibiting three peaks over 500 feet high—the summit of a sunken mountain. Thousands of lives have perished on this little spot, but Science, guided by Humanity, has now robbed the scene of nearly all its terrors.

Numerous bays and headlands have their story to tell of battle, of shipwreck, or wild adventure. Cape Breton itself, a low headland which gives its name to the whole



MINING SCENES—CALEDONIAN MINES.

island, rises darkly near Louisburg. There is a tradition that Verazzano, the eminent Florentine discoverer, perished here with his crew at the hands of the Indians. He

sailed into the Atlantic, from France, in 1525, and was never authentically heard of. Who knows but his bones moulder in Cape Breton? British explorers came here before the close of the sixteenth century. In 1629 Lord Ochiltree, with sixty Scottish emigrants, tried to found a colony; but the French put a summary end to the enterprise. It was, however, a curious prelude to the great emigration of Highlanders in the nineteenth century to which Cape Breton owes so much.

Next to farming and fishing, coal mining is the most important industry in Cape Breton. The coal fields are even more extensive than those of Nova Scotia. Twelve collieries are in operation. Some of the mines yield the best coal yet found in America for domestic purposes. Some are far away under the sea; some down in the heart of the hills. Coal mining commenced in Cape Breton in 1785. Indeed, Boston Puritans were wont to warm themselves and boil their tea-kettles by means of Sydney coal long before the chests were emptied into Boston harbour.

Have you ever been down in a mine? If not, a new sensation awaits you—an experience decidedly different from anything to be enjoyed or suffered on the face of mother earth and in the light of the sun. Cold, dark—darker than any midnight gloom—you may stand by a pillar a thousand yards away from daylight. The noise of pick and shovel afar off is ghostly and unearthly. Human voices are heard; or there is the rumble of coal laden cars hastening to discharge their burden. Reminiscences of Paradise Lost and the Inferno come unbidden and irresistibly. Glimmering lamps give needed light and no more. Figures moving about with one big "eye" in their foreheads, what are they but cyclopean giants? In the Albion Mines, in the Pictou coal field, there is proof enough that fires have been raging above and below for the past fourteen years. The long, dark, but well-aired passages through which we wander are cool enough; but a hint of smoke is a hint of fire, which is by no means welcome.

By way of preparation, you might first visit a gold mine, which is seldom very deep. You may have to go far into the lonely woods to reach the "Diggings," or they may happen to be near the Queen's highway, or lie close to the sounding sea. There are at present twenty-eight "Diggings" in Nova Scotia. Many have been tried and exhausted. Nobody knows how many are still to be discovered. Usually where the most precious of metals is to be found nothing else distracts your attention—nothing but the hard rock and the ice-like quartz—no fertile soil, no tempting oak or pine; no coal, no iron; nothing but barrenness and gold! An Indian stooping to drink at a brook is credited with the discovery of gold in Nova Scotia some twenty-five years ago. It was accident, of course, a shining speck, precious and yellow, in a piece of snow-white quartz. Then the "prospector" went out with hammer, pick, shovel, drill, and fuse; and he found numberless places where gold might, could, and should be. Only in a few places, however, has gold been found in really paying quantity.



LOUISBURG.

A "lead" of quartz is found carefully wedged in between enormous masses of slate and quartzite. The veins, or "leads," are usually milky white and almost translucent, and they range in thickness from an inch to several feet. Unfortunately, you cannot depend upon them, for they are "faulty" and uncertain; and the best producer of this year may prove barren and useless next year. The whitest quartz is not usually the richest in gold. Miners prefer what is grayish or leaden in colour. They often follow a "lead" of this sort from 100 to 250 feet. Stamping mills are erected as near the pits as practicable, and they are run by water power where it is available, and often by steam power. When you approach a gold digging the first indication of proximity is the ceaseless monotonous thud, thud, thud of the stampers which do the work in the crushing mills.

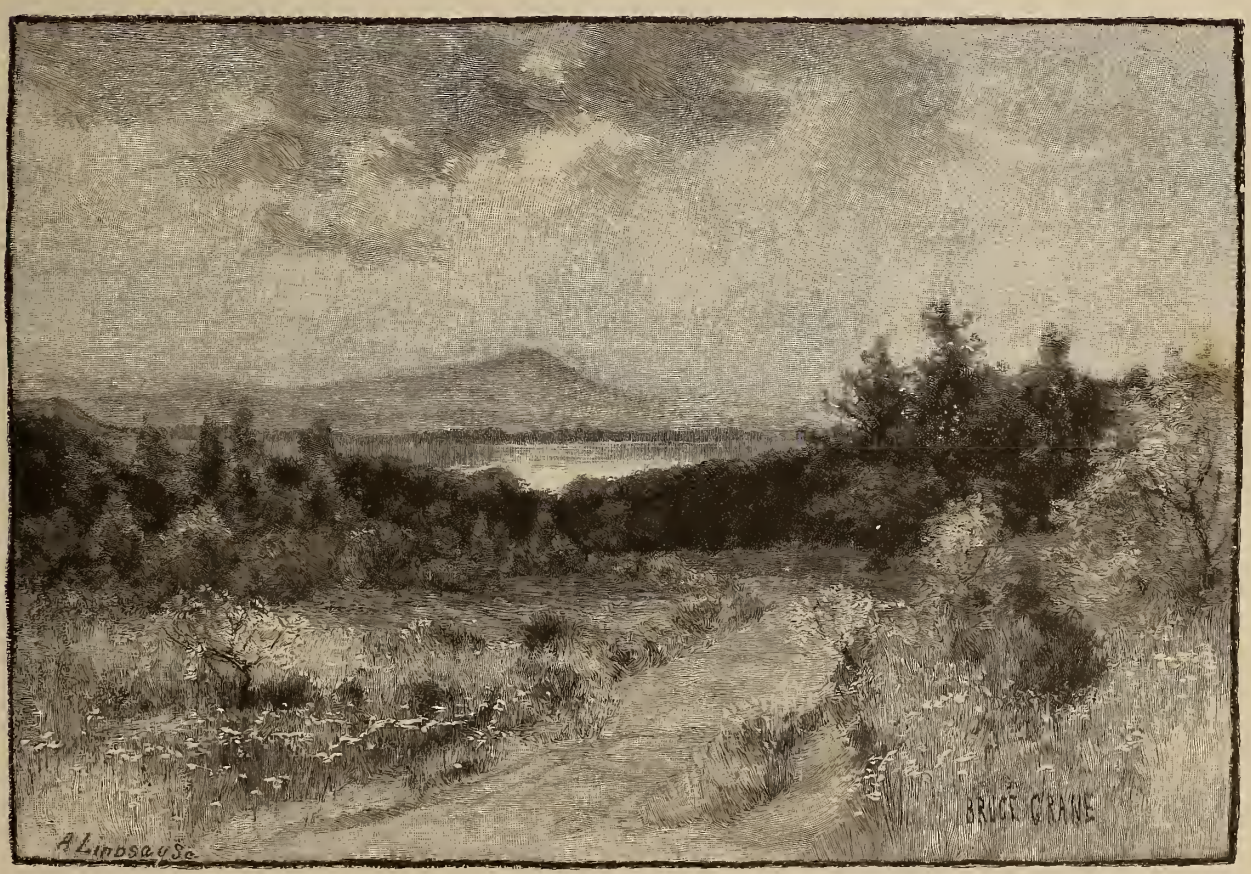
Since 1862 about half a million tons of quartz have been crushed in Nova Scotia, yielding over six and a half million dollars of gold. Eighteen hundred and eighty-three was the most profitable year in proportion to the number of men engaged in the work, their earnings amounting to $2.84 each per day. The largest yield in any one year was in 1867, when 27,314 ounces were obtained. The ounce is worth at least $18. No great fortunes are likely to be made in our gold mining; but it is now demonstrated that if prosecuted with due care it will pay. It is now ranked as one of our permanent industries.

Gypsum is quarried in Hants County and exported to the United States, mainly for fertilizing purposes. The quarries are vast and inexhaustible. Great deposits of iron ore have been discovered in various sections of the country, either in immediate

contiguity to the coal areas or within easy reach of them. This collocation of minerals seems to prophesy unmistakably the future manufacturing greatness of the country. Manganese, lead, silver, antimony, copper, have been discovered in workable quantities. But the mining interest which overtops all the rest in Nova Scotia, as well as in Cape Breton, is that of coal. The capital invested in the coal mines is nominally twelve million dollars. For many years only one company, the General Mining Association, was allowed to open mines in the Province—a Royal Duke having a monopoly of all our hidden wealth. This monopoly was broken some twenty-six years ago. The result was a very rapid development of coal mining, attended in many cases with heavy pecuniary loss. For a time there was progress; then came a dismal relapse—a collapse, almost, the trade with the United States having been totally destroyed. But of late there is advance again which bids fair to be permanent.

The carboniferous formation of Nova Scotia is about fifteen thousand feet deep. The coal measures proper are about ten thousand feet. Our coal beds contain one hundred and ninety-six different species of trees and plants, fifty-four of which are peculiar to Nova Scotia.

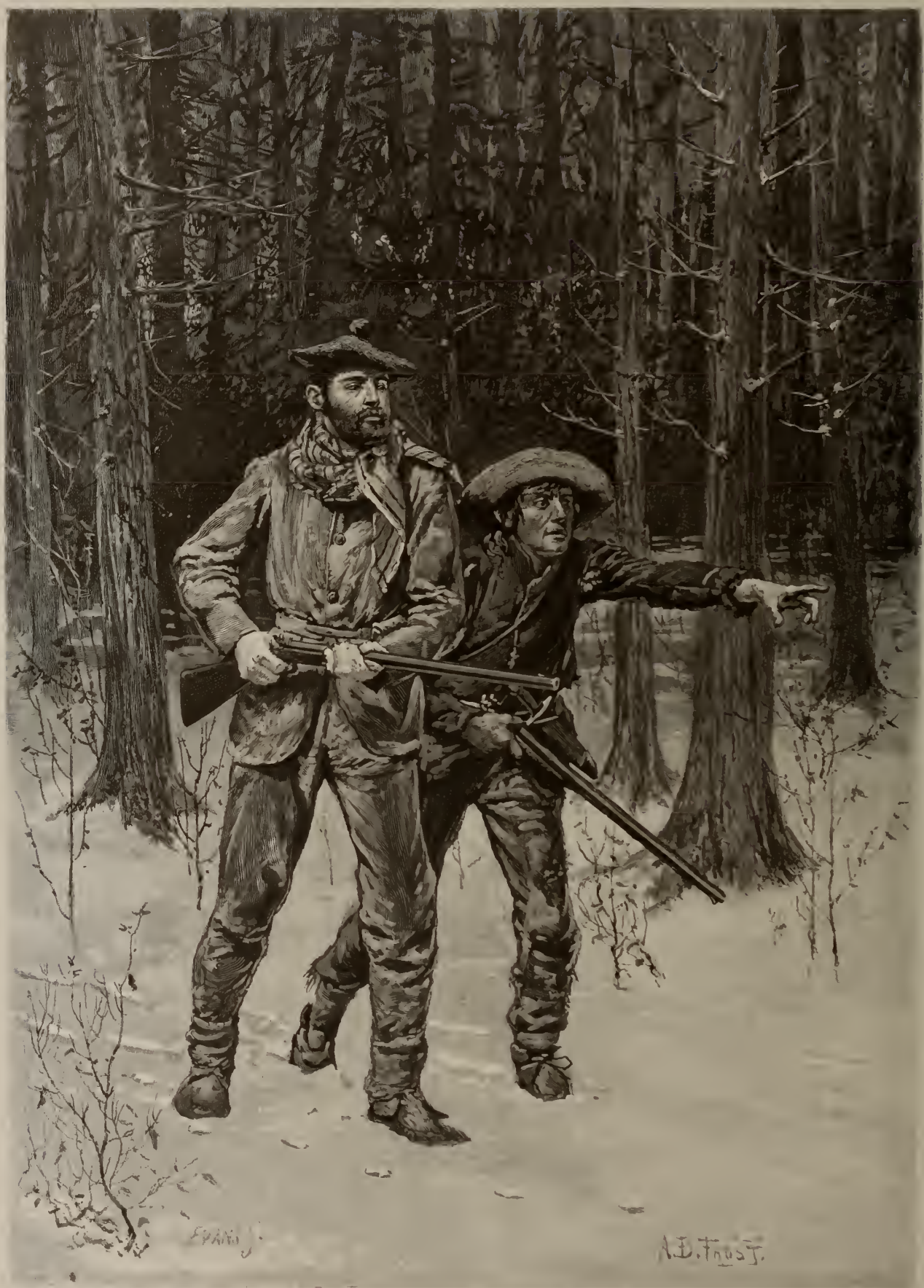
These vary in size from the tree two feet in diameter to the slender moss and invisible spore cases. Trees ordinarily contributed nothing to the coal beds except



LAKE CATALONE.

their barks and the firmer tissue of their leaves. Plants of all sizes contributed their cortical tissues. It will tax imagination to the utmost to realize the long ages taken in filling up these vast seams in the Pictou coal basin. The plants and trees that are compressed into these seams grew, flourished, died, decayed here. There was no gathering in of huge forests from distant localities to form these treasures; where the tree fell it perished; where the plant grew it was turned into coal—all that would remain of it. Very interesting fossils of the carboniferous ages are found associated with our coal beds. The footprints or the remains of reptiles, of snails, of spiders and other insects have been identified. The first trace of reptilian existence in the coal period was found at Horton Bluff, Nova Scotia, by Sir William Logan. They used to know Hercules by his foot. Well, they made out the very likeness of this poor forlorn creature that travelled in the mud flats of Horton millions of years ago. They have given us his portrait, and imparted on the creature a very hard name. The reptiles of the coal ages were fond of eating one another, though the world was young and no men lived to set a bad example!

Nova Scotia is proud of her mines and minerals, her gold, iron, and "black diamonds." To develop her resources will be a work of time; but the process is going on rapidly under the eye of the men of to-day. Coal and iron in abundance side by side mean that manufacturing industry must surely flourish here. New Glasgow, Acadia Mines, the Vale, Stellarton, Westville, North Sydney are places that can hardly fail to rise to importance as centres of enterprise and progress. The wealth stored up in the bosom of the earth countless ages ago lies to-day at our feet to be utilized.



THERE HE IS!



CHARLOTTETOWN.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.*

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, the gem of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, lies in the bosom of the great Acadian Bay, which extends southward from an imaginary line drawn from Cape North, Cape Breton, to Point Miscou, at the entrance of Baie des Chaleurs. The "silver streak" of the Strait of Northumberland separates it from the mainland. From all higher points of the Cobequid hills, and from the Mabou hills in Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island may be seen on the distant verge of the northern horizon, closing it in, like dim unvarying cloud. The silver streak is often dotted with ships; it is sometimes calm as a mirror, sometimes rough with curling billows; but the dun line beyond changes not for storm or calm. To the spectator on the southern coast of the Island the Nova Scotian hills put on their best appearance, rising in proportions that satisfy the eye, and running in long dusky ranges from west to east. "The Island," as it is fondly called by its people, is about 130 miles long. Its area is 2,133 square miles. No mountain, no stubborn hills nor barren wilderness, no stony land nigh unto cursing, no desolate heath — the Island boasts that hardly a square yard of its surface is incapable of repaying the husbandman's toil. It has a fine friable loamy soil, rich and deep, and with the means of enriching it close at hand.

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FROM PICTOU TO GEORGETOWN.

The face of the country is gently undulating, like a sea which has sobbed itself to rest, but has some remembrance still of a far-off storm. These low-lying hills which rib the country from north to south are but the slumbering waves of that quiet sea. Everywhere you are near the salt water and can enjoy its bracing breath from strait or long-armed creek or cove, or from the great Gulf itself. Though the country is level and fertile, and free from any too obtrusive hills, it abounds in springs and streams of the purest water. Where a bubbling fountain is not near at hand, a well is sure to bring up water without the need of digging many feet from the surface. Not Ireland itself is clad in richer green than our lovely Island when summer has bestowed upon it its crown of glory. The reddish soil cropping out here and there throws into sweeter relief the tender green of meadow and lawn and rich fields which, at the right time, will wave with golden grain. In the six weeks from the middle of June till the end of July it is a paradise of verdure, bloom, foliage; no stunted growth, no blight or mildew to break the toiling farmer's heart.

In the central districts of the Island the forests still remain, presenting great breadths of dusky green, more or less thinned by the woodman's axe. The nobles of our northern clime, the birch, the maple, the beech, the pine, still rear their stately heads. But here as elsewhere the best, the grandest were the first victims! Enough remain to testify of the fine crop that nature raised long ago. There was a time when the maple was so abundant that the people made from its sap most of the sugar they required, but that time has vanished like the golden age. In some districts the forest

is still dense and dark, fit hiding for the poor persecuted remnant of the game once so abundant. Every year the breadths of cultivated land are increasing, and the old dominion of the woods is becoming more and more restricted. We have hardly opened our ears to the cry, "Spare that tree!"

There is a tradition to the effect that Prince Edward Island was discovered by Cabot in 1497 or 1498; but this is at least doubtful. That Jacques Cartier must have seen the low-lying coast as he sailed up the St. Lawrence there need be no doubt. But the honour of first naming the island and taking possession of it for France must be accorded to Champlain. "St. John" was the name he gave it, in honour of the day on which he discovered it, and St. John it continued to be called for nearly two centuries. In 1780 the legislature, acting on the suggestion of Governor Patterson, passed an Act changing the name to New Ireland. This was angrily disallowed, on the ground that the legislature should have petitioned for the change, instead of passing a "presumptuous act," which was a breach of "common decency." In 1798 the legislature passed an Act changing the name to Prince Edward, in honour of the Duke of Kent. This Act was allowed in 1799, and the new name entered into popular use in 1800. The Duke never visited the Island, but did all he could to promote its material interests.

The French cared for the Island chiefly for its fisheries and furs. In 1663 all the islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence were granted to Captain Doublet, for the purpose of developing a "grand fishery." He and his associates retained their grants till the



CROSSING NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT.
From Cape Tormentine to Cape Traverse.



MACKEREL FISHING.

beginning of the eighteenth century. Fishermen came in the spring and went away in the autumn—mere "birds of passage." Traders bought the furs prepared by the Indians, giving in exchange the spirits and cheap goods in which the Micmac soul delighted. But good land was too plentiful on this side the sea to be eagerly sought out for colonization. So our beautiful gem of the Gulf lay in unappreciated solitude for centuries, while in the old world contending armies fought for little patches of territory.

In 1713 Newfoundland and Acadia were ceded to Great Britain, France still holding Cape Breton and "St. John." French settlers then came in considerable numbers, some Acadians seeking refuge here under the flag they loved so well. Charlottetown was "Port la Joie," and it was garrisoned by a body of sixty French soldiers. It was one in the famous series of fortified posts — Louisburg, Port la Joie, Baie Verte, Baie Chaleurs, Tadousac, Quebec. In 1752 the population numbered 1,354; but the inrush of the Acadians raised it in 1758 to over 4,000—some say 10,000. The eventful year 1763 saw the Island, in common with Cape Breton and other French possessions, handed over finally to Great Britain. "St. John" was valued because it lay in the pathway of commerce in the Gulf. It was at once annexed to Nova Scotia, and its Acadian inhabitants began to scatter, fearing the hand of the conqueror. Some were removed; many, dreading forcible ejection, hastened to the mainland, and sought shelter in Lower Canada. The British garrisoned "Port la Joie," and steps were taken to show that the new-comers had come to stay.

In 1764 the British Government sent out Captain Holland to make a survey of the Island, with a view to its colonization. The task was part of a vast plan for the survey of the far-extending British possessions on this continent, and it was being steadily carried out till the War of Independence inaugurated a new order of things, leaving it to other authorities to map out and survey one-half of North America! Captain Holland, with swift hand and keen eye, did his work in one twelvemonth, and did it so faithfully that to this day his landmarks, notes, observations, and descriptions are justly regarded as authoritative.

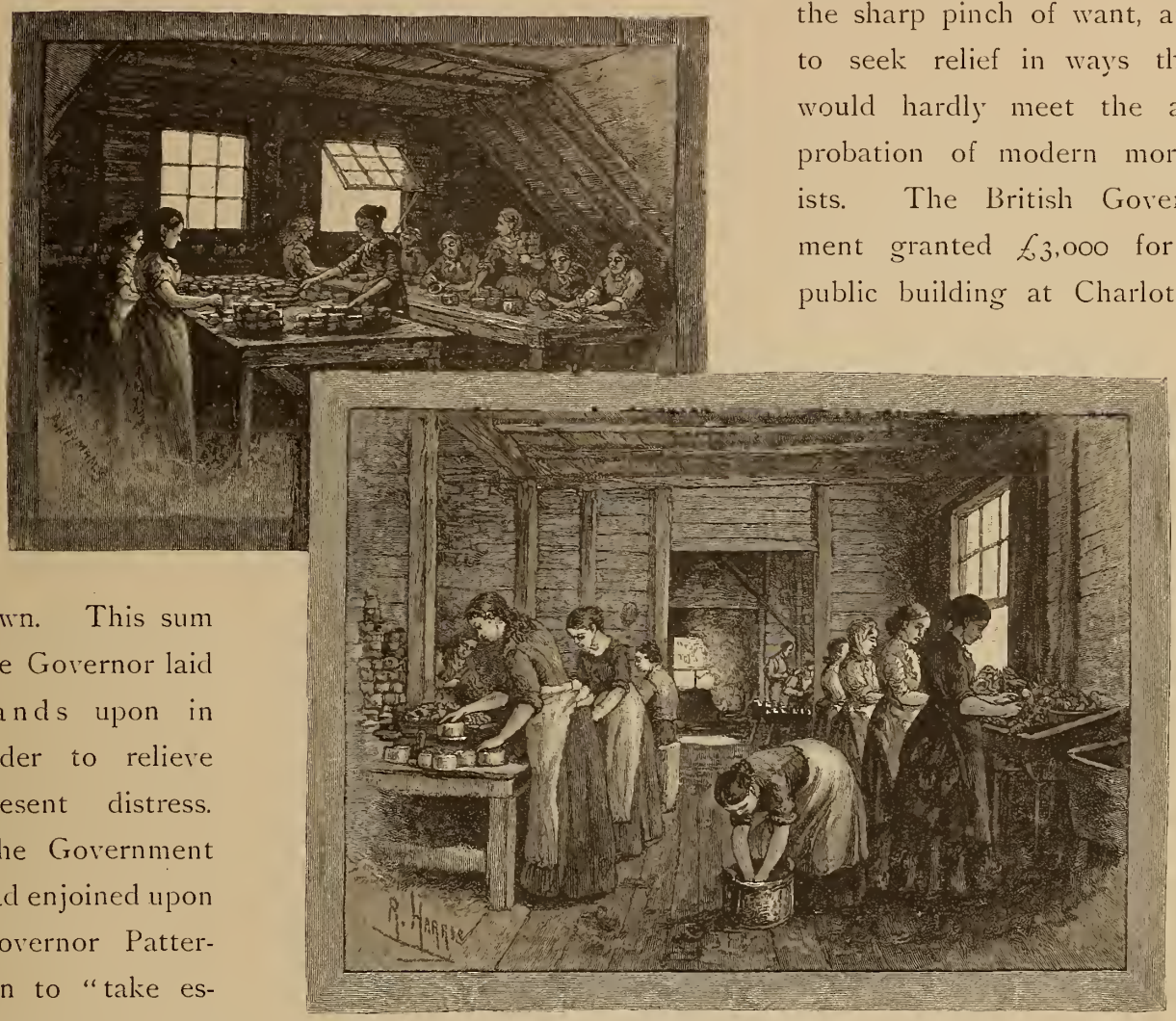
John Stewart, in his "Account of Prince Edward Island," published in London eighty years ago, says that the Acadians on the Island instigated the Indians to deeds of barbarity against the English, and that when Lord Rollo's troops took possession they found "a considerable number of English scalps hung up in the French Governor's house." Stewart adds that "it is not denied by the old Acadian French still living on the Island that they were very partial to this savage practice of their neighbours, with whom, indeed, they were very much assimilated in their manners and customs." Possibly these statements originated in an unconscious desire to justify the harsh treatment to which the Acadians were in some cases subjected.

The survey of the Island having been completed, Lord Egmont came to the front with a project for its settlement, which to this day stands out as a marvellous anach-

ronism, an effort, grotesque enough, but sincere and persevering, to transplant into America in the eighteenth century the feudalism of the fourteenth. Had he succeeded, what an easy matter it would be for all America to step this way for a living study of one of the most interesting phases of European civilization. Three times in three successive years did the enthusiastic Egmont submit his plans and urge them upon the proper authorities with wonderful learning and eloquence, and with prophecies of success that might well kindle the enthusiasm of even a monarch of the house of Hanover. He was to be himself Lord Paramount of the Island. Under him in regular gradation would be lords of Hundreds, lords of Manors, and Freeholders. Counties, baronies, capitals, towns, villages were all to be carefully mapped out. There was to be a great central castle, and minor castles or blockhouses in the centre of every block of eight square miles. In case of danger, the alarm would be given by the firing of cannon from castle to castle, a signal which would enable every man on the Island to be under arms in a quarter of an hour. When at last the Government definitely declined Lord Egmont's plan, the Board of Trade offered him a grant of a hundred thousand acres, which, however, he would not accept. Give him his feudal system or nothing. Surely Lord Egmont deserves to be remembered here and elsewhere.

And now the British Government took a step in respect to the "Island of St. John," which proved a fruitful source of trouble for nearly a hundred years. A "land question" was created which perplexed politicians, economists, peasants, and proprietors. The Island was divided into sixty-seven "lots," or sections. All these, except three, were disposed of by lot in one day. The Island was then annexed to Nova Scotia. The persons to whom the grants were made had claims more or less real and tangible upon the British Government. They received their "lots" on condition of settling one European Protestant for each two hundred acres. If no such settlement were made within ten years the land would lapse to the Crown. They were also to pay certain quit rents, by no means onerous. In 1768 the proprietors, who nearly all resided in England, petitioned that the Island should have a separate government. Their prayers were granted, and a new Province was set up with its Governor, Legislative Council, and General Assembly. The population at that date consisted of but a hundred and fifty families. Thirty years afterward, when an accurate census of the colony was taken, the number was found to be 4,372. Walter Patterson, one of the proprietors, was appointed Lieutenant-Governor. The provision made for this representative of Majesty was modest enough to please the sternest of economists. When he arrived in 1770 it was estimated that the quit rents to be paid by the proprietors would yield £1,470. Of this amount Governor Patterson was to receive £500; his Secretary and Registrar, £150; the Chief Justice, £200; the Attorney-General, £100; the Church of England clergyman, £100. These officers might, perhaps, have lived sumptuously upon

their salaries if those salaries had been paid; but the proprietors forgot all about quit rents, as well as about their other obligations, and Governor, Chief Justice, and parson, all alike, had to feel the sharp pinch of want, and to seek relief in ways that would hardly meet the approbation of modern moralists. The British Government granted £3,000 for a public building at Charlotte-



LOBSTER CANNING.

town. This sum the Governor laid hands upon in order to relieve present distress. The Government had enjoined upon Governor Patterson to "take especial care that God Almighty should be devoutly and duly served throughout the colony," and they left him to steal a living out of a public grant for a public building. Patterson made a clean breast of it, showed the necessitous circumstances in which he was placed, suggested a plan for collecting a revenue and refunding the £3,000, and escaped censure. In 1773 a constitution modelled upon that of Great Britain was granted to the colony. In 1776 two war vessels from the United States made a descent upon Charlottetown and carried away the leading men and many valuables. Washington rebuked the officious privateers and sent back the captives with all their property to Charlottetown — a graceful act of courtesy never forgotten in Prince Edward Island.

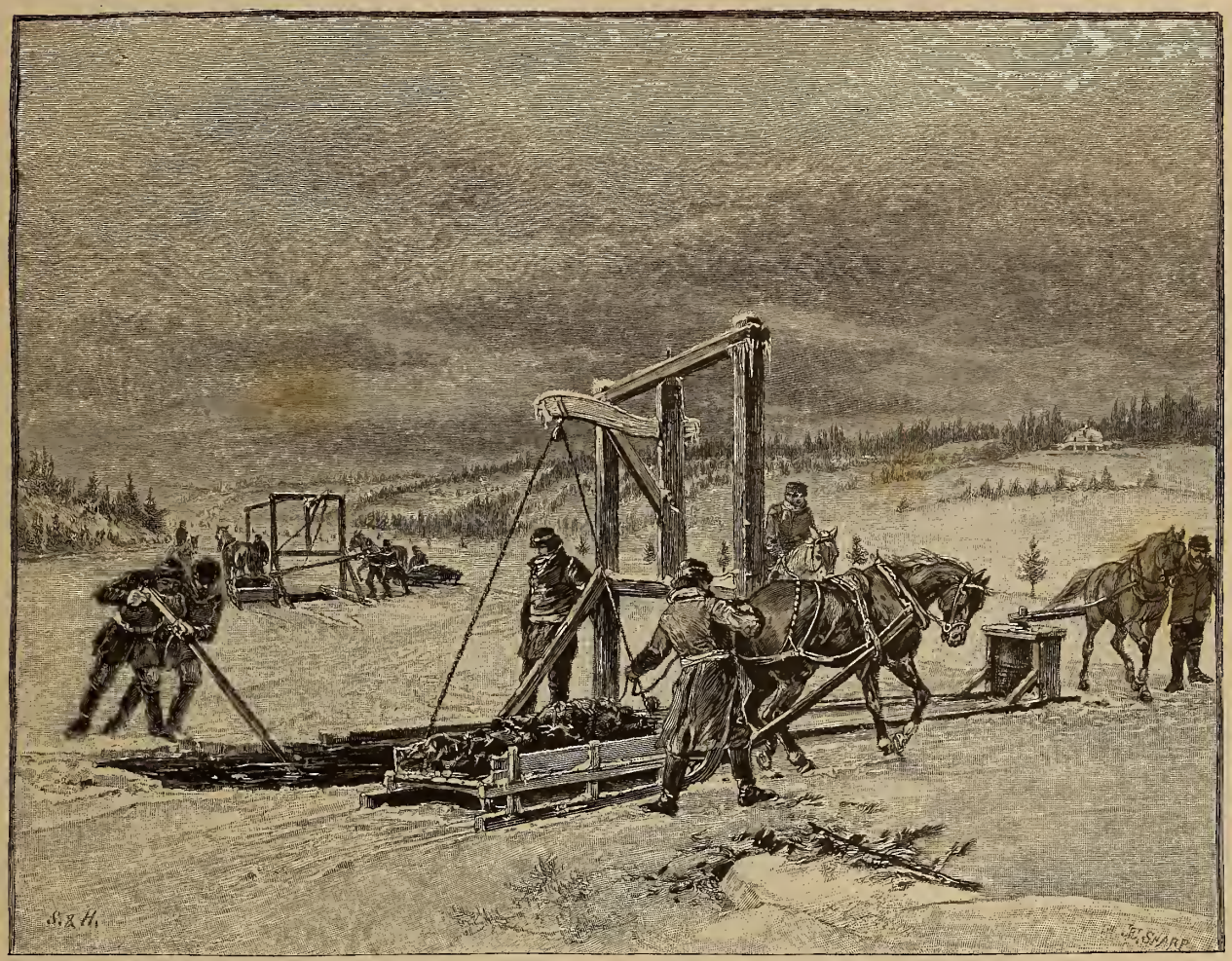
And now began the land troubles of the Island in sad earnest. No quit rents were paid, and scarcely an effort was made to bring new settlers by the absentee proprietors. The Legislature passed laws authorizing the sale of the forfeited lands.

Governor Patterson devised this policy and bought large tracts thus sold. But the Home Government, pressed by the proprietors, disallowed the Acts, and even ordered an Act to be repealed which had been several years on the statute books, and under which a large area had been purchased. Due reparation was to be made to the purchasers. The repealing Act was drawn up in London and sent out to Governor Patterson to be submitted to the Legislature. Foolishly enough he withheld the Act, and induced the Legislature to pass another Act dealing still more radically with the land question. This Act was disallowed. He himself was recalled, and the Attorney General dismissed. Poor Patterson did not like to have his land speculations thus summarily marred. Governor Fanning, of Nova Scotia, commissioned to relieve him, arrived at Charlottetown in November; but Patterson refused to give up his office, declared that he did not want, and could not accept, "leave of absence," and actually kept possession till next spring, when peremptory orders came from England informing Patterson that "His Majesty has no farther occasion for your services as Governor of St. John." The poor fellow had spent sixteen years on the Island, and had done his duty fairly well. He went to England, hoping to be restored to the Governorship, but was disappointed, of course.

His extensive property was sold under the hard laws which he himself had devised, and he died poor, disappointed and heart-broken.

Governors and governments came and went; generations were born and buried, but the proprietors continued as a whole to be utterly oblivious of their obligations, and the tenants continued to agitate. Assemblies complained, petitioned, memorialized, remonstrated, threatened, prayed, begged, swore, but all to little or no purpose. The proprietors had the ear of the Home Government, and thwarted every measure emanating from the tenantry and their friends. But as population increased, and as popular influences made themselves felt in the Government of England, the power of the proprietors became less and less irresistible, and the Government became more and more amenable to reason. Some of the proprietors sold their land outright. Some spent money in encouraging immigration from the Scottish Highlands. A majority, however, clung tenaciously to what they possessed, exacting all they could, and paying out as little as possible. In 1860, at the suggestion of the proprietors, a Commission was appointed, which consisted of three members, Hon. Joseph Howe representing the tenantry, Colonel Gray representing the British Government, and Hon. J. W. Ritchie representing the proprietors. The Commissioners had power "to enter into all the inquiries that may be necessary, and to decide upon the different questions which may be brought before them." The Duke of Newcastle, then Colonial Secretary, desired to be assured that the tenants would "accept as binding the decision of the Commissioners, or a majority of them." The Commissioners did their work with signal ability. They recommended that the Imperial Government should guarantee a loan of one hun-

dred thousand pounds, so as to enable the Island Government to buy out on favourable terms all the proprietors, and to sell the land to tenants and other settlers. Three conclusions forced themselves upon the Commissioners: that the original grants were improvident and ought never to have been made; that all the grants were liable



DIGGING MUSSEL-MUD.

to forfeiture for breach of the conditions with respect to settlement, and might justly have been escheated; and that all the grants might have been practically annulled by the enforcement of quit rents, and the lands seized and sold by the Crown without the slightest impeachment of its honour. But the sovereign having repeatedly confirmed the original grants, it was impossible to treat the grantees otherwise than as the lawful possessors of the soil. Landlords were to be compelled to sell any lands possessed by them over fifteen thousand acres, and the terms of sale were minutely defined. All arrears of rent beyond three years preceding May 1 were to be wiped out.

The decisions and recommendations of the Commission were unanimous, and were readily accepted by the Legislature of the Island, and by the tenantry interested; but the proprietors refused to be bound by them, and sheltered themselves behind ingenious

technical objections. The Imperial Government would not entertain the proposal to guarantee a loan. The question continued unsettled until the union of the Island with Canada, when a sum of $800,000 was placed at the service of the Island Government for the purpose of finally disposing of the difficulty. There is now no "land question" in the Province except that of cultivating the land to the greatest advantage.

The problem of government is sometimes as perplexing in small communities as in the largest. Prince Edward Island had a succession of very competent Lieutenant-Governors. But more than one entered upon his duties with ideas of high prerogative worthy of Charles I. Governor Smith, who "reigned" from 1813 till 1824, interfered with the courts of justice; constituted an illegal court of escheat; refused to receive an address from the Assembly, though he had appointed an hour for its reception; ordered the Assembly to



PASTORAL SCENES.

adjourn from Dec. 15 to Jan. 5; sent his son-in-law to threaten the House with immediate dissolution—the said son-in-law shaking his fist at Mr. Speaker; prorogued the Assembly long before it had completed its business, because the Assembly had imprisoned the son-in-law for breaking the windows of Parliament House; appointed another son-in-law to the Legislative Council, though he was only town-major of Charlottetown; appointed another man to the Council who had been dismissed from a clerkship in a shop and who took to retailing spirits. A petition to the King for the Governor's removal was a matter of course; but the Governor was equal to the occasion. He charged the petitioners with gross libel and contempt of the Court of Chancery, and on the complaint of his son-in-law summoned them before himself as judge! The committee in charge of the petition was ordered into the custody of the sergeant-at-arms. Their leading man, however, made his escape to Nova Scotia with the petition, proceeded to England, told the true tale of misgovernment in the colony, and obtained immediate redress, Governor Smith being promptly recalled. Smith had the firmest conviction that parliamentary government was a nuisance to be abated. From 1814 to 1817 no Assembly was summoned. The House which met in 1818 proved refractory and was not called again till 1820. Governor Smith hated Assemblies and had more joy in fighting them than in attempting to carry out their wishes.

It was at Charlottetown, in 1864, that the project of a confederation of the British North American Provinces took shape. The leading public men of Quebec and Ontario [at that time Lower and Upper Canada] met at Charlottetown, and joined there a Conference of the Maritime Provinces discussing Maritime Union. The larger project easily eclipsed the lesser, and the larger Provinces united on July 1, 1867. Prince Edward Island once and again refused to come into the union; but on the 1st of July, 1873, she, too, cast in her lot with the other Provinces.

Cobbett wrote of Prince Edward Island as "a rascally heap of sand, rock, and swamp, in the horrible Gulf of St. Lawrence," "a lump of worthlessness that bears nothing but potatoes." Cobbett was not the first writer nor the last that ignorantly maligned our fair inheritance. Each of the Provinces in its turn has had the finger of scorn pointed at it, and the tongue of detraction wagged against it; but each and all must continue to prosper while a genial sun smiles on a fertile soil tilled by the hands of freemen.

Prince Edward Island was among the earliest of the colonies to establish a system of public education, which has been carried on with increasing efficiency; and the result is that the little Province has sent forth into the world more than its proportion of men of mark and learning. The people are sober, religious, and industrious. Very large crops of oats and potatoes are raised for export, as well as for home use. Of late years the fertility of the soil has been largely increased by the application of "mussel-mud," raised from vast deposits of decomposed shell fish found in "blue inlets

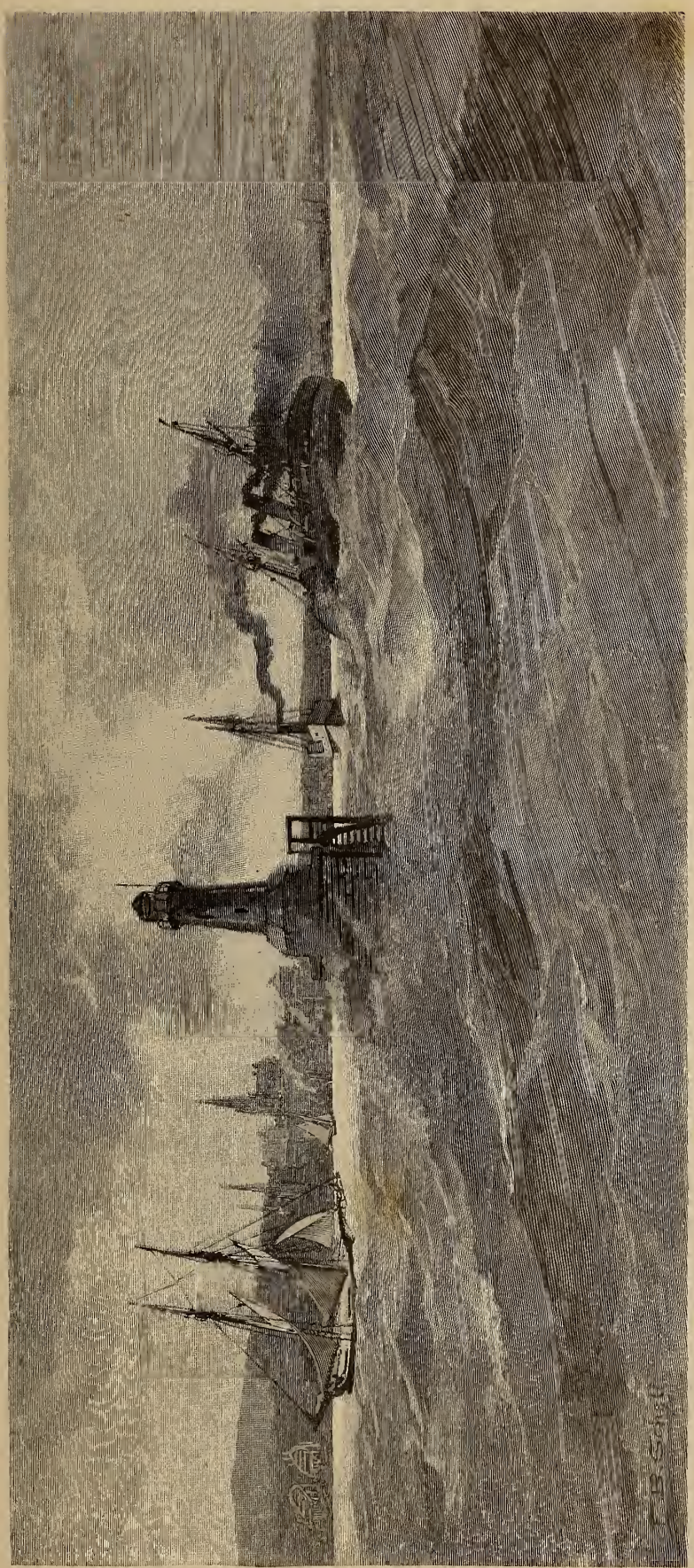
and their crystal creeks" close by the shore. The "mud" is raised through the ice in the leisure months of winter, and carried in sleds to the fields, when scarcely any other kind of farm work can be attended to. The permanent industry of the Island is agriculture; but ship-building has been prosecuted with success. No better fishing grounds are to be found in America than the northern coast; and the summer horizon is dotted with the sails of fishing craft. The people of the Island have not engaged in fishing to the extent that one would expect; but they are turning their attention to this industry with increasing success. American fishing craft can at times be counted by the score in the blue distance. Once in twenty years or so mighty storms sweep the Gulf of St. Lawrence and carry terrible destruction to the fishing vessels near the coast. The most memorable of these storms was that of October 3d and 4th, 1853, when 72 American vessels were flung ashore on the north coast of the Island. A similar storm burst suddenly upon the coast in August, 1873, and was almost equally destructive.



ACADIAN GIRL.

Charlottetown is beautifully situated on the north side of Hillsborough River. The harbour is safe whatever wind may blow; and the town slopes gently upward as we proceed inland. Its streets are wide, and at some seasons extremely busy. It has handsome churches, two or three colleges, a convent and many delightfully situated private dwellings. The suburbs are charming with gardens and groves of evergreens, with shady avenues opening out upon fertile fields, green or golden in their time. The city has a population of over 8,000, and is steadily growing. It was founded in 1768, but the beauty and quiet of the harbour had attracted attention many years before this period. A serious disadvantage to the Island capital is that for four months in the year—perhaps for five months—it is ice-bound. It is the railway centre of the Province, and in the early summer and late

autumn is the scene of great commercial activity. There are delightful drives and walks in the vicinity.



SUMMERSIDE.

From Charlottetown to Georgetown the country is exceptionally fertile and largely under cultivation. The road for some distance follows the Hillsborough River, a long sinuous arm of the sea. It passes through villages, each resembling the other, and all presenting the ideal of pastoral peace and seclusion. The head of the river is within a mile and a half of Tracadie Harbour, on the north side of the Island. It was at this old portage that the French finally surrendered the island to the British.

Georgetown is beautifully situated amid the slopes of velvet fields on a peninsula between the Cardigan and Brudenelle rivers. The harbour is the most secure on the Island, and is the last to succumb to the touch of the ice-king. Steamers ply between this port and Pictou and the Magdalen Islands.

Summerside is usually the point at which tourists in the summer time touch the Island. It is next to Charlottetown in wealth and population. An islet off the harbour is the site of the "Island Park Hotel," a de-

lightful spot with many attractions for the traveller. Summerside is the headquarters of the trade in Bedeque oysters.

There is no more salubrious summer resort in all America than Prince Edward Island. The sea-bathing is delightful; for the waves come in curving, laughing, dancing over long reaches of shining sands warmed by the summer sun. The sea-breeze is never far away; and if you go to the northern coast you may enjoy it in its coolest perfection when the waves are edged with angry foam, "white as the bitter lip of hate." The scenery is never grand except when great gales beat upon the exposed coast, hurling the waters of the Gulf upon the trembling land; but though not grand or sublime, it is ever lovely, ever suggestive of comfort, peace, and plenty; a smiling heaven and a happy people. In the depths of winter there is isolation; but even then there are compensations. What more exhilarating than sports on the ringing ice of those rivers and harbours! And the sleighing never fails. The silver thaw is seen here in a degree of perfection never, perhaps, attained elsewhere. Often, in one night, the grim dull forests are transferred into groves of crystal, each branch and twig bending gracefully under its brilliant burden. Ice half an inch thick forms on the boughs. The sun shines upon the scene and it becomes indescribably brilliant. The coasts of P. E. Island are almost entirely free from the fog which is so troublesome on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. Sometimes it hangs on the far off horizon eastward, as if longing for orders, usually refused, to invade these pleasant shores.

We have said that Prince Edward Island is isolated; but there is coming and going in the very heart of winter. The telegraph flashes its daily messages under the waters of the Strait and the ice-boat carries passengers and mails from shore to shore. It is said that the Indian name for the Island is (or was) *Epayguit*, "Anchored on the Wave." The point of crossing by ice-boat is from Cape Traverse in P. E. I., to Cape Tormentine in New Brunswick, where the distance is about nine miles. The standard ice-boat is 18 feet long, 5 feet wide, and 2 feet 2 inches deep. Its frame is oaken; it is planked with cedar, and the planks are covered with tin. It has a double keel which serves for runners, and four leather straps are attached to each side. The crews are hardy, powerful, and courageous men, equally ready to pull or row, or swim if need should arise. There is often open water half the distance, and this is regarded as the easiest crossing. The passage usually occupies three and a half hours. Occasionally when the ice is bad and the tide strong in the wrong direction the struggle continues for nine or ten hours. Only once in thirty years has a serious accident occurred. In 1855 a violent snow-storm swept down suddenly on the boat. The men lost their way. After battling with the fury of the elements from Saturday till Tuesday, they finally landed about forty miles out of their course, one of the passengers having meanwhile perished.

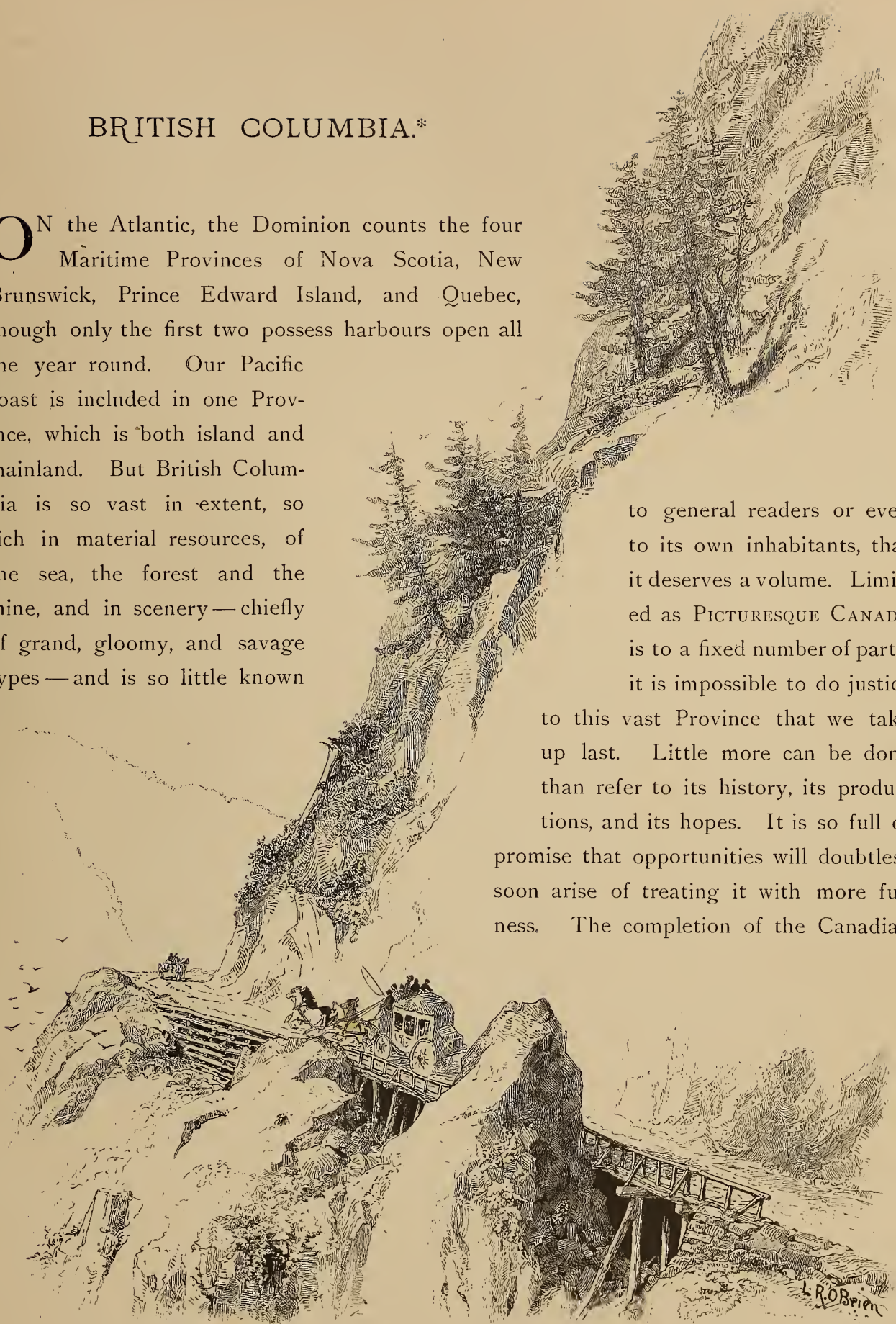
We advise our readers to visit this garden of the Sea Provinces in summer.



A CAÑON ON THE HOMATHCO.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.*

ON the Atlantic, the Dominion counts the four Maritime Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Quebec, though only the first two possess harbours open all the year round. Our Pacific coast is included in one Province, which is both island and mainland. But British Columbia is so vast in extent, so rich in material resources, of the sea, the forest and the mine, and in scenery — chiefly of grand, gloomy, and savage types — and is so little known to general readers or even to its own inhabitants, that it deserves a volume. Limited as PICTURESQUE CANADA is to a fixed number of parts, it is impossible to do justice to this vast Province that we take up last. Little more can be done than refer to its history, its productions, and its hopes. It is so full of promise that opportunities will doubtless soon arise of treating it with more fulness. The completion of the Canadian



WAGGON ROAD ON THE FRASER.

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Pacific Railway will enable tourists and artists to explore its seas of mountains, with their deep gorges and intervening plateaus, from the summit of the main chain of the Rockies to the Pacific coast. Then, too, the advantages of its commanding geographical position will be fully appreciated by commerce, and through the ports of Esquimalt, Victoria, New Westminster, and Port Moody will flow the enriching currents of inter-continental trade.

In the sixteenth century, bold British navigators like Drake and Cavendish, laughing to scorn Papal Bulls that assigned the New World to Spain and Portugal, sailed into the Pacific by the Straits of Magellan, plundered Spanish galleons, but sought in vain for the long dreamed of passage back again into the Atlantic. Where they failed, Apostolos Valerianos, better known as Juan de Fuca, a Greek in the employ of the Viceroy of Mexico, claimed to have succeeded in 1592. He may have entered, through the straits now known by his name, into Puget Sound, and then, having sailed up through the Straits of Georgia and re-entered the ocean, imagined that he had discovered the northwest passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Or he may have only heard from an Indian of those great interior waters and have built up a plausible story "touching the strait of sea commonly called Fretium Anianum, in the South Sea, through the northwest passage of Meta Incognita." At any rate, no one entered them for many a long day afterward; and in 1778 Captain Cook, sailing along the coast which Drake had called New Albion two centuries previously, and finding no entrance, tells us—with a bluntness excusable in an English sailor referring to a Greek—that the story was a myth, even so far as the alleged Strait of Fuca was concerned. "We saw," he says, "a small opening, which flattered us with the hopes of finding a harbour. These hopes lessened as we drew near; and at last we had some reason to think that the opening was closed by low land. On this account I called the point of land to the north of it Cape Flattery .... It is in this very latitude where we now were that geographers have placed the pretended Strait of Juan de Fuca. But we saw nothing like it; nor is there the least probability that ever any such thing existed!" Continuing his course to the north, Cook entered an inlet which he named King George's Sound, but which was called Nootka by the natives; and Nootka it is to this day. Although unnecessarily positive about what he did not see, and representing on his charts Nootka and the whole of Vancouver's Island as part of the mainland, Captain Cook was most accurate in his observations—nautical, astronomical, geographical; and his notes on the fur-bearing animals, the fish, the forests, and other productions of the country, as well as regarding the natives, are still interesting reading. Their publication led to trade springing up between this northwest coast and China. In 1786 English merchants residing in the East Indies purchased two vessels and placed them under the command of John Meares, Lieutenant in His Majesty's navy, with instructions to do what he could to develop a trade

in furs, ginseng, and other products of Nootka and the adjoining coast. Meares did his work well. Purchasing ground from the chief of Nootka, he erected a breastwork and house or factory; built, with the aid of Chinese carpenters, a little ship of forty or fifty tons, and launched her into the Sound, to the great delight of the natives, and started what promised to be a profitable business. But in the eyes of Spain all this was poaching; and in 1789 Spanish ships of war came to Nootka, seized the English vessels, and took possession of the port. Captain Meares brought the matter before the House of Commons by petition, and war was very likely to have been the result, for in those days England had not "the craven fear of being great." The Spanish Government, however, agreed to make restitution, and it was even thought proper that an officer should be sent to Nootka to receive back in form the territory and factories or other buildings. Captain George Vancouver was selected for the purpose. He was also instructed to make a survey of the coast from 30° north latitude, and to ascertain the existence of any navigable communication between the Northern Pacific and the Northern Atlantic oceans. It had been reported in Britain that in 1789 an American vessel, the sloop Washington, had found the Strait of Fuca, had entered it, and had "come out again to the northward of Nootka." Captain Vancouver was, therefore, instructed to examine "the supposed Straits of Juan de Fuca, said to be situated between 48° and 49° north latitude," and their Lordships of the Admiralty added, with a wisdom decidedly greater than their knowledge of the American continent, "The discovery of a near communication between any such sea or strait and any river running into or from the Lake of the Woods would be particularly useful!"

On his voyage up the coast Vancouver, by an odd coincidence, fell in with the gentleman who had commanded the sloop Washington, and learned from him that he had penetrated the Straits of Fuca for only fifty miles. Vancouver was Captain of the Discovery, sloop of war, and the Chatham, armed tender. His Lieutenants were Puget, Mudge, and Baker. The Chatham was under Lieutenants Broughton, Hanson, and Johnstone. A glance at the map to-day shows us the names of those gentlemen, immortalized by their voyage of discovery.

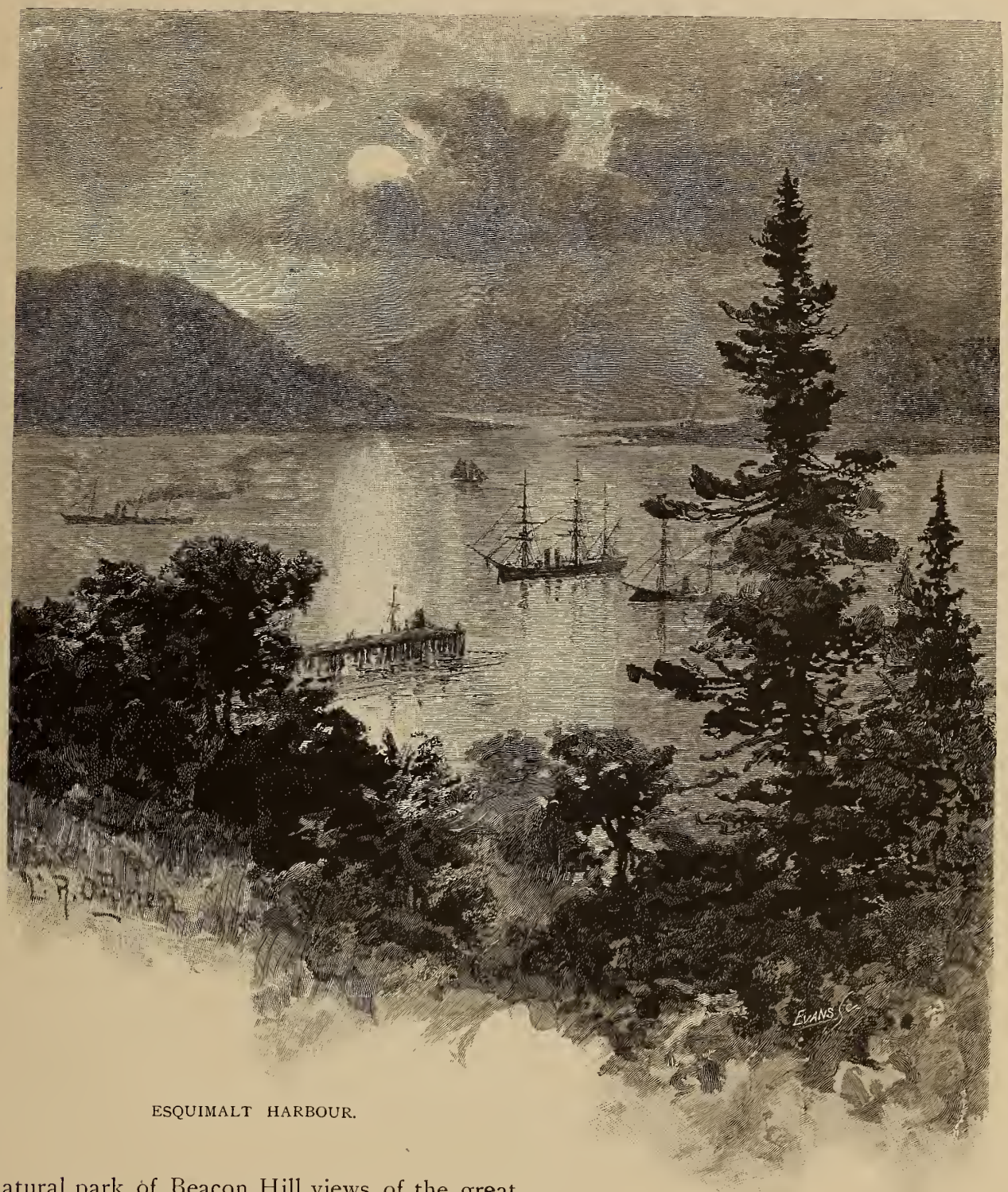
Vancouver proceeded up the Straits of Fuca, landing at different points on the south coast. He was charmed everywhere with landscapes that "called to our remembrance certain delightful and beloved situations in old England." On June 4, 1792, he went on shore, and, "pursuing the usual formalities which are generally observed on such occasions, and under the discharge of a royal salute from the vessels, took possession of the coast." Going north, he honoured the interior sea with the name of the Gulf of Georgia, after His Majesty, and Burrard's Canal, our railway terminus, after Sir Harry Burrard of the navy. Coming out by Charlotte Sound into the ocean, he made for Nootka, and there "found riding His Catholic Majesty's brig, the Active, bearing the broad pennant of Señor Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, commandant of

the marine establishment of St. Blas and California." Quadra received the English with great courtesy, but was willing to give up only the spot of ground on which Mr. Meares' house had been situated. The rights of Spain to island and mainland he considered beyond dispute. Vancouver, with equal politeness and firmness, pointed out that San Francisco was the northernmost settlement occupied by the subjects of His Catholic Majesty in April, 1789, and, therefore, that according to the agreement of the Court of Spain exclusive rights could not be claimed beyond that port. The whole matter had to be referred back to Englnad and Spain for instructions. Vancouver went on with his surveys; and when he returned to Nootka in 1794, learned to his great regret that Quadra was dead. The island he called after himself and the courteous Spaniard; but Quadra's share in the name was soon forgotten.

Not till 1843 was any further attempt at settlement on Vancouver Island made by white men. In that year the Hudson's Bay Company built a fort at Victoria, and subsequently the British Government constituted the Island as a crown colony. Discoveries of gold on the mainland, reported to the Home Government in 1856, attracted crowds of gold seekers in 1857 and 1858, and Victoria experienced the same kind of "boom" that cursed Winnipeg in 1882. Thousands of adventurers pressed on across the Gulf of Georgia to wash the bars of the Fraser or "Crazy" River, and up as far as the Thompson and Bonaparte, overcoming obstacles that would have stopped the most determined army ever organized. A few hundreds of the hardiest and most intrepid reached their destinations; a few scores secured bags of gold dust. The rest perished miserably, or drifted back to Victoria and to California, broken men, but laying the blame not on themselves, but on "British old fogyism" and "the absence of American enterprise." During this time of aggressive rowdyism the mainland was constituted into a colony. Unlike Vancouver Island, it had originally been entered from the east. Agents of the Northwest Company had crossed the main divide of the Rocky Mountains and given their names to its great rivers, but their labours had led to no political action. In 1866 the two crown colonies were united under the name of British Columbia, and in 1871 it became a province of the Dominion.

Victoria, the capital, is the most charming little city in America. It has not one-fourth of the life, activity, and wealth of Portland, the capital of the State of Oregon, nor the bustle and apparent vigour of Seattle; but in no city on the Pacific coast north of San Francisco can you get a dinner such as is served daily in the Driard House, and nowhere else are there such views of glorious mountain ranges as from its environs, such an atmosphere and climate, and such opportunities for boating and bathing, or for drives into the country along well-built roads, past cottages that look like toy-boxes, surrounded by roses and honey-suckle, and quaint little roadside inns that remind one of out-of-the-way nooks in remote counties in old England rather than of the fevered life, the glitter, and the discomfort of the farthest and newest west. Vic-

toria must become the garden and the sanitarium of the Pacific slope, and of much of our own northwest, when its prairies are tilled by the hands of the diligent. Nestling beautifully on low ever-green hills overlooking the bay, its inner harbour running up to within a few hundred yards of the naval station of Esquimalt, offering from its



ESQUIMALT HARBOUR.

natural park of Beacon Hill views of the great Olympian range, and of the Cascades with the grand form of Mount Baker supreme,

it is simply impossible to do it justice in an illustration, and the attempt is not made. Only those who have lived in Victoria know how enjoyable it is simply to exist in such a climate and amid such surroundings. No one who visits it in the spring months thinks the language of Mr. Macfie extreme in his "Vancouver Island and British Columbia." In March the trees are covered "with tinted buds and the fields with verdure. Then become visible the star-eyed and delicately blue collinsia, the chaste erythronium, the scarlet-blossomed lilies, and the graceful trillium; the spring grass and young fern show promise of returning life; the unfolding oak leaf and budding wild fruits proclaim that winter is gone. The sensations produced by the aspect of nature in May are indescribably delightful. The freshness of the air, the warble of birds, the clearness of the sky, the profusion and fragrance of wild roses, the widespread variegated hues of buttercups and daisies, the islets and inlets, together with distant snow-peaks bursting upon the view as one ascends some contiguous eminence, combine to fill the mind with enchantment unequalled out of Paradise." Another writer, who always weighs his words well, Mr. Sandford Fleming, in his "England and Canada," says: "It is not possible to live in a more favourable climate. The winter is especially mild, the thermometer seldom falling below freezing point. The summer is temperate; the thermometer, Fahrenheit, seldom rises above 72°, the lowest range being 23° 30′. Southerly winds prevail for two-thirds of the year, and summer lasts from May to September. The atmosphere is sensibly affected by the current which flows from the southern latitudes of Japan and China. The Kuro-Siwo brings the warmer temperature of the southern seas in the same way as the Gulf Stream has heightened the salubrity of the British Islands."

It has been said that the weather of Vancouver Island is milder and steadier than that of the south of England, the summer longer and finer, and the winter shorter and less rigorous; and this is saying a great deal. The climate of this Island must be almost perfection. It is its oldest inhabitant who should be the most free from disease.

The harbour of Victoria has a narrow entrance, is small, not very deep, and is rather inconveniently shaped; but as Esquimalt is near enough to serve as an additional port, Victoria does not suffer. When the days come, foreshadowed in the address of the Chinese residents to Governor Kennedy, the neck of land that now separates the two harbours may be cut: "Us like this no charge place; see it will grow and grow higher to highest; can see a Canton will be in Victoria of this Pacific. The maritime enterprises will add up wonderfully and come quick. China has silks, tea, rice, and sugar. Here is lumber, coal, minerals, and fish — an exhaustless supply which no other land can surpass." Esquimalt harbour is a gem; not very large, but the anchorage is excellent, and it has all the other requisites of a first-class harbour; and in the Royal Roads outside, along the coast as far as Race Rocks, any number of ships can ride safely.

When the railway is built from Victoria to Nanaimo, the islanders believe that Esquimalt will be the emporium for the trade from the coast of Asia, and that passengers and freight will be taken thence in cars to Nanaimo, and from that point cross the Gulf of Georgia in steam-ferries to Port Moody. It may be so. Who in this century will set limits to the possible? New Westminster, a capital when the mainland was a separate Province, and still the centre of a promising district, hopes to get a share of this great expected trade, and in the meantime talks of building a short line to connect with the Canada Pacific Railway. The sooner it builds the better, not only for its development, but for its very life. But where is all this trade to come from, on which so many hopes are built? With whom is it to be carried on? Are we willing at the same time to insult and to be enriched by the oldest and proudest nation on earth? Even if we are base enough to hope for such a combination, it is wholly impossible. If we disregard our Christianity, we need not forget our Shakespeare. "Hath not a Chinaman eyes? hath not a Chinaman hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

From New Westminster a drive of six or seven miles along an old concession line running due north takes us to the upper end of Burrard Inlet. Nearer the mouth of the Inlet, and on opposite sides, are the villages of Granville and Moodyville, both places created by, and living upon, saw-mills and the ships that come for lumber. Up to the head of the Inlet, a distance of three miles, extends Port Moody, a beautiful sheet of water, varying in width from one-third to more than half a mile, and with good anchorage everywhere. A wharf has been built near the terminus of the railway, at which a ship was unloading steel rails on the occasion of our visit. The wharf had been built only the year before, but already the teredo, a destructive worm well known in these waters, had completely honey-combed the piles. The remedy against the teeth of the teredo is iron or copper-sheathed instead of bare wooden piles, or an outer wall of masonry or concrete; but the wharf is a Government work, and Governments cannot be expected to attend to these insignificant details.

British Columbia has had to grapple with the question of road or railway construction from the first days of the colony till now. Perhaps there never was a country in the wide world where the problem was so difficult, nor one where with such limited resources it has, on the whole, been so successfully solved. How to reach the rich bars of the Fraser, how to get to Cariboo or the Big Bend of the Columbia or Kootaney, how to obtain railway connection with the rest of the Dominion, have been the great questions that have successively agitated the public mind. Steamboats can

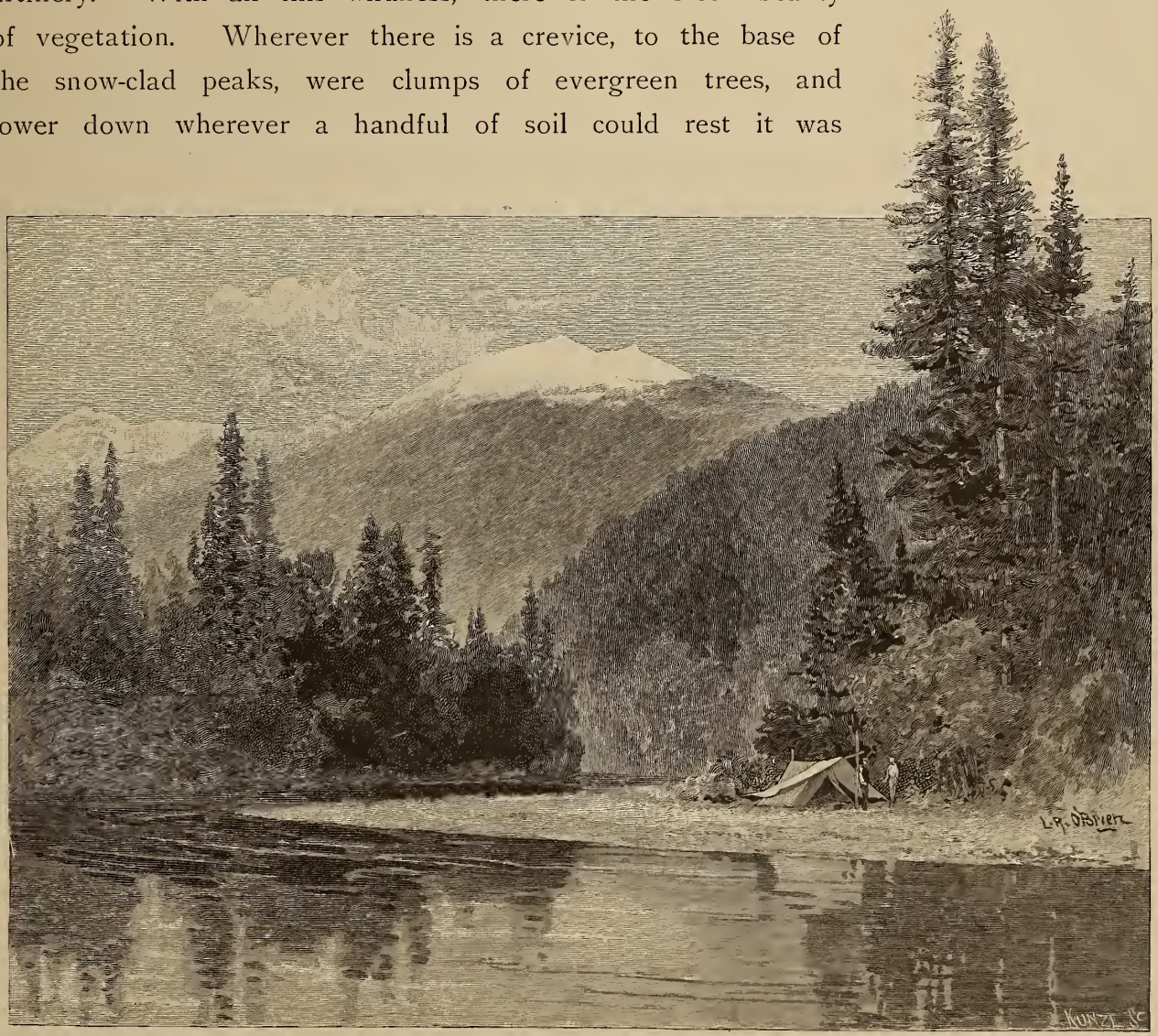


PORT MOODY.
Vessel containing first shipment of Canada Pacific R. R. Iron.

ascend the Fraser as far as Yale. Beyond that village, the cañons through which the river boils make navigation too difficult and dangerous for ordinary traffic. For a number of years after 1858, Yale was the great centre of gold mining, or washing, rather. Every sand bar was crowded with white men from all lands under the sun; and Yale then had the proud pre-eminence of being the wickedest place in British Columbia. Now, only Chinese are at work re-washing the abandoned claims; and Yale is neither better nor worse than any other village on the Pacific slope. The scenery at Yale is of the boldest, and is characteristically British Columbian. Granite Mountains rise precipitously from the river, and enclose the village on every side. There is little soil to cultivate, but a Chinaman has redeemed a garden from the mountain side, and it is a specimen of what could be done on a larger scale. The patch is irrigated so deftly with water when needed, or with liquid manure, that there is hardly a vegetable or fruit that can be named, all of the best kinds, too, that the quiet, industrious fellow is not ready to supply you with. The miners have come and gone. Every one gave them welcome when they came, and shed a tear, metaphorically, when they went. They took the cream from the river bars and left no other sign. The gardener got no welcome and expects no tear. But, when he goes, he leaves something behind. The country is the richer for his labour for all time.

It was a question whether the road to Cariboo should be made up the Fraser, or

by steamer from Victoria to the head of Bute Inlet, and waggon-road thence up the Homathico. The latter would have been the shorter and, perhaps, the more picturesque route. The proposed water highway is one of the wonderful fiords that cut their way through iron snow-capped mountains into the very heart of the Cascade range. The scene at the head of the Inlet is magnificent. Great mountains, curtained with glaciers, rise almost perpendicularly into the region of eternal snow. The only sound heard is the muffled thunder of cataracts leaping from bluff to bluff, or washing down the slippery rocks in broad white bands. The cañons of the Homathico are even grander than those of the Fraser. "The towering rocks, thousands of feet high, serrated and broken by dark chasms; far above these again, the snow-clad peaks, connected by huge glaciers, out of which issued torrents that fell in cascades; and in a deep gorge beneath, a mountain torrent, whirling, boiling, roaring, and huge boulders always in motion, muttering, groaning like troubled spirits, and ever and anon striking on the rocks, making a report like the booming of distant artillery. With all this wildness, there is the fresh beauty of vegetation. Wherever there is a crevice, to the base of the snow-clad peaks, were clumps of evergreen trees, and lower down wherever a handful of soil could rest it was



ON THE NORTH THOMPSON RIVER.

sprinkled with wild flowers, amongst which bloomed the sweet lily of the valley." The Fraser River route was adopted, and a waggon-road, connecting the rich Cariboo mines with the settlements on the sea, was built. For a young colony with a handful of people it was a work as wonderful in its way as any of those that have immortalized the Romans as the great road-makers of the world. It had to be hewn for miles sideways out of rocks that rose almost perpendicularly from the river to the height of sometimes more than a thousand feet, or cloven through projecting spurs, or built up with crib-work. As we wound along the narrow road, the waggon appearing at a distance like an insect on the face of the mountain, brushing against the hillsides that rose abruptly far above, and gazing down at the Fraser hundreds of feet below—at one time a mass of sea-green water crested with white, boiling through gateways of columnar rocks apparently not a hundred feet apart, at another time a muddy torrent heavy with snow-fields melted by summer suns—how could we help paying tribute to the pioneers, the hearts of oak who crawled or footed it over these boundless savage wildernesses, animated though they were by no loftier passion than the *auri sacra fames?* And when they reached Cariboo, what a country for men with no implements but the pick and shovel they had packed on their backs! "A molten sea, lashed into gigantic billows, which at the very height of the storm had been suddenly petrified," these tumultuous masses seamed with swollen creeks and gulches, slopes everywhere thickly wooded, gorges choked with fallen timber, and all supplies of food hundreds of miles away!

The hardest nut that engineers and politicians have had to crack has been the railway route through British Columbia. The Yellow Head Pass, near the sources of the Fraser, formerly called Cowdung Lake, or Leather Pass, was selected as a common point for a northern, central, or southern ocean terminus; and after explorations long continued the line was located thence down the North Thompson. But when the work was transferred by the Canadian Government to a syndicate, an air line from Winnipeg was decided on, and the railway, therefore, runs generally along the line of the fiftieth or fifty-first degree of north latitude. Travellers—their number is few—who have had to penetrate the valley of the North Thompson will not be sorry that a sunnier route has been chosen. We followed in the track of Milton and Cheadle, and our memories of the gloomy valley are pretty much the same as theirs. As with most or all of the rivers of British Columbia, it is a gorge rather than a valley. Uniform forests of dark green spruce, fir, or cedar clothe the high hills that rise on each side of the stream, and glimpses are had every now and then of higher ranges of snowy peaks beyond. There is timber for the world's market for the next few centuries, and, as far as we could see, nothing more.

But the most wonderful thing in British Columbia is Mr. Duncan's Indian settlement at Metlakahtla. This simple great man left England in 1857 as a lay agent

of the Church Missionary Society, to labour among the Tsimshean tribes on the north coast. He landed at Fort Simpson, learned their language, and did his best there for some years; but finding it impossible to accomplish permanent results where the surrounding influences on the converts were all opposed to his teachings, he, like another Moses, proposed that they should remove to a place where they could begin a new settlement under laws drawn up by him and approved by themselves. They fell in with the proposal and pointed out Metlakahtla, an old home of their own, as a suitable Palestine. When the time for the exodus came, many who had urged him to take the decisive step drew back, and only fifty souls, men, women, and children, accompanied him. What is to be seen at Metlakahtla now? Lord Dufferin in 1876 told the world of "the neat Indian maidens in Mr. Duncan's school as modest and as well dressed as any clergyman's daughters in an English parish," and of "scenes of primitive peace and innocence, of idyllic beauty and material comfort." Bishop Ridley, who visited it in 1879, was amazed when at the sound of the church bell he saw well-dressed Indians pouring out from the cottages on both wings of the village, and meeting like two strong currents at the steps of their noble church, the largest in British Columbia, and built entirely by themselves. "It would be wrong to suppose," he very properly remarks, "that the love of God impelled them all. All without reasonable cause to the contrary are expected to attend the public services. A couple of policemen, as a matter of routine, are in uniform, and this is an indication that loitering during service hours is against proper civil order. This wholesome restraint is possible during these early stages of the corporate life of the community. At present one strong will is supreme. To resist it every Indian feels would be as impossible as to stop the tides. This righteous autocracy is as much feared by the ungodly around as it is respected and admired by the faithful." Alas that the Bishop should have dashed himself against "this righteous autocracy." But, as long as British Columbia is a Province, or one streak of Indian blood runs in the veins of any of its people, as long as the heart of the Christian beats in sympathy with life-long martyrdom, so long will the name of William Duncan be honoured, not in Canada alone, but by the Church universal, and most of all by those who feel that the white man owes a debt to the red man.

Entering British Columbia from the east and proceeding westward by the line of the Canada Pacific Railway, we make the acquaintance of five ranges of mountains. The Rocky Mountains proper form the eastern boundary of the Province. Descending their western slopes by the valley of the Kicking Horse, we come upon the Columbia, sweeping away to the north, and see the Selkirks rising on the other side of the river, apparently so impenetrable that for a long time it was supposed that they were cleft by no pass, and that there was no way of conquering them but by a flank movement down the Columbia and round by its "Big Bend." There is a pass, however, and in

1865 Mr. W. Moberly, C. E., would have discovered it or perished in the attempt, but his Indians refused to follow him, insisting that if they went on they would be caught in the snow and never get out of the mountains. Consequently the honour of discovering it fell to Major Rogers, C. E., who, after repeated attempts, succeeded in 1882, greatly to the satisfaction of the syndicate that had undertaken the construction of the railway. Crossing the Selkirks by the Rogers Pass, we come again upon the Columbia, greatly increased in size, and now running to the south, and see the Gold range rising on the other side of the river, cloven to the feet by the Eagle Pass, which Mr. W. Moberly discovered in 1865. Previous to this the Gold range was supposed in British Columbia to be an unbroken and impassable wall of mountains. From the summit of the Pass a series of lakes extend westward, the largest known as Bluff, Victor, Three Valley, and Griffin, all strung like beads on the Eagle River, and emptying through it into the exquisitely beautiful, star-shaped Lake Shuswap. Emerging from the dark blue waters of Lake Shuswap, and sailing down the South Thompson, we come upon the elevated plateau that extends from the Gold range west to the Cascades. The physical character of this intervening region is directly the opposite of the humid mountainous country.

At Kamloops the North flows into the South Thompson, and the united river pursues its course to the Fraser. Everywhere the country is of the same general character — low brown hills and benches dotted with an occasional tree, everywhere a dry, dusty look, except where a little creek is used to irrigate a flat or garden plot and convert it into a carpet or riband of the freshest green. These bits of green are like oases in a desert, beautiful to look upon and yielding abundantly every variety of fruit or grain. From Yale to the Gulf of Georgia is the Lower Fraser, or New Westminster district, perhaps the most valuable part of British Columbia from an agricultural point of view. Irrigation is not required as in the interior, and the rainfall is not too excessive, as in other parts of the coast region.

The best views of the Cascades are obtained from the deck of a steamer in the middle of the Straits of Georgia. From the same standpoint we see the fifth range, counting from the prairies of the northwest, a range which has been submerged here and there by the Pacific Ocean, but which stands out grandly in the Olympian Mountains to the south of the Straits of Fuca, in the noble serrated range that constitutes the back-bone of Vancouver Island, and in the Queen Charlotte Islands and the Archipelago away along the coast of Alaska. This half-submerged range protects the mainland shores of the Province from the ocean, and is the explanation of the spectacle presented by its coast line, which Lord Dufferin declared "not to be paralleled by any country in the world. Day after day," said His Excellency, "for a whole week, in a vessel of nearly 2,000 tons, we threaded an interminable labyrinth of watery lanes and reaches that wound endlessly in and out of a network of islands, promon-

tories, and peninsulas for thousands of miles, unruffled by the slightest swell from the adjoining ocean, and presenting at every turn an ever shifting combination of rock, verdure, forest, glacier, and snow-capped mountain of unrivalled grandeur and beauty."



YALE.

From the description just given of the country between the summit of the Rocky Mountains and the long rollers of the Pacific, it is evident that British Columbia is the complement of the northwest. The one is a sea of mountains; the other a sea of waving grass in summer, an unbroken expanse of snow in winter. But just as the fertile and illimitable plains and prairies of the northwest are diversified by ranges of sandhills and abrupt steppes or ancient beaches, by alkali flats and deeply eroded valleys, so the successive ranges of mighty mountains beyond are seamed and separated by great rivers or arms of the sea whose sands are golden and whose channels are choked with fish, while stretches of pastoral land offer the best food in the world for horses, cattle, and sheep, and every here and there pleasant nooks by lakes and river bottoms may be made to bring forth for a large population and to blossom as the garden of the Lord. The Province is in its infancy, and, like every other country in

the nineteenth century, in haste to be filled up and become rich. Let it have patience. Its time will come; for Lord Dufferin was not too enthusiastic when he called it a "glorious Province." There is other wealth than that which comes from the labour of the farmer. A vein of gold-bearing quartz or argentiferous galena will draw men with pick and shovel from the ends of the earth, and build up a town in a month. An acre of water on the lower Fraser, or on one of the innumerable inlets that cut deep into island and mainland, will yield more than the richest prairie farm. These pastures of the sea are exhaustless, for as fast as they are cropped the Pacific contributes fresh supplies, and the fisherman does not need to till and feed the soil from which he expects to reap. A spar of Douglas pine is worth more than a field of wheat. And the coal of Nanaimo is the best on the Pacific coast. All that British Columbia needs for its full development is labour. Therefore, let it welcome every kind of labour that offers to cultivate its soil, work in its canneries, dig in its mines, or build its roads. All such labour enriches a country, no matter who the labourers may be, no matter whether they eat pork and rice or beef and potatoes, no matter whether they smoke opium or drink whiskey. Make laws against all kinds of immorality and uncleanness that law can reach; prohibit both opium and whiskey, but encourage labour. Labour is capital, the only capital that can be depended on and that needs the least regulation by politicians. Therefore, not only because God loves the world, not only because all men are free — free to sell their labour and enjoy its fruits —but because the common weal is most promoted when the rights of the meanest are respected, British Columbia should scorn to imitate the anti-social legislation of California. Looking at the Chinaman in no other light than a piece of machinery, welcome him. Machinery is just what such a Province needs. It can never be developed except by the use of all kinds of labour-saving machines. Of course every new machine, and even every improvement in machinery, displaces labour to some extent. Hardships may have to be suffered by a class for a time; but in the end all will be benefited. Never did four millions of people make greater sacrifices to bind themselves into material unity than Canadians are now making. What is the sentiment that animates us? A faith that the British name and British institutions are worth making sacrifices for. Our flag symbolizes a wonderful past, and the chief glory of that past from the days of Alfred, the Barons of Runnymede, Hampden, or Sydney, is the memory of ancestors who have willingly died for the good old cause of human freedom. We cannot live where men are treated as anything less than men.

THE END.